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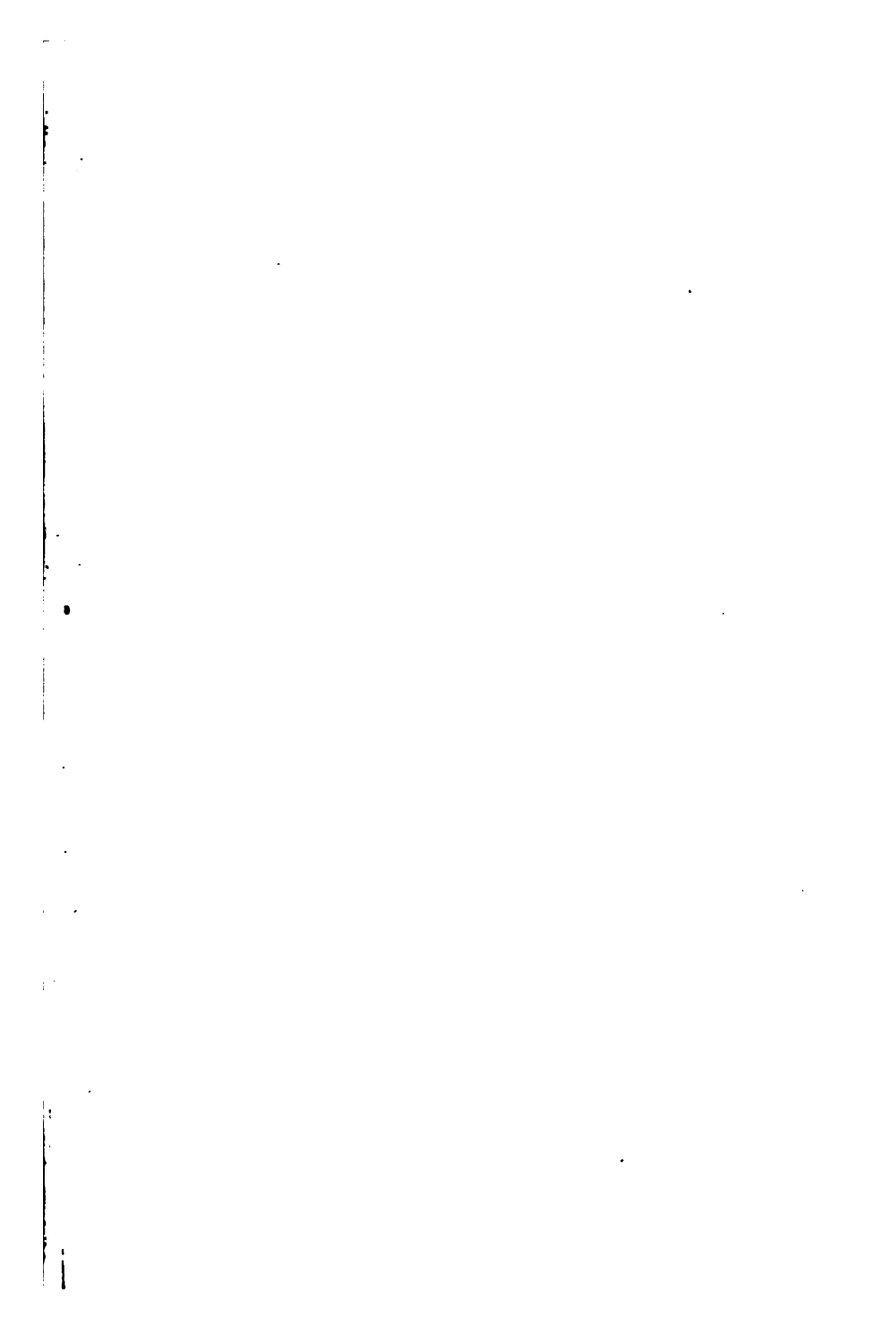
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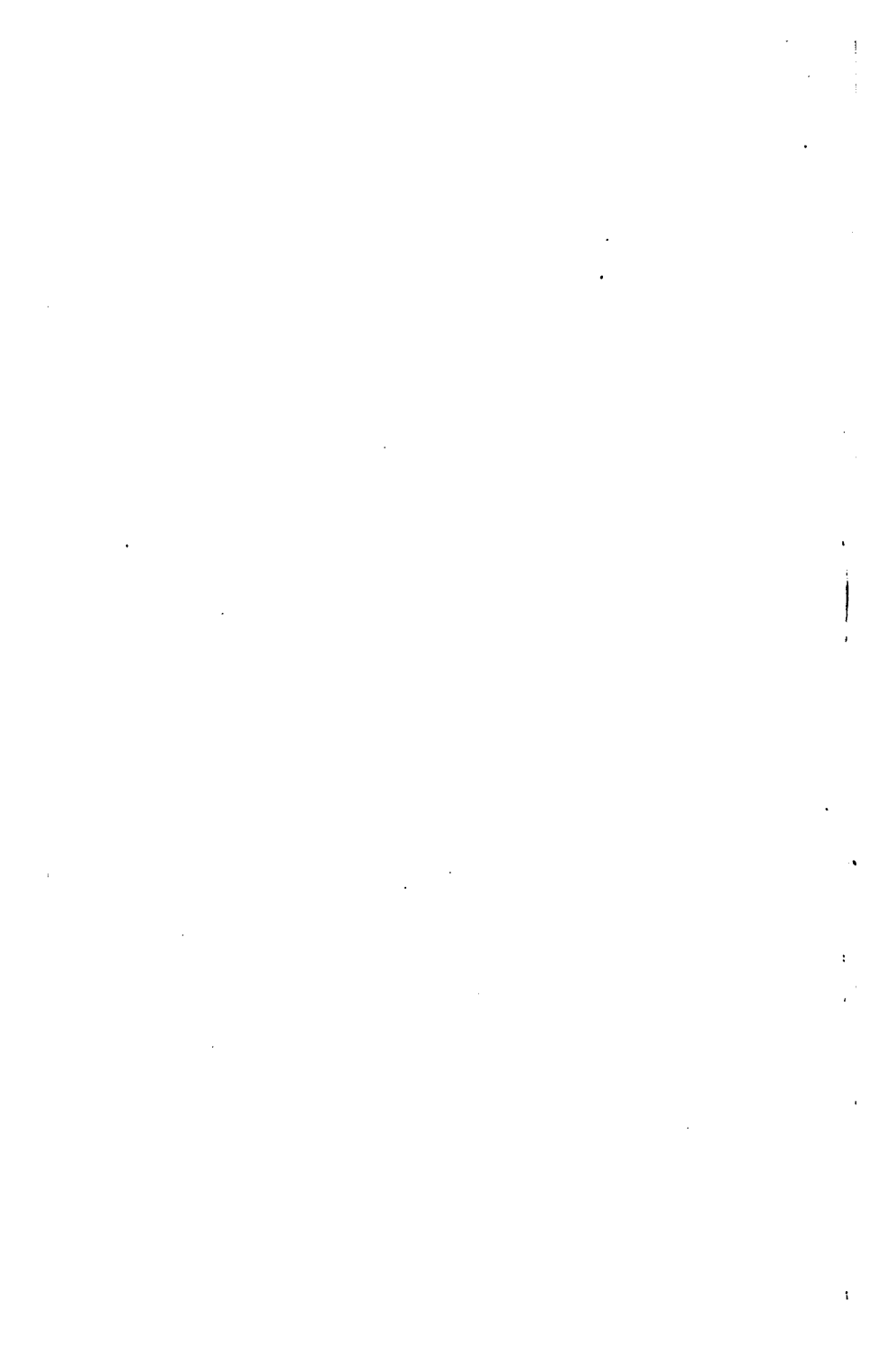
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ART-HINTS.



ART-HINTS.

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BY

JAMES JACKSON JARVES,

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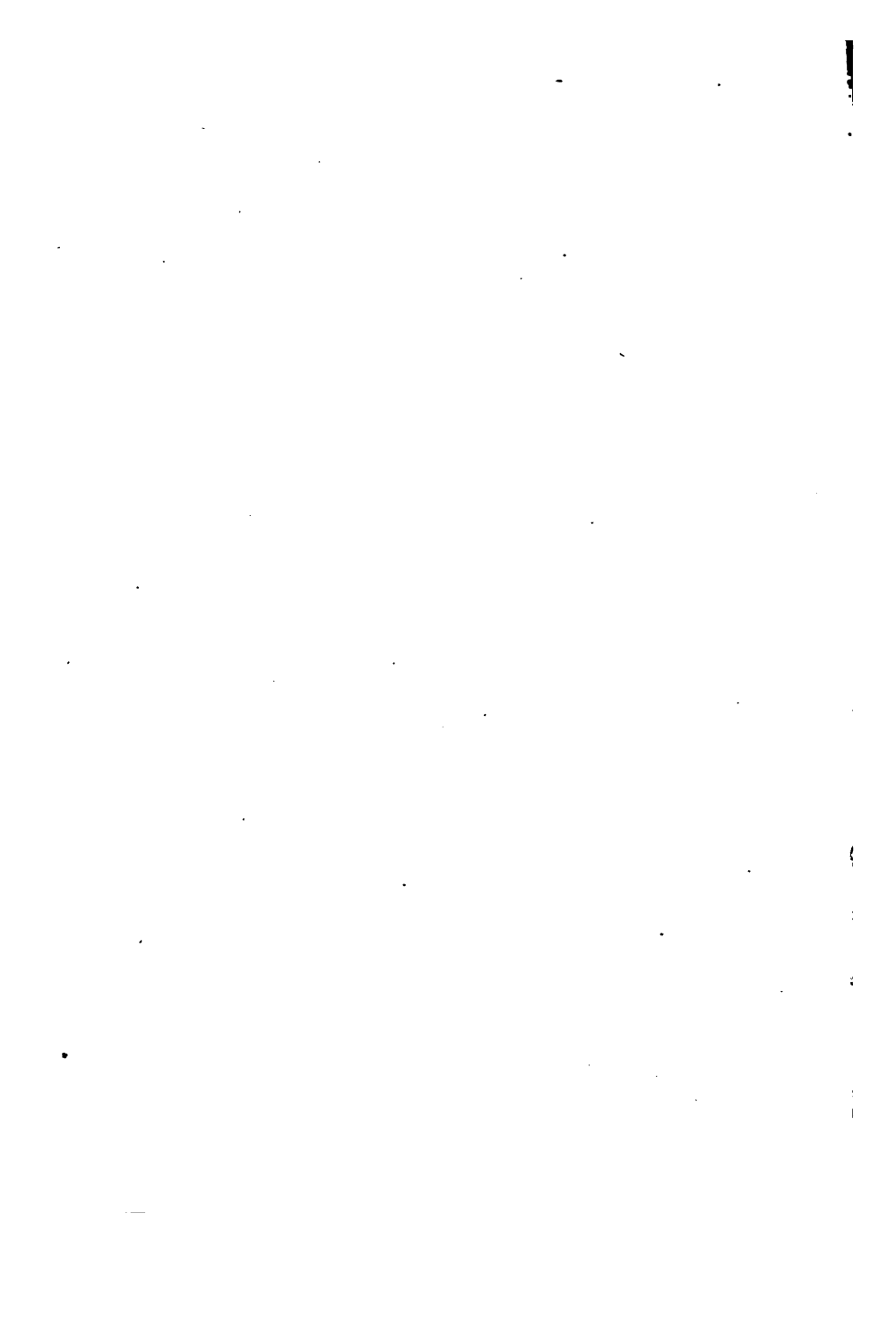
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TO MY MOTHER,
TO WHOSE COUNSELS IN MY YOUTH I OWE SO MUCH
OF MY LOVE FOR THE NATURAL WORLD,
AND WHOSE SYMPATHY
IN MANHOOD
HAS EVER BEEN MY STRONGEST STIMULUS
TO PROGRESS,
THIS EXPERIENCE OF ART-STUDY AND THE PLEASURES
OF TASTE
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

Florence, Italy, April, 1855.



P R E F A C E.

IN the Introductory Chapter an allusion is made to an incident which prompted me to endeavor to place before my countrymen, in a concise form, an embodiment of the general principles of Art. There was, however, another motive. I have, myself, too strongly felt the need of a work which should embrace both the abstract principles and rules of Art and an outline of its historic progress and social relations, not to believe that a book comprising these facts and ideas, in a popular form would be useful. Nowhere have I met with a volume of this character. Writers like Mr. RUSKIN, A. F. RIO, Lord LINDSAY, and Mrs. JAMESON, have given erudite and eloquent treatises on particular branches of Art, or in special relation to some partial object. Those who wish to study the subject will do well to peruse their works.

My object, however, is to treat of Art as a *whole*, embracing its general relations to man, not minutely, but in a suggestive form, and more as an aid to, than as forestalling inquiry. I have uttered my opinions fully and frankly, from conviction of their truth and importance. Although more particularly addressed to Americans, on account of their greater distance from, and perhaps indifference to, noble Art, yet, in respect to it there is so much congeniality of sentiment between them and the English, that much that is applicable to the one is equally so to the other nation. Therefore, I have kept closely in view, however imperfect the expression, the desire to inculcate right feeling and taste in those minds that, lacking opportunity of studying the best masters in their homes, have a sincere wish to know something of their history and spirit.

Art has much to hope in her future from England and the United States. Their political institutions, diffused education, wealth and mental activity, are so many guarantees for its rapid development. On the other hand, in the zeal of commercial activity, the haste of production, the impatience of realization, and the despotism of fashion, there is danger to Art.

Freedom gives it birth ; but virgin soils also produce choking tares. Cultivation is requisite to weed them out. Art, left scope to grow, will speedily ripen into the fruit of the tree of knowledge and of life. In our passion for the material triumphs of Science, we should not forget what we owe to Art, in elevating man from the savage, refining his mind, and opening to him sources of pleasure as exhaustless as Beauty itself. The insect may, indeed, rival him in industry and mechanical skill ; but on man alone is bestowed the genius which gives birth to Art.

The harmony between its truths and the principles which govern the moral universe constitute a still more positive claim upon our attention, if we would expand ourselves into the complete spiritualized man. In this relation it becomes a subject worthy of the investigation of the most profound minds, as one intimately connected with our twofold welfare—the rightful enjoyment of earth and fitness for perfect existence in higher spheres.

HIGH ART underlies the noblest instincts of our nature. Its teachings cannot be received without making men wiser and better. *Feeling* is its touchstone. The sensitive soul receives its truths as the

lungs inhale air, expanding with intuitive joy and renewed strength.

Art is universal. It unites mankind in common brotherhood. As a missionary of civilization, its message is both to heart and mind. Distinctions of tongue or boundary lines disappear before the power of truths, which, like the rainbow, charm by the beauty of variegated hues, or, combined with light, illumine the universe.

Moreover, Art is the connecting link in the chain of great minds. Through its language, thought appeals to thought, and sympathy echoes to feeling.

A distinguished poet beautifully illustrated to me, one day, the tenderness of kindred Art. He had collected many specimens of the works of the early religious painters of Italy, quaint and dry in execution, but, injured and time-worn as they were, full of deep meaning. Upon my inquiring why his taste led him to purchase pictures which the present age, in the pride of its science, despised, he replied, that when he saw those old, worm-eaten panels, on which believing generations had pictured their faith, put to ignoble use, or in danger of utter ruin, respect for the minds that produced them prompted him to take them

to his own home, as an asylum from modern ignorance and scepticism.

If we approach Art rightly, this soul-charity will spread and embrace all mind within its folds, in the degree of its sincerity and truth. The enjoyment which Art has brought to me, I would fain share with others. Before hastily rejecting conclusions, which on my part are the result of conviction, I would earnestly beg my readers to candidly test and patiently probe the principles upon which they are founded. At the same time they must consider, that, pretending to no originality or the elucidation of any new truth, I have simply gathered into the superficial form of "HINTS," ideas of universal application. Consequently, they will find broad principles and general features, instead of learned and critical details, which, however interesting to the few, might have repelled the many from the consideration of a topic of vital interest to humanity.

*Casa Dauphiné, Piazza Maria Antonia,
Florence, Italy, April, 1855.*

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ART-HINTS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

ONE of the most impressive buildings in Venice, from its graceful proportions and conspicuous position is, as every traveller knows, the church of Santa Maria della Salute, upon the Grand Canal. Born of the early Renaissance, it has been in the main spared the accumulation of barbarous detail and false taste which are common to so many of the church edifices of a later date, erected in the spirit of that school of architecture. It is not, however, to its external appearance that I would call the reader's attention, though, perhaps, no building remains more permanently fixed in the general tourist's mind among his associations of Venice. In it are priceless evidences of that treatment of Art which distinguishes the Venetian painters from all other artists, and with due deference to their merits, be it

said, invests the former with a dignity as yet unrivalled. The chief of these precious legacies are Titian's "Death of Abel," on the ceiling of the sacristy, and Tintoretto's "Marriage in Cana," each exhibiting in an eminent degree the respective powers of those two great masters. There are many others, scarcely less worthy of attention as showing the progressive development of the religious mind of Venice in painting at the culminating point of her high career in Art. But it is not to describe these paintings that I refer to this church. I wish to relate a simple incident which therein met my observation, and led me into a train of thought resulting in the present volume.

During the summer of 1854 I was in Venice refreshing my mind amid its artistic treasures. Being one day in the church of Santa Maria della Salute, or rather in the sacristy, I noticed enter a young American, whose appearance denoted a cultivated mind. His observant eye ranged at once over the pictures, selecting instinctively those of most merit, and sparing neither time nor painful observation to make himself master of their spirit and treatment. Churches everywhere are proverbially unfavorable for the proper exhibition of paintings. In this instance the best are placed at a most awkward height, considering the narrowness of the room, for the range of the eye, while Titian's occupy the ceiling some forty feet above

the head, and can be *seen* only by lying flat on one's back on the stone floor, and gazing upward. In this position, forgetful of all else, did the young American place himself, for the more full gratification, or, I should say, appreciation, of the masters whose works he had come to study. His deportment and criticism showed a determination to test the respective merits of the artists, regardless of personal discomfort, and to the full extent of his knowledge and circumstances.

While he was thus engaged there came in a large party of Americans, composed of the usual travelling elements; masters and misses, grown-up children, parents still in the vigor of life, and young men fresh from college, all under the charge of a *valet de place*, whom they were evidently urging to "do up the sights" in the most expeditious manner possible. They passed through the sacristy without once noticing the paintings on the ceiling, turned away in disgust from Tintoretto, hurried into the church, paused a moment before some flashy modern trick of art, and in five minutes had made the tour of a building which contains enough, if properly studied, to have occupied them for as many months. And this is the way the majority of tourists condemn their own souls! Wilfully blinding themselves to lessons of high import, whether of nature or art, they turn heedless alike from the free gift of either, and find *delight* only in the contents of

shop-windows, the trappings of equipage, insignia of rank, and the falsities of miscalled society. Which of these two classes of visitors will stand justified before their OPPORTUNITIES?

Pearls to swine may seem a disrespectful simile, but the sad truth that the multitudes who yearly pour from America to do the European tour, wantonly disregard the teachings of noble minds, the outpourings of soul, lavished in art-language, to the end that they may see and feel new capacities within them, capacities, that, like the fruit of the tree of life, would make them live for ever; such a truth, I repeat, justifies the application.

To what end is travel?

The contrast between the social and political principles of America and Europe being so broad, my remarks are intended chiefly to cover those grand distinctions with the relative duties arising from each. Still, the general ideas will be applicable to every individual, of whatever nation, viewing him simply as a member of a social and political community. To what end then is travel? The reply to this involves the recognition of the elementary differences in all that relates to civilization between Europe and America.

It is incumbent then, for me, firstly, to broadly specify these differences and their causes.

The chief difference with which we have now to do lies in the position of Art on either continent. In

[Europe it is a recognized necessity—in America it remains a struggling impulse.]

Teuton.
"11"

Man is twofold in his nature—material and spiritual. The material conforms itself to the outer view of things. It takes cognizance of creative matter in its external form and internal construction, weighs, examines, analyses, invents, combines; in short, probes the physical world to its core to learn its laws and apply them to its service. We call the knowledge which we thus obtain of nature, Science. It deals with things, facts, substances, and their relations to each other, as they exist to our external senses. The object of Science is the exploration and subjugation of material nature to our use and comfort. In it lies the power and dominion given by God to Adam in Paradise over all created things, with the injunction to replenish, that is, to civilize the earth. This subjugation of matter to Use is then man's first necessity. But as soon as the wants of the body are satisfied, there arise others more subtle, intangible, but equally craving. These spring from the second or inner principle of our nature, which, to distinguish from what we can touch, see, and feel, through external sense, we term the Spirit. This principle is susceptible of two grand divisions, viz., Morality, comprising religion in all its relations, and Ideality, in its connection with Beauty.

The two are intimately associated, as will be shown

in future chapters, being bound together by great and immutable principles fixed by God in the universe. It is, however, with the latter which we have directly to deal in these "Hints," and only incidentally with the former.

No want has been planted in the human race without corresponding sources of gratification. For the body the earth provides material for food, raiment, habitation, all that ease can desire, nay more, every luxury which man, in his mental wantonness, seeks out or invents to his own corruption and enfeeblement. For the Soul, in its connection with Beauty, Nature is equally lavish. She supplies form, color, and all that can stimulate Thought or excite the Imagination. The province of the Spirit is not merely the aspect but the essence of things. It deals not in anatomy or in analysis; it neither calculates nor combines; it seeks not to count the pulsations of the heart, but it does seek to know why it was created, to interpret the language of the universe, and through the Beauty so profusely distributed by its Author over his works, to know Him.

Science then represents matter. Its dominion goes not beyond substance. That which manifests to us phenomena, whether of Nature or the Soul, which, in delighting the senses speaks to the heart, we call Art. Its high office is to portray the Spirit. Both Science and Art are essential to the complete existence of man.

This principle holds true as well in national as in individual existence. Either extreme of culture, however, has its evil. The tendency of the two great branches of the human family, which have ever divided the dominion of the earth between them, has not been to an equilibrium in scientific and æsthetic culture. Alternating, as in their martial conquests, from one extreme to the other, they have too frequently lost their vigor in sensuality or quenched their imagination in cold abstraction and barren scientific truths. The tendency of the imagination, unchecked by reason, is undoubtedly to weakness and ruin. Excessive fertility generates excessive decay. On the other hand, reason unsoftened by imagination, although it may lead to power, deprives life of pleasure. It is all work and no play. Like the stern mountain top, with its glittering glacier, we admire its mocking hues and cold sublimity at a *distance*. Near to, it chills and repels. But the tropical shade, with all its equivocal mixture of serpents and flowers, poison and pleasure, we hie to for repose. This is the universal tendency of man when he has once tasted the delights of Beauty. A fatal gift unmixed with reason and unbridled by morality, but equally balanced with the two, a boon worthy of the bestowal of Divinity upon Humanity.

The tendency of the older civilization, derived from the Greco-Roman races, has ever been to the former bias. Imagination, or the "play impulse," as the

Germans comprehensively define the idea, often usurps the sovereignty of reason, and leads captive morality. Art born in freedom was true to its mission so long as man worshipped in sincerity and truth. Made, however, the handmaid of Sense, it revenged its degradation by enslaving its enslavers and by becoming the instrument of tyranny to steel the spirit into the doctrine of passive obedience. The social and political institutions were neglected for the excitements of sensuality and amusement. Education, freedom of mind, and individual enterprise—the substantial bases of a nation's prosperity—were lost sight of, or cunningly diverted by tyrants into corrupt channels, so that with all those races history shows the same final result. First, a development of energy and virtue; second, refinement and power; then speedy enervation and consequent decay, until ignorance, superstition, and poverty have come at last to be the established order of things over the fairest portions of the globe.

Whether this be the inevitable result of æsthetic culture, as history would seem to suggest, remains for us to discuss in another place.

On the other hand, the Teutonic races, owing more, perhaps, to influences of climate than to constitutional differences in man, have turned their attention mainly to Science. Material power abides with them. They rule and civilize the world in all that Science can do as paramount to Art. The electric telegraph, the

railroad, the steam-boat, the armed leviathans of the ocean, everything that the mind can create out of matter, for purposes of wealth, comfort, safety, and power, from iron rods that disarm the lightning of its terrors to needle-points so sharp that the eye can scarcely trace them; in fine, all the wide scope of **MANUFACTURE** is theirs. In the Germanic European races this luxury and strength are leavened with a large admixture of the play impulse—more formerly than now, so that as nations they have not as yet experienced the vicissitudes of their more southern brethren. The religious element of their spiritual impulse has entered largely into their political organization, combining with and strengthening their scientific tendency, so that the races of this origin, more particularly the English branches, present to history the firmest and most enlightened governments which the world has as yet seen. Still the tendency of these nations is towards materialism. This arises from an exaggeration of the value of scientific truths and their merely mechanical results; also from the gradual absorption of the spirit of religion into forms and creeds—words without life—whose chief effect is a paralysis of the soul.

Puritanism, as exhibited in the days of the Commonwealth of England, is a striking example of the ascendancy of the merely religious element to the annihilation of ideality, with its offspring taste and refinement. Strong only in an alliance with a stern

civil polity, it fell as soon as the human mind had scope for its æsthetic impulses. Puritanism is Protestant asceticism, and can no more become the rule of mankind than can the monkish practices and celibacy of Romanism. Nature avenges every violation of her healthful instincts. She abhors one-sided humanities. The only safe guide is temperance in the employment and consequent enjoyment of ALL our faculties. England paid for the bigotry of Puritanism in the license of the Restoration. God is no more honored by foul fear and unwholesome restraints, than by foul license and unwholesome liberty. "Perfect love casteth out all fear;" consequently its true spirit is freedom. Wherever this exists there is hope for progress.

Science alone is not sufficient for a nation's prosperity. Religion, dwarfed into a panoply of forms, creeds, and restraints, is equally insufficient by itself. The two properly combined and understood form a strong phalanx, but to make that phalanx impenetrable to the shafts of atheism, bigotry, and revolutionary license, the mental trinity should be complete. Beauty, the sentiment which God has bestowed on man for his ENJOYMENT, mark, not USE or WORSHIP, must be superadded. It is his free gift to loving spirits, blessing alike all, and requiring no labor to obtain, beyond its quiet reception and partial divorce from the things of sense.

This broad principle of Divine government I hope fully to establish as I proceed in the gradual development of the ideas, which I wish to present to the consideration of my fellow-beings, not as anything new, but as important to be kept constantly in view, for the full appreciation of the pleasures of even an earthly existence. I particularly wish to call the attention of Americans to the one thing needful to exalt our beloved republic to a pitch of grandeur and prosperity, with consequent intelligence and refinement, which no nation has as yet ever reached.

America—I mean the United States—is but just girding her loins for the race set before her. While men have to contend with stern nature, winning civilization step by step from the wilderness, they have no leisure for aught but the necessary. The useful is the next step. Then come the requirements of ease and luxury, and their attendant train of degenerating influences. In the United States we have arrived at that period of our national career; or rather, while on our frontiers, the strife of man with nature is in constant progress, on our sea-board we have enslaved her to the administration of our sensual comforts to a degree that no other nation has ever rivalled on so gigantic a scale. History tells us there is danger in this. Upholstery, dainty furniture, mechanics racked to construct in quantities those things that tend to glitter or mislead, machinery multiplied for the fabrication of all objects,

not only of use but of ornament, art degraded to manufacture, all bespeak a people with their eyes yet unopened to a sense of their full capacity for greatness and refinement. There is no halting-place in a nation's career. She advances or recedes. If she mistake the road, others advance, on the right track and secure the prize. There is more hope for America in her future than for any other nation. In proportion to her hope is also her danger, for the principle which bids her soar is equally active to bring her down. This principle is freedom of mind. Elsewhere the governments make their subjects; in America, alone, individuals make their governments; as is the individual so is the government. The importance then of rightly directing not only the principles but the taste—in its full significance, to be hereafter defined—is self-evident. The love and fear of God is indeed the keystone to the political arch. In proportion as religion demonstrates these principles in their acceptance to man, in that proportion are they wise for this life and safe for another. But strip religion of its element of beauty, crush the taste and refinement of a nation in the anaconda grasp of bigotry, and you shut out heaven from earth, and turn earth itself into a wilderness of unprofitable duties. Heroic virtues and stern self-denial are for times of trial, when the soul's energies must be concentrated by the struggles of existence into mighty efforts. But with the passing of the storm comes the

sunshine. Hearts are to soften and expand under its genial warmth. Love is to elevate and taste to refine them. The energies which have raised America to the position of an enigma for all nations must still find employment. License, the fruit of misdirected passion, and effeminacy, the canker of luxury, are equally stumbling-blocks in her progress. She has strength and wealth, freedom and mental activity. The right direction to be given to each is the problem to settle. Art looks to America with open arms. How is it to be carried there? Not by misses who run over Europe and bring back a cabin-load of new bonnets, with dresses and trinkets to match; neither by women whose aim is display and ruling principle vanity; nor by young gentlemen whose attainments are limited to the run of "cafés" and gambling saloons. We have too many of them, and too many of such families as that of Santa Maria della Salute, whose sole reminiscences of European travel are the number and not the quality of sights. We need Art-students, men of sincerity and labor, who will not hesitate to go on their backs and knees, if need be in the dust, to read the soul-language of the mightiest minds in Europe.

Europe is a storehouse of Art, but its value and lessons are lost in a great measure upon the nations that gave it birth. Still those silent voices speak. Out of old churches, mouldering tombs, time-honored galleries, there go forth eternal principles of truth, if rightly

studied able to guide the taste and warm the heart of young America, and urge her on in the race of renown. I do not advocate blind copying of mind or the reception of laws, whether of taste or morality, without fully proving their spirit; but I do advocate, and would press home to the heart of every American who goes abroad, the necessity, if he would do his duty to his own country, of reading and interpreting to his countrymen, so far as in him lies, these sacred writings on the wall. Talent is lent by God. We are to return it with usury. I write not for those light minds who find pleasure only in frivolity, and who travel simply for excitement; their case is hopeless. I write for my young friend of the Venetian church. With earnest souls like his lies the artistic hope of America.

CHAPTER II.

MAN'S TWOFOLD NATURE.

THE confession of the twofold nature of man, the material or real, and the spiritual or ideal, is a barren truth of itself, unless it is equally felt. Without feeling, we have no true life. Earnestness in all that we do is the test of our sincerity and consequent appreciation of its importance. Mankind need not be urged to supply their physical wants. The instincts of matter impel them incessantly to the gratification of their appetites, because sense in the form of physical humanity, is imperious. Its wants must be attended to, in order that the soul remain a contented tenant of her earthly habitation; contented from her freedom to act and feel through the medium of a healthful body. This health is the result only of wholesome restraints upon instinctive appetites and the due subjection of the body to reason.

[Sense is, however, a subtle foe of the soul. So palpable are its claims, so seductive its indulgence,

that men are frequently led to ignore the existence of the latter, by exclusive cultivation of those sciences whose ends are ease, luxury, and show. Passions and sentiments, the true objects of which are preservative, become the aims of existence. Satiety instead of warning, operates only as a stimulus to invention. New sensual emotions are diligently sought out as prizes in the race of life. Thus science is degraded into a system of ways and means to best perpetuate and vary the pleasures of sense. Life is valued solely for what it offers for the enjoyment of the material nature of man. The spirit shrinks from this perversion of the true purposes of its fleshly habitation, and either dies away to an occasionally "still small voice," or, leaving man altogether, he becomes a believer solely in what he hears, sees, and feels with his external sense. There is no inner life left in him. A practical atheist, he denies what he cannot weigh, measure, or analyse. The sense of beauty he cannot indeed wholly extinguish, but it is confined to external form and color, and degraded to the low situation of a pander. All nature is resolved into sense. If God there be, he is a distant and uncertain being, all-powerful doubtless, and surely all capricious. Study will not find him out. Why vex our minds with what we cannot comprehend! Sufficient for us that we eat and sleep! We can understand nature because we *see* her. Beyond this it is all dark; cease to trouble us with theories that

cannot be demonstrated in matter. Such is the language common to a large proportion of the educated classes in Europe. They have shrunk from avowing themselves atheists heretofore from fear of loss of position, or some of the earthly joys for which they sacrifice their souls. Their numbers now embolden them to openly avow their sentiments. I do not hesitate to assert that the general tone of European refined society is open or concealed atheism, while the mass of the population are steeped in superstition scarcely less fatal to their true dignity as beings capable of becoming even as the angels in heaven. The abettor of this moral ruin is the church as now constituted. Between Protestantism and Romanism there is indeed the wide gulf of individual freedom of thought. Consequently the hope of man and his ultimate progress to the completion of his personality lies exclusively with the former. But the preachers of both have become blind leaders of the blind. The former limit their vision to irreconcilable dogmas and creeds, and the latter to ceremonies from which the essence has long since fled. Both are more anxious to preserve their own than God's kingdom. Both trammel thought, though in different ways. Both not only fail in satisfying the entire man, but shock his reason and cramp his soul. Protestantism is not exclusively under the control of priestcraft. Romanism is. Which is better for man as a whole their respective territorial boundaries

show. The difference between the two is the actual distinction between England and Spain, Italy and the United States. Still it is obvious to every close observer that the tendency of both Romanism and Protestantism among the cultivated classes is now towards scepticism.

This arises from a want of proper balance in mental cultivation. The individual or nation that devotes itself almost exclusively to science, in its mere relations to external things, rapidly becomes sensuous in its judgments and feelings. The church that concentrates religion into dogmas or ceremonies fosters either doubt or ignorance. Science is good only in relation to its proper uses. Religion is manna for the soul only so far as it directs and expands its powers in relation to man and God. Now one means of cultivating the ideal or theoretic faculty is in the study and investigation of Nature. By Nature, I mean the entire *thought* of God as shown in his moral and material universe. This is the healthful employment and consequent development of the spiritual man. Science is the aid and not the end of his labours. He is to free himself from the trammels of sense, and to raise himself above the mere material world, looking down upon and into it, until as his eyes are opened he is able to pierce its mysteries and read its solemn teachings. I do not wish to be understood as depreciating science or despising sense. Both are necessary elements in the composition of humanity. But the relative consequence of

the material and spiritual man, is as unmeasurable as the difference between thought and matter. Another powerful argument for the cultivation of the ideal faculty exists in the fact—I speak of course to believers—that both nature and revelation assert that through all eternity we maintain or follow the direction given by our earthly identity; that is, we remain always ourselves. Progress or retrogression there must be, but the principle “as the tree falls so it lies,” is in the main a solemn truth; one that should stimulate to the exertion of all our faculties for the knowledge and comprehension of HIM who bestowed them.

The sense of beauty embraces within its scope the whole image of God in his creation. Its employment exalts and expands all the faculties, develops love and gratitude, divests religion of asceticism and sense of satiety. Every other occupation or professional pursuit confines the mind within positive limits. Labor deadens the spirit; mere business narrows its comprehension; while science confines it to certain channels. The study of beauty in its spiritual and æsthetic character, alone fully develops the soul, and leads it to a recognition of its unlimited powers. Every healthful impulse is satisfied in this. The application of a few broad principles of observation is the “open sesame” to the innate powers of the soul. Feeling is developed by the perusal of nature. She is free alike to the learned and to the unlearned. Beauty is so profusely

distributed that none need lack who seek in sincerity. There is nothing too lofty for us to approach, or too insignificant for us to examine. We cannot see the face of God and live, but we can look upon his creation and learn. < Beauty is to the mind what prayer is to the soul—its sustenance and exaltation. >

For the complete development of man, therefore, feeling must combine with reason, each modifying and impressing the other. Excess of the one sensualizes; excess of the other hardens. The proper union of the two, play and labor, constitute the unity of humanity. It is, therefore, to this happy combination, that individual and national efforts should be directed.

The form under which beauty or the ideal is represented to man we call Art. By association we have become accustomed to look upon the image as the reality itself; therefore, for all purposes of definition, we must continue to consider Art as the idea fashioned by man, while, rightly speaking, it is simply the form by which it is rendered cognizant to our senses.

If, then, the culture of the ideal be so necessary to the welfare of man, why is it that experience has so often shown the incompatibility of a high degree of artistic cultivation with political freedom and national virtue? A superficial perusal of history would seem to warrant the conclusion that the fine arts are the precursors of a nation's decay. Greece, Rome, and mediæval Italy have each, in succession, witnessed the

same moral phenomena. Indeed, many profound thinkers are disposed to think that refinement and virtue, courtesy and sincerity, taste and vigor, cannot exist together in a nation. This view is partial and false. We do see their mutual existence in individuals, rare, it is true, but there are sufficient examples to prove that what is possible in them is possible also in a nation.

Greece, Rome, and Italy, fell not from their devotion to Art, but from their perversion of it. In the first it took the direction of sensuous beauty. Their artistic mind was directed towards its external expression, or the exhibition of the lower passions and sentiments. No race was ever more keenly sensible to physical beauty and to all the emotions natural to man; but of divinity, the true study of the soul, they were ignorant. They fell from worshipping the idol of sense.

Rome, unable to appreciate the æsthetic culture of the Greeks, borrowed her forms, and possessed her beauty, without her refinement. She worshipped mental and brutal force. Her idols were purely physical—strength, energy, and power—which, with the populace, degenerated into lust and brutality. Her whole religious and political system being false to the noblest instincts of humanity, it fell, dragging Art with it, until it was lost, even in name. The sole refinement possessed by the Romans they owed to Art, and when that perished, they perished also.

We now come to the mediæval cities of Italy. Here Art took the highest position it has as yet reached. This was owing to two causes. Firstly, freedom ; demagogical turbulence or oligarchical violence, term it what you will, the fact that the *mind* was active and free in those days, asserting its dignity in crimes as well as virtues, it must be admitted, but still, that it was alive with energy cannot be denied. The consequence was, that having a constitutional tendency towards Art, it speedily developed itself in suggestive works of every nature.

Religion was the second cause, and the one which gave it *direction*. Art then took its true position, that of teacher. Sincerity supplied the lack of skill, and gave a power that mere skill can never attain. Amid popular tumults, civil wars, famines, plagues, costly mercantile enterprises, and all those causes which with other races would be deemed sufficient to suspend all Art, arose the noblest edifices, private and public, the world has ever seen ; cathedrals, churches, campaniles, towers, palaces, statuary, paintings, sincere in their design, costly beyond parallel in their construction, each significant of its purposes and stamped with thought, arose like magic all over Italy. These were *not* the works of kingdoms, but of republics ; the people contributed their money and gloried in their sacrifices, so that they could honor God or their country by the free offering of their minds and wealth. Go where

you will in Italy, you see this stamp of mediævalism in her soil. Her true greatness sprung from her love of Art sanctified by her religion.

At present, I can only allude to the fact ; later I shall prove the statement. She fell, and lamentable is the fall, for her fall has cast suspicion upon what was really the true cause of her glory—her Art ; but she did not fall until, in the sixteenth century, popes and princes took it to their bosoms, and *patronized* it, not for Art, but for their own self-glorification and the enslavement of their subjects. The Medici in Rome and Florence, as heads of the Church, or as heads of the State, debased and sensualized Art ; with them it became a vile instrument of unholy designs. Religion and freedom both alike deserted it, for they are at home solely with truth, virtue, and sincerity. It was Art no longer ; a bastard, born of tyranny and sensuality, usurped its place. From the time that Raphael became a courtier, and Buonarotti a servant of princes, religious Art fled in despair from the unnatural connection. Since then we have had many schools and much patronage, but of Art in its sincere spiritual expression, absolutely nothing.

Inasmuch as Art obtained its highest elevation in Italy, so it there fell to its lowest ebb : in no country has its decay been so complete. The substitution of sensualism and slavery for freedom and religion, by depriving it of all vitality, has made its utter degra-

dation the more apparent. Other nations there are with whom Art is comparatively a stranger ; but never having assumed among them an equal position, we do not feel so deeply the extent of its abasement. In Italy it is otherwise ; noble it was in its elevation, contemptible it became in its downfall.

I think that no unbiassed student of history can come to other conclusions than the following, as to the effect of Art on the destinies of those nations whose fall is justly considered to have been heralded by increased luxury and depravity of manners.

Art with the Greek was a sentiment ; it expressed all he knew or cared for of nature. Physical beauty and artistically-rendered human emotion were his aims. There was no divinity in his Art ; on the contrary, he made men of his gods ; it was purely of the earth—refined clay, however—and its effect was to refine and idealize his manners. Art contributed to his civilization ; it made him the subtle-minded, sensuous man of antiquity ; it carried him to as elevated a position as his nature, unenlightened by revelation, was capable of arriving at ; it discovered and applied broad artistic truths, but its knowledge was confined. Of landscape art, of that pure love for the natural world of which we begin to find examples in modern times, we have no evidence that he knew or felt anything. His imagination, it is true, teemed with intellectual apparitions ; but though they amused his mind, they were not of a

nature to elevate his soul. Art, therefore, with the Greek, though idealised to the full extent of human intellect, was never the complete expression of its divine power; hence it was inadequate to preserve him from his own sensuous proclivities. It sustained and refined him in just that degree in which he admitted its truths, but it must not be made responsible for vicious political institutions and selfish passions.

Rome received Art solely as a mistress; it amused her idle hours, excited her passions, and gratified her vanity. She made it in everything the instrument of sense. Art graced her downfall, but did not cause it.

While Art was the teacher in Italy, she was strong and vigorous; her political health, that is to say, the vigor and enterprise of her civic communities, kept pace with their religious sincerity. It was the instrument to elevate and stimulate the people. When it became the slave of their rulers, it immolated itself on the altar of its own degradation.

Art, therefore, was an incomplete expression in each of those nations. In Greece its superior manifestation was taste, in its loftiest intellectual interpretation. In Rome, it may be characterized as fashion; but in mediæval Italy it took the nobler form of feeling.

Until we have had the experience of the perfect development of Art upon the mind of a nation, it is as presumptuous to deny its capacity to permanently elevate and refine, as it would be in the miner to com-

pare the flickering lamplight with which he pursues his labor to the meridian sun.

The light that we have had attests its twofold power as an element of civilization. As surely as sense degrades it to the position of slave, so surely does it revenge itself by bringing man to the lowest level of his material nature: on the other hand, in the degree that man listens to Art as the interpreter of the nobler instincts of his nature, just in that degree does it unfold its capacity to refine and elevate him. Civilization, by disclosing new wants, creates new bonds. The play-want, comprising every development of the fancy and imagination, looking to ornament distinct from use as one of its realizations, and the thought-language as distinguishing idea from form, are implanted by nature in the heart of the human race. We trace it equally in the feather coronets and carved paddles of the savage; in the rude and energetic verse of barbarous nations, in the songs of Sappho and chisellings of a Phidias. By turns it is solemn, as with the imposing architecture of Egypt and Nineveh; beautiful, as seen in the exquisite proportions of Greek Art; grand, as among the amphitheatres, aqueducts, and arched temples of old Rome; grotesque and fanciful in its Gothic manifestations; thoughtful, too, and suggestive. Art has assumed in each age a special individuality, whether in music, poetry, form, or color; in none have its capacities been exhausted or wholly comprehended.

The people are yet to exist who will allow the full exercise of its sovereignty. No nation has ever been in so favorable a position as the United States of America, for the complete development of those ideal faculties of which Art is language. In extent embracing, as it were, a continent, with the varieties of climate most favorable to intellectual activity; with a nature fresh and exhaustless within their boundaries; accumulations of wealth that can cause material matter to live and grow at its bidding; mind well fixed in religious and political truths; enterprise without limit; freedom of thought and rivalry of intellect that seizes upon and develops ideas, working them out to their practical results—in fine, scope for the entire nature of man; all this mingled with an infusion of the best blood of older civilizations, combining their two great northern and southern elements, constitute a power for progress to which past history can fix no limits. It remains but for America to demonstrate that the cultivation of Art is compatible with freedom, and that, with the spread of taste and refinement, she loses neither vigor nor sincerity.

CHAPTER III.

ART IN RELATION TO HISTORY—ITS RISE.

BEFORE proceeding to the consideration of Art in its relations to taste and the imagination, in fine to its entire connexion with the spiritual man, it will be expedient to review briefly its several positions historically, during its most conspicuous manifestations. This inquiry is important, as it elucidates the different forms it assumed under the force of external circumstances. In fact, it is the investigation of Art simply in its broad human relations, independent of its own immutable truths. By this I do not comprehend its division into schools, which is a different subject of investigation, but the national directions it has taken, owing to political institutions. From this inquiry may be gathered the lesson most needed by nations whose Art career is yet to commence, viz., what political conditions are most favourable to its perfect development, and what dangers are most to be dreaded from its perversion. In the preceding chapter these points

were merely glanced at, but in this I trust to put those inferences which I therein presented on an unsailable basis.

[With savage or semi-civilized life, and its untutored impulses, I shall not meddle. The former condition naturally tends to violence, and the latter to stagnation. To ascertain this fact, one has but to look to the Arab on the one hand, and the Chinaman on the other. The American Indian manifests no surprise at new and beautiful artificial forms, because he does not know enough to do so. His mind has no starting point of comparison. A Mussulman is but half a man; he condemns high art as idolatry while worshipping gross matter. Art in its European development is an enigma to such races. Wherever it is least understood it is most despised. This misunderstanding proceeds from two causes. First, ignorance, like that of the American farmer, who could see in a statue out of doors only a marble scarecrow, for all purposes of which an old hat and ragged coat on a stake would have been far better and cheaper. Secondly, from misapprehension, as in the Puritan and the Quaker, who view it as the arch-enemy of their souls. When such men come to know its truth and beauty, they will welcome it as the ally of Providence to lead their minds to pure sources of pleasure. There is hope for them both, for their sin is rooted in sincerity.

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One object, therefore, of this chapter will be to

point out the different sources from which those nations which have acquired fame in Art derived their inspiration. It will then be easy to detect the false, and do justice to the true element. Imagination, through Art, mirrors the national or individual soul. The character of the Artist, or his Age, can be read in his works.

There is a uniformity of character in the Architecture of the earliest civilized races with which we have acquaintance, as, for instance, the Egyptian and Ninevite, which warrants their being classed together. Their painting is comprised in their architecture. It is simple and truth-telling, relating events as children tell tales, in the fewest and plainest words; without variety or truth of outline; one story being the type of all. Colors are all positive and strongly laid on. In architecture we have the same simplicity of forms combined with majesty and oddity of design. It can hardly be called grotesque, yet it is magnificently ideal, suggestive of power and durability throughout. No one who examines it can fail to perceive that it is the working out of the ideas of the few by the hands of the many. The people were mere machines, whose sole tasks were to repeat these ideas according to given pattern and rule, into which their own minds no more entered than into the fashioning of bricks. Consequently, Art in these countries was the mechanical carrying out by slaves of the imaginations of their

lords. There was no real life or natural variety in it. It embodied those essential elements of sublimity and power which are the attributes of all lofty understandings born in absolute rule. In those characteristics it has never been surpassed ; but it perished with the despotism that gave it birth.

In Greece we find the opposite of all this. It was the embodiment of physical beauty in its most perfect forms and happy moods. The people gave vent to their imagination and worked out the results with their own hands. As far as their religion led them they went. In all that they attempted they were sincere. They watched for those moments when the action which they wished to represent was the most complete, and in harmony with the entire nature. But my present object is not to criticise their works, or investigate their rules of Art, but simply to point out its motives and the results. Their intellectual freedom led them to the highest pitch of intellectual greatness in Art, which the world has as yet witnessed. Succeeding ages have found out higher motives and more noble aims, but so far as the Greeks studied they perfected Art, and it elevated them correspondingly. This elevation was, however, solely of the intellectual faculties. It did not touch the heart. Consequently, lacking the proper balance of healthful feeling, it drew them by its inability to go beyond the appreciation of external and mental beauty into the dangerous path of sen-

sualism. Their academies were schools for the most complete development of the physical and intellectual man. In the bloodless strifes and mental displays of their Olympic games, they found the originals of their Venuses, Minervas, Apollos, and all those wondrous forms of human beauty with which they have delighted the world. But there is no saving grace in them. They fully perform their mission to the intellect and merely human emotion, but the teaching to the soul is no portion of their inspiration. The nation which merely revives these forms, will revive their dangers with them.

Rome imported most of her Art from Greece. Transplanted to an ungenial mental soil it was but half appreciated, and the evil in its nature developed itself with twofold force. Art in Rome is not to be seen in its statues and ideas borrowed from Greece, but in that noble architecture so peculiarly its own. Those who would realise the aspirations of the mistress of the Old World, will find it in the stupendous remains of her baths, theatres, her Coliseum, palaces, aqueducts and villas, all stamping her civilization as exclusively of sense. Her Art was one of gigantic display and enervating luxury; a mingling of pride and vanity, giving vent to the fouler passions in gladiatorial shows, and abundant means of gratuitous enjoyment of sensual pleasures. A worse moral training for its subject no despotic government ever

established than that of imperial Rome. The animal was the solely recognised being. To keep him quiet he was gratuitously fed; to amuse him and develop his baser passions, he was led to baths lined with precious marbles and decorated with sensuous art; thence he had but to take his seat in the amphitheatre, and glutting his eyes with the dying agonies of fellow-beings, or the terrible struggles of ferocious beasts, complete his daily round of enjoyment and instruction. Such was the Roman, and of such a character his Art, the basest in its motives the world has ever exhibited, and the most ruinous in its downfall.

There were, it is true, individuals by whom Art was directed to nobler efforts. But this was merely the unappreciated taste of a cultivated few, without power to overcome the grosser national elements. Even in the minor decorations of their palaces, we perceive no higher effort than a mere play of fancy resulting in grotesques, often running into the obscene, and which in their best execution display rather intellectual wantonness than wholesome feeling.

Christian Art, which arose on the ruin of pagan civilization, was more a rude expression or type of faith than the production of cultivation. Its general character, when not wholly typical, was an appeal to the coarser sympathies of human nature. It sought to arouse feeling by vividly representing fleshy agonies; blood, wounds, torture, in all their literal ghastliness,

were its chief elements. Beauty, whether of form or sentiment, they eschewed, not only from artistic inability, but from religious principle. Their "Man of sorrow" was an ugly, beggarly specimen of humanity, disrobed not only of all divinity, but of all earthly grace, in order to impress the sense of his humiliation the more deeply upon the people. Virgins and saints were alike coarse and monstrous. Minds like St. Gregory's of Nyssa, and St. John Chrysostom's, sought to give a more elevated turn to Art, by vindicating the personal beauty of Christ, but with how little success the Byzantine school for nearly a thousand years demonstrates. It is the more singular, that the descendants of those Greeks who literally adored the beautiful in the days of paganism, should in their conversion to Christianity make it a matter of conscience to worship only the ugly and repulsive. The prominent characteristic of Art, as exhibited in sculpture and painting during this interval, is extreme rudeness and want of artistic knowledge. It is the labor of coarse hands and coarse minds incapable of appreciating or rendering the spirit of the faith they had adopted. Their conceptions were limited to external manifestations. Yet there is a solemn grandeur in some of their mosaics, not to speak of the rude dignity of their religious architecture, which impresses even modern beholders with awe and respect. But the exceptions are indeed rare in which their

figures, when not disgusting from overwrought physical suffering or misery, are not so disproportioned in outline, so coarse in color, and so void in expression, as to put all Art to the blush. Art, therefore, during this long epoch was rude and unattractive; the work of feebleness and ignorance; its sole life being in the attempt, through its coarsest execution, to familiarize the popular mind with religious truths as little understood in spirit as they were unintelligible in expression.

All that is noble in modern Art took its origin in the thirteenth century. Mind awoke from its paralysis, and step by step rapidly advanced in the development of its theoretic faculties. Knowledge kept pace with idea. Religion and patriotism stamped their image on progress. Art, as I have before remarked, assumed the position of teacher; the people clapped their hands with joy as the new light broke in upon them. The mental movement throughout Europe was universal and sincere. It was a *popular* movement, and taking root in the hearts of the people, grew and flourished as Art as a whole had never done before, and has never since. It covered Europe with religious edifices, of a character at once the reverence and despair of all aftertime. To *build* as the mediævalists built, we must *feel* as they felt. Every stone was laid in sincerity. Such treasures of mind, coin, and time as they possessed, they lavished

for the glory of God, believing that inasmuch as they honoured HIM they honoured themselves. There is no *thought* more apparent on these hoary stone records of a believing generation, than the sincerity of the spirit which led to their erection. Pride of architecture and vanity of display came in with the Renaissance sensualism, but mediævalism stands in history the solitary exponent of the principle of labor for its true end—the development of the spirit. Hence its greatness. I do not mean to imply that it perfected Art. Practical knowledge was often wanting. But I do mean to say that they went to Art as little children willing to be taught, that she did teach and elevate them, and the people grew and flourished in spiritual truth until the reign of tyrants commenced, and sensualism blasted the fruit before it fully ripened. True it is that political wisdom was imperfectly understood, and civilization in its most useful character of order was as yet undeveloped. Still commerce flourished, free cities multiplied, science spread, and all would have been well for the social fabric, had the people understood the strength of union. Tyranny made them its servants through domestic discord.

Aside from the social question, Art in their hands was unquestionably lofty. Artists were ennobled in the public heart. They were both its leaders and its servants; and it should be remarked that they exercised their genius upon subjects almost exclusively

Christian, or patriotic, as they understood patriotism. Buffalmacco, one of the pupils of Giotto, writes: "We painters occupy ourselves in depicting saints and holy personages upon walls and altars, to the end that man, to the great spite of devils, should be led to virtue and piety."

Domestic ornament was wholly of a religious character. The excess of this feeling undoubtedly contributed to the spread of superstition, and was cunningly diverted by the Roman Church to selfish ends. Men sinned in those days as now, but they confessed their sins. They believed and trembled. The hell of Dante had its reality in the faith of the people. The deeper we investigate this period of human history, the more reason do we find to stamp it as an heroic age. Devotion was its animating spirit. It abounds in great sacrifices, chivalric courtesy, noble efforts, high aspirations, grand enterprises, and gigantic crimes. It is the age not only of Giotto, Dante, Savonarola, Luther, Columbus, and Michael Angelo, but of Cæsar Borgia and Henry VIII.; the Inquisition and Reformation were planted side by side; Loyola and Melancthon, an Isabella mated to a Ferdinand.

To acquaint my readers with the lofty spirit which prompted the execution of great public works of this age, I quote from the records of the Florentine republic the order to Arnolfo di Lapo to make a design for their new cathedral:—

“ Whereas the chief aim of a people of great origin being to act in a way that, from its outward works, every one should recognise both its wise and magnanimous manner of proceeding, we order Arnolfo, chief architect of our city, to make a model or design for the complete rebuilding of Santa Reparata with the greatest possible magnificence that the human mind is capable of conceiving, since it has been decreed in council, both public and private, by the most able men of this city, that nothing should be undertaken for the community which did not correspond entirely to the ideas of its most enlightened citizens united together to decide on such subjects.”

Contrast this with the contemptible pride and foul fear of Louis XIV.—fear of living in view of the sepulchre of his race,—which led to the erection of the Palace of Versailles, and we have the direct measure of the difference between the nobility of a religious people, whose imaginations are exalted by Art, and the meanness of a ruler who makes Art the mere instrument of his self-glory.

The relative magnanimity of the two is nowhere more strongly shown than in the disregard of expense actuating each. The king forced a powerful and wealthy nation to the brink of ruin to gratify his selfishness ; the republic of Florence contributed their money to erect religious edifices with a proud alacrity, which would astonish modern economists. In 1334

they commenced building the present campanile, passing a decree (I quote from Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art") that it should be built "so as to exceed in magnificence, height, and excellence of workmanship whatever in that kind had been achieved by the Greeks and Romans in the time of their utmost power and greatness. The first stone was laid, accordingly, with great pomp on the 18th July following, and the work prosecuted with vigor, and with such costliness and utter disregard of expense, that a citizen of Verona, looking on, exclaimed that the republic was taxing her strength too far; that the united resources of two great monarchs would be insufficient to complete it—a criticism which the signoria resented by confining him for two months in prison, and afterwards conducting him through the public treasury, to teach him that the Florentines could build their whole city of marble, and not one poor steeple only, were they so inclined."¹

This "one poor steeple" is the most beautiful specimen of tower architecture the world has to show, costing at the rate of about *three hundred dollars per superficial foot*, making an entire expenditure of five millions old currency, which, by taking the present value of wheat, and comparing it with the price of the fourteenth century, would augment its cost fivefold.

In this age Art asserted its prerogative over rank. Charles V., emperor of half a world, waited upon

¹ Page 248, vol. ii.

Titian, while Francis I. of France condescended to plead for its productions. Even the haughty Charles of Anjou visited Cimabue at his humble house ; and the people rushed with such joy to see his famous picture of the Madonna and Infant Jesus, which to them gave token of new promise in Art, that the quarter in which he resided at Florence has ever since been called the "Borgo Allegro," Joyous Quarter. The population took the picture in procession to the church of Santa Maria Novella, in which it now is, with music and exclamations of enthusiasm.

Such was the feeling of this era ; too keen and excitable to be under the guidance of reason, and too partial, with too slight scientific development of the knowledge of materials and mechanical skill, to attain its perfect standard. Its most valuable point is to be found in its motive. Yet if we consider the Strasburg Cathedral, the Duomos of Florence, Siena and Pisa, and the religious architecture of Europe generally, and even much of its domestic, the bronzes of Ghiberti, the purity of Angelico, the solemn color of Titian, the power of Michael Angelo, the sincerity of an Albert Durer, and the ineffable grace of Raphael—for the latter four were born of this era—we can come to no other conclusion than that though Art still lacked much of its entire expression, yet as a whole it had attained its loftiest position.

To trace its subsequent decline under the ignoble

influences of sensualism is a painful task. I shall, in the succeeding chapter, examine into those political causes which most rapidly hastened its downfall, and follow it in its degradation, as seen in its most contemptible shapes in France, until in the orgies of universal license and revolutionary anarchy it assumed the features of a demon.]

CHAPTER IV.

ART IN ITS RELATION TO HISTORY—ITS FALL.

WE have now arrived at a period when Art assumed a wholly new aspect. This epoch dates from the final triumph of the Medici family at Florence over the liberties of their country, and their accession to the papal see in the early part of the sixteenth century. Entire Italy, and consequently the civilized world, felt their influence. Venice marched with almost equal rapidity in the path of decline, and from similar causes. True, there are names, as there are partial exceptions in the action of all broad principles, which may be spared the general condemnation. But these exceptions are, as in the seeming contradiction of natural laws, the action or modifications of principles equally broad; while their operation, being confined to individual minds, was powerless to check the degradation, although they asserted the nobility of Art. As I am now treating Art in its broad historical relations with humanity, I confine myself to the general effect, leav-

ing my readers to make such distinctions as their knowledge shall suggest from those names whose artistic fame is settled upon an established basis. But it will be difficult for them to find a single mind during this era, which, even if its spirit remained uncontaminated, was able to maintain its entire independence. Michael Angelo fell after much sullen resistance; Raphael was seduced from his primitive sincerity; Leonardo da Vinci wasted his genius on barren scientific and mechanical experiments; Titian alone may be said to have maintained his artistic identity, neither led astray by rank, nor diverted by the growing falsities of a corrupt age, from the truth that burned within him.

The great distinction, be it carefully borne in mind, between this age and the preceding, was the centralization of power into the hands of princes. Democratic communities were absorbed into kingdoms; free cities became provincial towns; in fine, the people from citizens became subjects. Whatever of civil and political liberty had existed in Italy, Spain, and France, especially in those countries in which Art had arisen and thrived in the bosom of the people, was now wholly extinguished. The cause of this loss of liberty was, as I have before remarked, domestic discord. Art cannot be chargeable with turbulence and anarchy. On the contrary, its natural tendency is towards refinement and harmony. The people, in the culture of their

imagination, had neglected the study of sound principles of civil polity. Feeling was the great characteristic of those times; it gave them sincerity in all they attempted: consequently, whether in war, commerce, art, or religion, to whatever end the people bent their energies, they wrought with soul-aroused vigor. The difficulty of the equal cultivation of powers, or, in other words, the complete and harmonious development of the individual, is evident to any one who has studied his own nature. It is still more apparent in the history of nations. Mankind are prone to extremes. The well-balanced race is yet to be developed. We have seen that, after the fall of the Roman empire, the grossest ignorance spread over the world. When mind in Italy awoke from its apathy, its first impulse was feeling. It gloried in its newly-discovered powers; it abandoned itself to their guidance as it were to a luxury, and sought its highest good in action rather than reflection. Its chief impetus arose from devotion. Devotion, we know, is allied to love; and from love to sensualism there is but one downward step. Bigotry on the one hand and tyranny on the other found their strongest ally in the abasement of the mind. Among the southern races the quickest route to this was through their material passions. The Roman Church effectually extinguished freedom of thought, closing every avenue against the development of reason except such as it could con-

trol, and allowed science to exist only as its servant.

Among northern nations the aroused mental energies, owing to causes arising from climate and the habits of industry which a rude nature engenders, took a different direction. Reason was more powerful than imagination. It sought its action rather in matter or science than in Art. Imagination was indeed vigorous, but manifested itself in ruder forms. Beauty partook of a sterner character. If the passions were violent, reason also was active, and the balance was better preserved; consequently, though exposed to similar tyrannical attempts, the northern races, from their greater constitutional vigor and development of reason, have, amid trials and many reverses, made steady advances towards mental freedom. It will be found that the true progress of a nation towards permanent greatness is in proportion to its equal cultivation of reason or the ideal faculties under the guidance of sound religious freedom. None are as yet more than partially developed. Indeed it is only within half a century that the elementary principles of nature begin to be understood. Knowledge is valuable solely in its application. All that has yet been discovered in science is but an incentive to further exertions. We begin to see its proper uses. So with Art. All that has yet been done is but suggestive of what remains to be done. The northern world is now in its most

favorable condition for the development of Art, for which science and freedom are rapidly preparing the way. With the Anglo-Saxon and German races it is a necessity, to counteract their leaning towards materialism. It is to be observed that the extremes of action of the imagination and reasoning faculties have a common tendency to sensualism. The hope of the southern races lies in the cultivation of their reasoning faculties and the control of their imagination.

My topic being Art, I am by it led more to investigate the history of the southern than the northern races. With one, it was Life; with the other, Play. The tyrants that arose in the sixteenth century, perceiving how powerful was the influence of imagination over the public mind, undertook to control Art to sinister designs. Their own existence depended upon the destruction of individual will and mental vigor. There is no surer poison for this purpose than sensual pleasure. With the new rulers this became a settled policy, disguised under the specious pretence of encouragement of Art. Divorced from the people, Art lost its freedom and became a slave. It needed another divorce to make it wholly a pliable instrument. This was found in the Renaissance, as this era is falsely called. Art was made to deny Christianity and confess Paganism. All its new forms were borrowed or corrupted from classical examples. Without the purity and sincerity which the knowledge and faith

of the Greeks and Romans gave to their art, complete in itself as an exposition of Paganism, this modern bastard arose, under the patronage of popes and princes, to do their bidding in the enslavement of the senses. To deny that it possessed some beauty, and, for certain building purposes, considerable utility, would be to do it injustice. Its beauty will, however, be almost invariably found to be allied with incongruity, while it is only the genius of the greatest minds that can redeem it from positive ugliness. Cold in color, as architecture it is soulless in design. Overwhelmed with detail, it exhibits the odd mixture of Pagan and Christian symbols, ornament without meaning, and parts without use. As generally seen, the Greeks would spurn it, the Romans despise it, and Christians should reject it. That there is sufficient scope in its materials and so-called laws to turn it to practical purposes in building for modern civilization is true. It has led to many social reforms. It has given wider streets, better ventilation, and more wholesome apartments; it is adapted to administer to our comfort; and all the good that can come out of it in its best condition is in those ends, while its loftiest intellectual development is confined to pleasing proportions and highly-finished sculpture. It is the perfection and play of mere external materialism. In saying this we have said all.

The use that popes and princes made of Renaissant

Art is evident in the present state of Italy, Spain, and France. They diverted it into its most sensuous forms. Compare the spirit of the Duomos of mediæval Italy and the Gothic cathedrals of France with the basilica of St. Peter's at Rome, and test the difference on not merely the religious but the unbelieving mind. If magnificence, huge proportions, giant detail, and display of wealth that astonishes, and refinement of execution that dazzles, be the characteristics of a temple of the Most High, then is St. Peter's a Christian church. I know not how I can better define the wide spiritual gulf between these two types of buildings than by quoting the remark of an educated Italian upon entering St. Peter's for the first time: "What a glorious 'café' this would make!" He was, as almost all of his rank and position are, an atheist, or perhaps I should say that, in rejecting the falsities of Romanism, he was without any external guide; but he never spoke lightly of a Gothic church. There is an essence of spiritual life in its deep shadows, delicate traceries, heaven-turned pinnacles, and solemn combination of sculpture and color, that gives repose to the heart. The Renaissance cast this all out as ignorance. Has knowledge in her case given a soul to science?

When priestcraft and power ravished Art from the people, they led her into still lower depths of degradation. In one respect we can look with charity upon their motives. So far as they were sincere in their

aim after mechanical excellence and the perfection of material, their progress was correct. The proper rendering of the spiritual idea in form and color requires consummate skill and the nicest selection of matter. But they mistook their road, and made those points which are of secondary importance the object of Art. Consequently its spirit departed as it became wholly sensualized. Not content with this, instead of drawing from out the depths of their own spiritual natures new and glorious forms of thought to vary or replace the sincere but homely repetition of sacred subjects with which the religious artists had inundated Italy, producing perhaps, to some extent, satiety, at all events a desire for a more perfect if not more elevated Art, they went *back* to paganism for their inspiration. The idols of Greece and Rome, the illustrations of their mythology, Pans and Satyrs, Venuses and Mercurys, Jupiters and Junos, the loves of Ledas, the amours of Mars, and the debaucheries of Bacehus, were revived after fifteen hundred years of Christianity, by the influence of the apostolic heads of the Christian church. These subjects were all proper to paganism, and intelligible. They had in some sense a spiritual relation to their faith. Knowing nothing better, it was praiseworthy in them to give their imagination play in its highest form. But all this Art is the product of paganism, and unworthy of revival by a Christian nation believing in progress.

As illustrations of the past they are, indeed, valuable. They open to us the heart and mind of our race two thousand years ago. Two thousand years hence what conclusions as to *our* faith would the then inhabitants of the globe come to if they judged us by the Renaissance decorations of our palaces and churches! Has refined Greek Art and rude Christian Art, classicalism and mediævalism, exhausted the theoretical faculty of man? There is no principle more destructive to artistic progress than this fatal example of Renaissance in leading artists to lose their individuality in vain efforts at repetitions of the past. If the Greek and Roman minds had been the saving truth of nations, they would have lived to this day. They had died because God willed it. Men who seek to revive pagan thoughts will reap consuming ashes. Let modernism think out its own thoughts. In that way we best honor God and cherish the immortality of our souls.

What has been the effect of this revival of heathenism in Art? With the exception of a few individual minds who were honest to the truths they possessed, its progress was one of rapid decadence until the end of the last century, when its falsehood and imbecility became complete. It is unnecessary to mention names; search Italy through after the death of Titian and the few contemporaries who worked in his spirit, look at her churches, her palaces, her paintings, statuary, all that constituted Art, and you will discover no other

result than false principles pursued to equally false ends. The lust of power, bigotry, and priesthood, vanity of artists, the selfishness and sensualism of all classes, contributed to this result, so that, as a general rule, the traveller need not give his time to the examination of *any* Art of this period, unless to convince himself of this fact.

Not satisfied with heathen plagiarism, Renaissance invented forms of its own. What was the character of its originality? There is a spirit of the grotesque in all nations; it is the play of the imagination. We see it solemn, as among the older races of antiquity; full of grace and fancy among the Greeks; wanton among the Romans; rude but vigorous among the Lombards; and beautiful in its ugliness, something that the mind can repose upon, or, at the worst, a pun in form or color, among the mediævalists. It was reserved for the Renaissant artist alone to make it bestial. Look at the foul stone-heads, the sculptural abortions on the bridges of Venice, and of this architecture elsewhere, and tell me if words are not feeble to express their utter baseness.

The spirit of an age is legible upon its tombs. In Egypt we read the desire for the preservation of the material—a species of vain endeavor to defeat the purposes of nature as if hopeless of eternity. In Greece and Rome, doubt without fear; a half-expressed impulsive belief of a resurrection joined

with a philosophical resignation to whatever might arrive. With Christian nations, faith in its meekest types, simplicity and humility. In the earlier ages the dead repose *on* tombs and sarcophagi, as if awaiting the blast of the trumpet that shall call them forth from *out* of their graves. All is simple and severe. Later the artist places them *in* their tombs, but they either kneel in hopeful prayer or look upward in confident expectation. They believe not in their rank or their own worth, but humbly, and with trust, await the second coming of their Saviour. But what have we in the Renaissance tombs? They are monuments to the pride of man; buildings—architecture, if you will—from which the dead look *down* scornfully or regretfully upon the earth on which they gathered their harvest of shortlived power. We have no symbolical virtues here; but real, colossal, stone virtues, as cold and impassible as the fleshly hearts they so lyingly represent. Emblems of state and rank are piled in theatrical confusion over these monuments. All that is fleeting or false on earth is painfully garnered into the sepulchre. Its moral is one wholly of flesh. You may as well seek sweetness in the apple of Sodom as the tokens of a spiritual faith in the builders of Renaissance tombs. Where feeling is attempted it is lost amid the trickery of low Art.

If further evidence of the base character of the spirit of Art be sought in this era, it can be found in

the ceiling decorations of the corridors of the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. Amid the profusion of petty, complicated, and incongruous grotesques, we find nothing on which the eye rests with pleasure, but much from which it turns in disgust. Some of the most prominent designs are wholly of an obscene character, borrowed in idea from the lowest specimens of this class of paintings to be found in Pompeii and Herculaneum. To show the full extent of the abasement of oil painting in all that constitutes excellence in art, I have but to refer to the most celebrated specimen of one of the masters of this time. In calling my reader's attention to the large picture of "Christ's descent into Limbo," by Bronzino, in the Florentine gallery, I can do nothing more in confirming his abhorrence of the falsities into which sensualism had led Art under the rule of the Medici. Not even the most solemn subject conceivable was now capable of elevating the imagination. Sculpture, being confined to form, was on a somewhat securer pedestal; but its decline is painfully apparent in the Neptune of Ammananto, and the Cacus of Bandinelli, in front of the Palazzo Vecchio; but still more in the fact that the favoritism of rulers should have rejected the spirited and noble model prepared by Benvenuto Cellini to make place for the tasteless monster of the first-named artist, which now does duty as a fountain. It will be found that Art during this trying period maintained excellence only in

the degree that it preserved its independence. The patronage of princes was to it the breath of the Simoom.

Without, however, going further into detail, it is easy for the inquirer to trace the contemporaneous decline of Art and morals in the productions and annals of the sixteenth and succeeding centuries. Occasional lights shone through the general gloom, but the whole character of Art had become material. It was the enslavement of the noblest faculties of man to the administration of his selfishness and luxury. I cannot too strongly impress upon my readers that this was owing to the combined tyranny of priestcraft and princes. The contamination spread to France. It was a portion of the marriage dower of the queens of the Medician race not provided for in written treaties, but it left its mischievous effects long after their treasures had been squandered.

Francis I. loved Art as royalty ever loves it, as the instrument to promote the glory of his reign. He courted its embrace in a princely manner, and, as far as a despotic sovereign can be, was sincere in welcoming it into his kingdom. He could not personally create taste or diffuse knowledge, but he could make Art the fashion. Like his contemporary, Charles V. of Spain, he protected artists, and liberally paid for their works, leaving them freedom of choice in their labors. The result was that France came into the possession of

some noble works, isolated specimens of Art, without any general spread of correct taste. The civil and religious wars that succeeded the reign of Francis I. diverted the national mind towards sterner objects, and it was not until the accession of Louis XIV. that the nation, consolidated and peaceful under one sovereign, had an opportunity to give rein to its æsthetic desires.

Unfortunately for Art, freedom was not only wholly at an end, but as complete a despot as ever cursed the human race was on the throne. Some men, like Nero, are tyrants from instinctive impulses. Some debauch kingdoms, like Charles II. of England, from weaknesses and follies. Others are stern or cruel from circumstances or necessity, like Peter the Great and Cromwell; but it was reserved for Louis XIV. to be a despot from principle. With him vices or foibles were foisted into the rank of virtues. To be a great king he degraded himself into a great sham. If he subdued his passions in public it was a tribute, not to the dignity of human nature, but to the magnanimity of the sovereign. His entire reign, whether as libertine or bigot, was a libel upon humanity; false in its conception and false in its execution. It would be easy to trace the after miseries of France to the corruptions incident upon such a systematic perversion of human truth and dignity, but fortunately we have only to do with its influence upon Art.

To such a ruler the Renaissance was a miracle. It

administered equally to his pride of state and sensual longings, surrounding him with luxury, and feeding his vanity through a thousand deceptive channels. Under the full effect of its seductive influences it is no matter of surprise that he forgot his humanity in his sovereignty. He lived a *LIE*. Consequently what was false and mean was congenial food. The heathenism and sensualism of the Renaissance rioted without control during his reign. Do you doubt this assertion? Go into the Renaissance courts of the Louvre, and the sculpture galleries of the past century; count the heathen statues and classical subjects there displayed; number those that have their origin in Christian faith; where you will find one of the latter, you will find twenty of the former. But this is not all. Examine their treatment and penetrate their spirit. When Christianity is attempted it ends in grimace. When heathenism is copied it runs into sensualism. It becomes a parody upon the worst spirit of Greek and Roman Art. It could not be otherwise. The artists believed not in these things; they worked from fashion, and not from inspiration. Their Art is essentially false, because the social fabric was all false. Its ruling feeling was licentiousness. Look upon the statues of royal princesses. To which is the eye mostly directed? To a face void of elevated expression, a bosom heaving with passion, or a half-draped leg pleading its voluptuousness! The spirit of the subject

and artist is alike sensual. Turn to the classical department. What are its characteristics? Harmony, repose, the quiet beauty of Greek Art, in which lay its real strength? On the contrary, we find violent muscular action, theatrical positions, form without soul, and a mechanical finish which painfully calls for admiration. There is more of colossal grandeur in the diminutive bronze models of Michael Angelo of the statues of Night and Day, Morning and Twilight, from which the originals were made for the Chapel of the Medici at Florence, than in the whole range of kindred French art; there is more of vigor and grace to be seen in Benvenuto Cellini's bronze Diana, cast for Francis I., to adorn one of the palace gates at Fontainebleau, than in all the other modern classical subjects of the gallery; and in Buonarroti's unfinished block of the Prisoner, rough hewn as it is, one sees more evidence of power and soul than in the productions of all the French sculptors combined.

Shall we be more fortunate in painting? Let us ascend into the picture galleries. Here we find in Le Sœur, Philippe de Campagne, and Nicholas Poussin, no lack of religious topics. I ask every candid mind if they obtain from the first any emotion beyond a theatrical display of glaring colors, so crude and inharmonious as utterly to destroy any religious sentiment the pictures might otherwise claim, and in the others feebleness of design and mere artistic display. The
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artist is seen, but not his subject. If we are no more fortunate in these distinguished names, what are we to expect from others who made no claims to anything beyond sensualism. Examine them all as you would study the nature of the serpent, but beware of their poison. Their merits of mechanical execution, as far as such may exist, do not come within my present scope of criticism. I am now dealing exclusively with their spirit. We have the slaughters of the great king; the affected pastoralism and refined amours of the succeeding reign; the chase and death of animals; in fine, everything that is of the earth, earthy, and of passion, gross, until we arrive at the revolutionary period, when the nation in its madness, unable to distinguish between the shame of their rulers and priests, and the eternal truths of Christianity, rejected the latter, and turned back for guidance to paganism without its intellectual refinement and poetical mythology. Here we see the heroism of classical ages vamped up into stage effects for the promotion of modern virtue. The age had no higher standard than through Art to lead men to copy the apocryphal actions of human beings who had lain in their graves for thousands of years. It had no faith in itself. While this was the highest aim of Art it was debased to its lowermost degradation by the multiplication of obscenities in social life of the most pernicious character. It had now fallen to the condition of a

pander and debauchee. Its virtues being all mock, its vice real, it became the demon of anarchy. Vilely had art been abused, fearfully had it avenged itself. The violence of the revolution begot tastes still more congenial with its excesses. French love for violent action, bizarre design, low humor, scenes of bloodshed, physical distortion, and, indeed, for all which may be termed unwholesome in art, is traceable to this period and its antecedents; a mingling of aristocratic debauchery, democratic brutality, and priestly hypocrisy, expiating their common error at the guillotine.

The boasted refinements and courtesy of the French nobility, having their origin, not in broad principles of humanity, but in a heartless selfishness which sought by manner to atone for want of sincerity, gilded their sensualism, but failed to redeem it. Miserably it perished, for it was founded on sand. Here let me repeat that the atrocities of the French revolution are no more attributable to true refinement than the sensualism of the Medician reigns to true Art. We might as well charge decay to enterprise and poverty to commerce because nations once great have fallen. They fell not from pursuing true but from dallying with false principles. There is a Nemesis in human affairs which avenges one extreme by another. Falsehood is a labyrinth of error, truth a straight, safe road. If men abuse Art, she stings them; if they sincerely

address her, she rewards them. Wherever great natural reverses have succeeded high cultivation, it may be certain that it proceeded not from cultivation, but its abandonment.

It is unnecessary to pursue Art in its historic relations farther. In other nations its effects are purely secondary, or but slightly developed. It remains but to recall the Art-motive of the several ages we have reviewed and trace its moral.

In Egypt it was solemn and grand, the type of absolute power, and used for its perpetuation. In Greece it sprung from the people, and was directed by the intellect, having its root rather in human philosophy than in divine spirituality. Rome used it politically and to sensual ends. Christianity commenced purely, but diverted it to blind zeal; while modernism, overpowered by its worship of matter, sunk it into sensualism. Its present condition is no higher than ordinary naturalism. The object of its expression the outer life. The tendency of the Art of to-day is the surface. It sees things in detail and exalts material accuracy above spiritual truth. My object is to direct the mind to its noblest efforts, and to show that the failures of past experience arising from imperfect or misdirected culture are no argument against its divine power when sought in sincerity and truth. The world is now in the most favorable condition for the reception of Art. Wedded to no theories, advanced

in science, the conquest of physical nature rapidly spreading, to welcome Beauty in its most purifying shapes, it has but to divest itself of its grosser material element. If we would advance in refinement and the appreciation of the measureless powers of our higher faculties, it is a necessity. Nowhere is this necessity more paramount for the progress of humanity than in America, because it is in the principles of civil and political freedom that the hope of the human race now exists. If these fail, although Providence may permit the growth of new combinations of human effort and wisdom to solve the problem of a rational advance towards the fulfilment of the perfect destiny of mankind, yet freedom would recover its present condition only through great sorrow and trial. It is, then, for America to vindicate the truths which have thus far been the enigma of human progress.

CHAPTER V.

ART IN ITS RELATION TO MATTER AND SPIRIT.

I COME now to consider Art internally, or in its relation to Matter and Spirit. We have seen that which we term Art is not the theoretic idea itself, but simply the medium by which the idea is made cognizant to our external senses. Therefore Art performs the same office for the mind that speech does for the ear. It is a variety of language, sometimes requiring sound, as in music, for its alphabet; form, as in sculpture; and form and color combined, as in painting. The proper appreciation of its thought is in the ratio of mental cultivation. Its external manifestations are recognizable alike by savage and civilized man, but for the full interpretation of its lofty mysteries the entire fealty of intellect and spirit is required. A child that runs may indeed read its speech, for it is both simple and profound, as liberal as it is exhaustless. The more diligently it is sought the more it rewards, so that while the deepest study cannot fathom its

capacities, it despises not the feeblest intellect, but freely spreads a feast for all.

What, then, is Art, which so affects the destinies of nations and the happiness of the individual? Without comprehending its entire field of action we cannot properly estimate its importance.

Art may be said to be almost as limitless in variety as Nature herself, for her province is to render all that nature provides for our instruction and gratification; to repeat, as it were, her actions, to reflect her likeness, to catch the fleeting sentiment, to perpetuate the noble thought, and express the lofty passion; in short, Art is the employment provided by God for the complete expansion of human faculties. It is the sole labor exempted from the primeval curse, for all other labor having direct reference to material want carries with it the feebleness and deadening influence of things of sense; while Art, directed to the interpretation of the character of God, as exhibited in his universe, borrows of Divinity a portion of its spirit to refresh the heart of sorrowing man.

Superficial knowledge will not unveil its store of enjoyment or mere tasting disclose its refined flavors. It must be approached reverently, studied intently, and pursued earnestly. For such disciples it has no satiety, but leads them onward and upward, nearer and nearer to the source of Beauty.

Beauty is twofold: the external, by which God

delights our senses, and the internal, by which He elevates our souls.

Art is perfect when it combines both in their highest forms. That which cannot be comprehended under either moral or natural Beauty is out of the province of Art in its nobler meaning. It has no business with the crimes, diseases, and defects of nature; the departures from and consequences of violations of natural laws: nothing that pains the sympathies, debases the passions, or corrupts the intellect. All this is foreign to Beauty, and consequently to true Art; but it is its duty to draw lessons of moral import from out the history of man, whether stained by sin or ennobled by virtue; to show us both "the still small voice" and the thunders of Sinai; the sublimity and harmony of Creation, and the beauty of the moral law by which our world is governed, with its attendant rewards and punishments; all this is its legitimate inspiration, for it tends to exalt us, inasmuch as it brings us nigher Him.

I therefore include in the term Beauty not only the grace of form and color common in more or less degree to almost every created object, but all things, however repulsive at first glance to the natural eye, from their apparent ugliness, which properly fulfil the objects of their creation. The serpent, hippopotamus, the zoophyte, and even those frightful monsters of the ocean which at rare intervals come to the surface, as if

to demonstrate to man the incompleteness of his knowledge of the variety and capacity of Nature, all form a link in its scale of universal harmony ; each has a law to fulfil, and it is rather from its perfect adaptation to its purpose of existence, than to its outward shape and hue, that we establish its claim to Beauty. Yet even in the ugliest specimens of the animated creation there are lines, or spots of color, or individual features, that may legitimately claim admiration.

The highest development of physical beauty is perhaps as rare as its opposite extreme, ugliness. Nature is pitched upon neither key. Examples of each are given to assert its power and extort our wonder. Nothing in the joyful exercise of its vital functions, however much the unaccustomed eye may at first shrink from its contemplation, should repel us from its study ; for we shall find the deeper we penetrate the secrets of Nature that she works upon broad principles, the object of which is to develop universal good. Truth, which comprises not only every fact of the healthful operations of nature, as well as every virtue, is the complete fulfilment of Beauty. Falsehood, which equally includes every moral sin and every infraction of physical law, is the destruction of Beauty. Hence Art—its mission being to teach as well as to please—should seek Beauty as its exclusive inspiration, and avoid Falsehood as it would a pestilence. In proportion as it deviates from this rule

it becomes unwholesome. It is no longer Art, but Artifice.

I shall therefore consider every artistic work, however fine in execution, which violates the above law, as Artifice, and to be classed among vices and diseases, which, though incident to humanity, we are bid to make war upon with our whole mind and strength. The sooner they are destroyed the better. The only sure mode of extermination is so to guide the Taste that it will intuitively receive the True and reject the False.

True Art has two legitimate divisions, high Art and common Art. The former includes all work which renders the spirit; which appeals for its interpretation to the soul. The latter comprises merely the faithful representation of natural objects. Genius guides the first; for the second, industry and clever imitation are sufficient.

The rules of Art are absolute. They are moral laws implanted by God in the heart of Nature, and are independent of human frailty or invention. Absolute they must be, because they are fixed in harmony; in fact, they are the harmony of creation. It is for man to discover and apply them. He may depart from, but he cannot change them. He may outlaw their truths, cramp or distort their genius, and pervert their objects, but their Divine power is beyond fraud or violence. They are superior to circumstance

and human mutations, for they are Truth itself. Art is, indeed, often perverted, because man, from the excessive cultivation of his sensual nature, seeks the low and feeble. But whenever its professors try to accommodate it to fashion, to follow and not lead the spirit of the age, to sacrifice its truths to the desires of a flesh-loving world, the selfish purposes of priestcraft or vainglory of rulers, and thus immerse Beauty in the slough of vulgar deceit, then it must be known for what it really is—ARTIFICE.

Beauty, then, comprising as it does the noblest truths, is that symbol of the Divine mind which most tends to the elevation and enjoyment of man. It is the spiritual food given for his soul-sustenance here, drawing him gently onward through the bonds of love to the study of the infinite, and thus inspire him with desire to arrive at its perfect fulfilment in the regions of celestial bliss.

The associations of Beauty are only those of virtue and life; while its converse, Falsehood, finds companionship solely with sin and death. Its mission is to soften the heart of man. By it the savage is prompted to his first step towards refinement. Among civilized races, it requires but to be exhibited by Art, in the full strength of its moral loveliness, to purify the intellect from the dross of worldly aspiration, and to stimulate its faculties to the full expansion of their powers. Without the perfect union of

Art with moral as well as physical Beauty, there is danger of its becoming the mere instrument of mental dissipation among the cultivated classes, and of sensual excitement among the vulgar; so that we must not consider Art as genuine in character, or as true to its mission, except in proportion as it embodies *all* the truth it is capable of expressing.

Beauty being then the gift of Divinity, there is no better test of the degree in which we are made in the image of God than our ability to perceive, and feel sympathy with Nature in all her manifestations of this principle of life and joy. The cultivation of those powers which best expand the heart to its reception becomes the chief end of education. Other studies lead mainly to practical results, more or less affecting the physical well-being. This is exclusively directed towards maturing the soul, and preparing it for its eternal felicity.

Schiller has indeed said,—though I believe later in life he found cause to modify his assertion, at all events his own life is its refutation,—that, strictly speaking, the appreciation of Beauty has no direct influence upon the moral conduct; in fact, “that Beauty actually affords no simple result, either for the intellect or the will; it carries out no single design, either intellectual or moral; it discovers no single truth to help us to perform a single duty; and is, in a word, equally incapable of establishing the character or enlightening the head.”

Most strictly educated religious people hold even a harsher doctrine of its influence, viewing it absolutely as an ally of sensuality, dangerous to admit into the confidence of the soul and fatal to all true progress in piety.

Those who believe with Schiller, and feel with the mere Pietists, will, if they once admit the definition of Beauty in its broad moral signification as above given, see the falsity of their doctrine, and perceive the extent of their loss in their failure to welcome with open hearts that boundless store of pure enjoyment which God has provided for man, for the complete development of his earthly being and the more perfect preparation of his soul for immortality. The one holds exclusively to the idea that virtue is to be practised simply because it is a law of our spiritual being, without reference to other motive than obedience. The other denying themselves all rational enjoyment of Beauty here, as partaking of the sensual, look with eager eyes towards a heaven which promises them full compensation for their voluntary abstinence on earth.

It is true that we should act from an inward conviction of the law of virtue without regard to reward; indeed, in defiance of all resistance of sense or selfish fear. It is equally true that we should avoid all occupations or allurements which divert us from the great object of man's earthly existence, his fit entrance into an eternal sphere. But the pervading spirit of God's creation is harmony. He nowhere requires us to act

from barren motive, or to avoid that Beauty for the enjoyment of which HE bestows both the impulse and the means of gratification. The sole requisition of life is not abstinence, but to keep the heart undefiled. If the contemplation of God's natural creation, or its ideal image in art, renders the heart of any one impure and less capable of religious duty, then he is right in avoiding what to him is a snare; but I believe it will be found that the capacity for the love of the Author of all things is increased just in that degree that we enter into the spirit of HIS work. HE has established everlasting laws of right and wrong for our physical and moral guidance, but with each of them, to its remotest bearing, there is connected a system of rewards and punishments, equally as immutable and intended to arouse within us emotion; to bestow motives for exertion or self-denial—in short, to make us human creatures, capable of love, fear, hope, and joy. Otherwise we are either mere machines, or we wantonly despise HIS gifts.

Although the mere contemplation of external Beauty cannot have any direct influence upon the moral conduct, except so far as it softens the feelings, and prepares them by its harmonizing influences for the reception of its spiritual truth,—and indeed, with the material man, it frequently operates merely as an incentive to sensual or covetous desire,—yet there is an indirect influence which has an important bearing upon our religious welfare.

This arises from the inner or typical sense, that is, the soul of all created matter not endowed with reason. There is not a plant that blossoms, a gem that sparkles, or a sea-shell that glistens on the shore, that has not a meaning beyond its external loveliness, consecrated in the heart of man through all time. Earth from its deepest valleys and loftiest mountain-tops, over its wide plains and down to the lowermost depths of its ocean-beds, through its broad masses of light and shadow, its atmospherical curtain with its silent beauty or its notes of thunder, the loud wind and the gentle zephyr, by the music of its birds and the varied hum of its insect creation, by its summer mantle of vegetation and its winter robe of snow, by all that God has created, speaks intelligibly to man and bids him join in their glad anthem. Can he listen unmoved to these voices, and, alone of God's creation, manifest not the joy of existence in giving free rein to all his heavenly-inspired impulses? Must God always stoop to argue with man, face to face, because scepticism shuts his eyes to visible tokens of Divine wisdom? Is his reason the sole medium through which truth can enter his mind? For one, I do not believe in this hardness of the human heart. It may sin from misdirection or from ignorance, but once open its eyes to the moral beauty of the tiniest plant that grows, let it walk the earth as Christ walked, in the open air, and it will read lessons in stones and gather knowledge from herbs.

Every pure and sincere heart loves Nature. There is not a line of external beauty or mass of natural color, which has not in it evidence of a power so beyond all human ability, as to involuntarily lead the simplest intellect to inquire after the Great Cause. The most thoroughly religious mind I ever knew, was the most alive to the beauty of Nature, even in its humblest manifestations. It was, to her, spiritual meat and drink. Art, so far as she knew it, was welcomed as it came in the pure image of Nature. I have noticed the same tokens of feeling for Beauty in other religious minds; therefore, both from the force of a general law, and the concurrent testimony of individuals whose sentiments have been allowed their healthful action, I am persuaded, that not only there is nothing in the study of Beauty which the pious mind need fear, but much from which it can derive strength. He who can best interpret Nature and make its thought intelligible to the God-loving soul is the greatest artist. True, Beauty does not, like the telescope, penetrate the heavens to count the stars, or, like the microscope, number the animalculæ in a drop of water; it cannot search out with the anatomist's knife how we are made, or expend its force in the geologist's hammer in prying into the structure of the earth. It does not even understand chemistry, neither can it make bread nor churn butter; there is no raiment for our bodies nor shelter for weary heads in its essence; not one

single element by which the physical man is made stronger in person or more luxurious in his habits, except so far as its pursuit leads him to fresh air and exercise. It is not a watchman to prevent burglaries, nor a judge to punish crime. Like science it can never become the slave of man, for it is not a thing of his creation. Born of freedom, nurtured in truth, emanating from the will of God himself, it is the one blessing needful to reconcile man with earth and keep heaven in his view. Strip this globe of her glorious robe of colors, we need not disturb her forms, and what a barren world would be presented to our view! Where would be the repose for the eye, the lighting up of Nature's smile, her majesty and her beauty? Is there "no intellectual or moral design," no aid "to duty" in this widespread and freely-bestowed magnificence? Has it all been created as a blank to the moral constitution; a mere thing to be coldly acknowledged by the intellect, and not gathered into the inmost chambers of the heart? No! Beauty does help us to perform our duties, and carries out a most beneficent design for our moral and intellectual being. I know of no grosser treason to its Author than the denial of truths so widely spread over creation. The unjust alike with the just partake without price of its bounties, but it is only to those whose spiritual eyes are opened that its full glories are revealed.

Unfortunately for the development of the faculties

of man, which are more directly adapted to the acknowledgment and appreciation of Beauty in its divine sense, our education is too partial in its principles. We esteem it a wise thing that our children shall demonstrate the problems of Euclid, tell us the distance from one planet to another, the number of petals to a flower, the sides to a crystal, or the anatomy of the animal kingdom. These things, with a smattering of what man has performed in various ages, a barren nomenclature of his crimes or virtues, and the ability to repeat mere facts in several tongues, constitute the chief elements of modern education. It is important to know all that history or science teaches, but this is not a complete education. The theoretic or imaginative faculties being either despised or overlooked, wanton in their virgin powers, and from want of the very discipline to which the reasoning faculties have been subjected, are often enabled to lead them captive from mere excess of vigor. The cultivation of the reasoning to the neglect of the ideal powers is a fatal mistake. A simple confession of moral truths, the repetition of catechisms, or the subscription to creeds, will not counterbalance this error. Every day's experience shows to us instances where minds of the highest order, well stored in knowledge of facts, and faithfully drilled in religious truths, are yet led captive by their imaginations, and eventually ruined or rendered miserable for life, simply from overlooking

the importance of giving a right direction to desires implanted in man as the special sources of his nobler gratifications. I see no means of keeping the faculties well balanced, and thus preserving a healthful individuality, but by elevating the education and discipline of the theoretic faculties to the same standard of importance as the moral and scientific. The laws of Beauty are so easily comprehended, its broad principles so perpetually manifested, and the delight from their appreciation so varied and infinite, that no branch of education offers more of interest or greater promise of success in giving a right direction to the heart, modifying the material influence of mere scientific teaching, or infusing joy into the formalism of ordinary religious truths. Nature, of which humanity is the most important part, must be treated as a grand whole if we would fully develop its capacities. An excess on one side is so much loss on another. As with nations so with individuals, the failures thus far are owing to the one-sided directions given to, and unequal cultivation of, mental faculties. Restore the balance, and we shall make the first great step towards perfect humanity.

Thus we perceive that education, in individuals as well as nations, must be restored to perfect liberty, in order that the bonds of thought or custom may be loosed and the mind allowed the full exercise of all its powers. Any condition, whether of prejudice, habit,

rule, or education, which comes short of freedom, is a bar to progress. Hence the first effort of the mind should be to divest itself of every impediment, moral, political, or sensual, which hinders the development of its entire nature.

CHAPTER VI

BEAUTY, UTILITY, UGLINESS, AND TASTE.

ALTHOUGH the feeling for Beauty is common to humanity, yet its rightful application or direction depends in a great degree upon cultivation. Hence arises the necessity of its becoming a branch of education, of which I treated in the preceding chapter. The native feeling for Beauty varies not only in races but individuals, and depends for its force or refinement upon the measure of the ideal faculties. The civilized nations possess it in a greater degree than the barbarous, but some savages possess it in a fuller sense than certain whites. Among all, however, cultivation is the rule of difference. Its development is in exact ratio to the preponderance of the spiritual faculties over the sensual, because none of the higher manifestations of Beauty are perceptible to eyes clouded by passion or dimmed by vice. To a certain degree it makes man independent of the merely external forces of nature, for it bestows upon him the power of deriving happi-

ness, more from those sources which are free to all, though understood but by few, than from the exclusive possession of things which administer to his fleshly appetites. In this manner he rises above animal wants or selfish promptings, and nourishes within himself an indefeasible principle of life that savors of the "peace which passeth understanding."

The study of Beauty produces a twofold benefit:— firstly, in the animal consciousness of the joy of existence arising from the healthful operation and increase of the physical powers in their experience of Nature's invigorative effects in fresh air and landscape; and secondly, in the simultaneous expansion of the powers of the soul; the mental exhilaration arising from the perception and study of spiritual truths which are foreshadowed in the natural world. Unlike all other pursuits, there is no exhaustion either of variety or from sense of fulness, for the mind grows with what it feeds upon, and step by step approaches the infinite.

In no point is the goodness of God more manifest than in the variety with which he has furnished Beauty, so that no man, however humble his taste, or exalted his imagination, need go athirst from Nature's fount. Nature is the true democrat. She recognises no distinctions beside the natural powers of men. Beauty is the only element of Paradise reserved to us from the fall. Every moral exertion requires a corresponding self-denial; every triumph of knowledge, labor in

proportion ; but Beauty is open-handed, exhaustless in store, and without limit in its enchantments. Some natures find all their strength in the moral law. They are curbed rather than attracted, for their virtue is more of fear than of love. Such exceptions as these do not weaken the force of the general law, but prove its beneficence.

I have used the term Beauty so as to include all those external qualities and internal functions, which, by their harmony and happy fulfilment of the higher truths of existence, delight the eye and exalt the soul. This differs from its definition by many acute minds, some of whom would confine it to form alone, and others to simply what the material senses take cognizance of as agreeable. Burke considers it as mere life, while Schiller states it to be the common object of life and shape, the natural food of the play-impulse. These definitions seem to me confused and partial, when we consider its origin and purpose. I shall, therefore, adhere to the broad acceptation expressed in the above conditions, which comprise every possible form under which it can affect man. In this I am justified by the thought of mankind. We call the world beautiful, therefore Beauty applies to it as a whole, not only from its own glorious hues and noble forms, but as typical of the power and goodness that willed it being. The exceptions to this universal Beauty are those arising from falsehood as developed

in vice or disease, in the effect of both of which the natural world participates with man.

Truth I define to be the paramount law of Beauty.

Without truth of form, color, design, moral purpose, vital functions, and harmony, without some one or all of these, there can be no Beauty. Apply this test, and we have the result in the above definition. Falsehood being the opposite of Truth, the first-born of sin and the primal cause of human misery, is the parent of all the discord, pain, and sorrow in the moral universe. We believe it equally to have marred the physical world. Its chief type is truly styled the father of lies, and its form represented as Ugliness. Herein we find the two broad distinctions which divide the empire of the earth between them. Their principles are as opposite as light from dark.

These two divisions do not absolutely include all things or qualities, though perhaps none can be found which are not in more or less degree affected by one or both of them, in parts or as wholes. Beauty of form may be united with ugliness of temper, and lovely color with a deadly poison. Truth and falsehood, with their attendant good and evil, health or disease, are so actively blended in the living, and passively in inanimate nature, from sympathy with man in his fall or from his direct influence, that it is difficult to draw an unerring line in regard to objects, though not as to qualities. Upon trial I believe that

everything, either as complete or in members, externally or internally, will be found to be affected by the direct or latent operations of the principles of Beauty or Ugliness in the sense in which I have defined them. Still they are so inactive in many objects, as, for instance, a house without ornament built solely for use, though it is difficult to avoid positive Ugliness in anything man executes not directly influenced by the spirit of Beauty—a horse which may be neither beautiful nor ugly, but well-conditioned and serviceable, and of inanimate objects such as a hat, a brick, or a piece of india-rubber, and those things which may be considered as negative in respect to the above qualifications—that it may be well to consider all things whose direct object is simply Use as coming under the head of an intermediate class, which, from the preponderance of its spirit, we will term UTILITY. This class is, however, the connecting link between the other two, answering for a neutral ground, where each may meet, as it were, in peace; and although absolutely affecting everything that they touch, yet leaving the chief law of the intermediate or transition division, Use, as distinguished from Ornament or Homeliness, independent in its action. How many things do we see that are positively ugly as a whole, whose principal aim is use, yet in parts or qualities partake of beauty! Nature is so lavish of it that there is no object but has a portion of its spirit; a relic of former or a symbol of future

perfection. So largely does it enter into the desire of man, that he always strives in some form or other in external matter to manifest it, as though it were an involuntary law of his being. He is equally solicitous to avoid physical ugliness by an impulse no less genuine; so that we may consider the ideal faculty bears the same relation to material nature that conscience does to the spiritual world. Both are innate, but both require cultivation to appreciate truth in its noblest combinations of spirit and matter.

Beauty comprises Sublimity, though this term being rightly joined only to things or motives, and actions or faculties imbued with the Divine essence or will, may be considered apart, or as the highest manifestations of those qualities which constitute Beauty. Its chief attribute is Power, as characterised by extent or dimensions; and Will, as manifesting high resolve and stern purpose. Power is displayed in the fearful phenomena of Nature as well as in her forms. It is from the ocean, in calm or rage, the tempest with its thunder notes and lightning glances, the upheaved, heaven-supporting, snow-capped mountain, with its icy coronet, and the broad expanses of eye-mocking plains, that we receive our most common ideas of sublimity. Its noblest developments are to be found in the aroused energies of the human mind, consecrated to lofty purposes, and in the presence of God when He comes, not in the fire or the whirlwind, but in the "still small

voice," while all Nature lies hushed at the advent of its Maker.

Sublimity is at once the noblest and most difficult aim of Art. The emotion has never yet been rendered unless in an inferior degree. Indeed, we doubt if there be any object in the entire range of Art that can be termed truly sublime, because sublimity allows of no inferiority of detail. All parts must be equal, and each pitched to its highest possible expression. Therefore, sublimity may be considered for the present as out of the power of Art, except in a merely suggestive sense.

Grace, however, is completely within its power. The artist who fails therein has no calling for Art. Sublimity is a rare exhibition of Nature's effects, but Grace is everywhere. There is not a line of Nature or created object but in some form or other develops this quality. Therefore is the artist inexcusable who lacks its spirit.

The knowledge or feeling by which we arrive at a more or less correct discernment of Beauty, we call Taste. In its best form it is the result of the cultivation of the imagination under the guidance of reason. In its common acceptation it is intuitive in its nature, because it operates unconsciously and from natural preferences, without reference to reason or experience. I confine the term to those objects, motives, or actions, in which Beauty, or pleasure as connected with desire,

are presumed to be the chief elements. The use to which Beauty is artistically applied is the province of Taste. It tells us not only what to like, but how to employ our likings. If it be formed before the intellect is disciplined it is liable to error, because it has no firmer foundation than impulse. This is its usual manifestation. Hence the frequent mistakings of form for reality, and the sacrifice of truth for appearance, giving birth to the hydra, Sham.

{ The law of Taste is harmony. It creates refinement, and places society at repose with itself. The individual or nation deficient in taste may be sincere, vigorous, and powerful ; but neither can be in complete harmony with themselves and the surrounding world until they have submitted to its softening influences. Consistent with virtue it adds grace to religion. To man it is what Beauty is to Nature—its smile.

But Taste, in its primary manifestations, being the result of feeling, is, as with the savage, violent, capricious, bizarre. He seeks what pleases him by brute force or cunning. A stranger to the self-subduing influences of refinement, he knows no law stronger than his selfishness. By degrees, as he becomes the civilized man, we see him submitting to Taste, and acknowledging its humanizing powers. Among, however, the most polished nations, we find the common mind partakes in its judgments of much of savage eccentricity. Without knowledge as to the correct

principles on which Taste is founded, it selects the striking; delights in startling contrasts; mistakes show for substance; calls for highly-wrought physical emotion and strong workings of passion; in short, it finds its chief sustenance in the vehement, grotesque, low, or changeful. At one moment fashion rules; at another prejudice; in none good taste. But as the individual escapes from out of this turmoil of the senses, he perceives the nature of the Beauty that constitutes Taste, as its exponent. His love of excitement, unwholesome variety, and strong emotions, abates, so that at last he finds his highest pleasure in the realizations of those general harmonies of form, color, motive, or action, by which God has written his spirit on the face of the universe. He discovers that parts are valuable only as they help to make up the perfect whole. These truths react upon his own character, until we discover in him an epitome of those laws of harmony by which the world is kept steadfast, and the strength of unity spread over its surface. Then, and then only, can we say of an individual that he possesses good taste. At peace with himself and the laws of Nature, he readily puts himself in harmony with the spiritual world. In this manner we approach the perfect man.

The proof of good taste lies in the general harmony of character and ability to detect beauty under every guise. There is no stronger evidence of incorrect

taste than an approach to the savage in his love for the false, desire for change and fluctuation of opinion.

v { The laws of Taste, although subtle, are immutable, and founded upon those analogies of the natural laws to which I have already referred. We shall find that all who study their operation arrive at similar conclusions. From this fact philosophy establishes fixed rules, as naturalists educe the laws of matter, by common investigations. There is, therefore, no truth in the popular idea that a variety of tastes is evidence of freedom. On the contrary, it is a proof of uncultivation. From out of freedom we elucidate truth, and truth leads us to the universal laws by which mind and matter are governed. When we perceive our desires to be capricious and uncertain, without law for the impulses within, we may rest assured that we are not on the road to good taste. That manifests itself always in harmony and unity.

There is no more certain test of good taste than the involuntary selection of subjects by the eye on viewing for the first time ornament in objects of Art. Nature works on so large or true a scale that few judge her amiss. That which is majestic, noble, picturesque, or simply beautiful as a whole, classes itself at once in all minds, and the fact of a common decision on these points demonstrates the genuineness of the laws of Taste. The common mind differs from the cultivated in its knowledge and appreciation of Nature's

beauty in detail. The former sees only partially, the latter grasps the whole and distinguishes the parts; nothing, however humble, which goes to make up the chord of beauty, escapes its notice. Where the appreciation of the one ends, the pleasure of the other is but begun, so that his delight is as true and infinite as Nature herself. The natural eye, therefore, sees all things as in a glass, darkly—the cultivated penetrates the film of Nature, and looks into her heart.

In Art, the uncultivated taste is more liable to go wrong, both from the defective material with which Art is rendered, and the impossibility of competing with Nature on her scale. The harmonious is passed by for the violent; action is preferred to repose; and glaring contrasts of color to natural gradations. As a general rule, the mere show of Art, which is false because soulless, has the intuitive preference. Even this poverty gives place to the greater satisfaction found in upholstery and those objects in which use is made secondary to luxury, while only enough of Art is borrowed to display the counterfeit. To elevate the mind above this unwholesome preference is an object worthy of the attention of all true friends of human progress. It can be done only by patient study and close examination, rejecting not hastily, and accepting only when the spirit is proved; diligently seeking for treasure which, like the pearl, may often be found down deep in mud; and eagerly pursuing the ideal, through all its variety, to its ultimate source of perfection.

CHAPTER VII.

VARIETY OF BEAUTY—FANCY—IMAGINATION.

BEAUTY is in no way more wonderfully manifested, than in the variety which supplies to every bias that element which best agrees with its spirit. One man seeks his ideal in the sublime, another in the wild; the quiet delights some, while others select that which glows with life; each finds in Nature scope for his love, and principles to regulate his choice. The fact that the eye often sees without mental recognition is a powerful argument for the training to which I have alluded, by which mind shall be ever progressing in its perceptions of beauty. Without this, much necessarily escapes its observation: things are seen only in general; form as form, color as color, large masses, and so on, without regard to their harmonious combinations, or the endless detail of composition and arrangement in Beauty's scale, by which unity is effected; for it is only by the enlargement of mind that complete impressions are received.

In no one respect is man more obtuse than in his indifference to the infinite variety and beauty displayed in the common effects of Nature, within the reach of all to witness. I believe no human being exists, in a healthful condition, who can look emotionless on the ocean. This results from its innate sublimity. The landscape, especially in its repose, is less felt. Men listen in dread to its thunders, and shrink from its lightnings; the majesty of the avalanche, indeed, causes their souls to wither within them, while the rising of waters in their wrath brings to them terror. The sun and rain are mere instruments by which grain is grown and ripened, and harvest gathered; clouds are but accumulations of vapor destined, in due season, to replenish their wells; while the winds grind their corn, propel cargoes to distant markets, and do the duty of atmospherical scavengers. But of all spiritual inappreciation, there is none more wide-spread than towards the sky. Ruskin, in his 'Modern Painters,' thus feelingly alludes to this mental obliquity:—

“It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man—more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than

the mere pleasing of men, is not answered by every part of their organisation ; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if, once in three days, or thereabouts, a great ugly black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well-watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning or evening mist for dew. And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few ; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them ; he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them, if he be always with them ; but the sky is for all ; bright as it is, it is not ' too bright nor good for human nature's daily food.' Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful ; never the same for two moments together ; almost human in its passions—spiritual in its tenderness—almost divine in its infinity—its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal, is essential.

“And yet we never attend to it; we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensation; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes—upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm—only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too painful to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration.”

It lies within the power of Art, in a great degree, to do away with this indifference, and draw man by the ties of Beauty to a closer walk with Nature. But to effect this, it must do something more than give the outer form; it must repeat the spirit, for its mission is not so much to gratify the eye, as to elevate and purify the mind. The distinction between these two principles and the character of the landscape, will be subjects of after consideration; at present my object is simply to call attention to the sources of Beauty, and the means by which we are led to comprehend its laws.

The general term used to designate the faculty of mind particularly devoted to the reception and appreciation of Beauty, is Ideality. It is a restless, insatiable quality, always fed yet never satisfied, prompting man continually to strive after the perfect, and affording him delight in proportion as that consummation is

approached. Two ministering spirits are constantly in attendance, to seize upon, create, or detect whatever is natural to its appetite. These are Imagination and Fancy.

Their manifestations vary so much according as they are modified by other faculties, that we should, perhaps, to do justice to their full powers, give in detail the features they assume ; but for my general purpose, an understanding of their generic mode of operation will be sufficient.

Imagination is the interior, or soul, and Fancy the surface, or external manifestation of Ideality. The two are seldom found in full strength in the same individual, and each influences character in a perceptibly different degree, though by many confounded under one meaning.

Fancy is the play of Ideality. It sports upon the surface of things, darting like the bee from flower to flower, loading itself with sweets as it flies. From it we gather pleasant detail, bright images, quaint ideas, clear and joyous expressions of life, and those variable qualities which we term fancies, that, according to the light in which they are reflected, give to existence a sunny or a sorrowful aspect. By its wayward flights we are often seduced from sober truth and compelled to retrace our steps by the deep worn path of stern reality. It deceives us the oftener because it dallies so much with mere outward shape or quality, alter-

nately flinging roses or thorns in our way, as best suits its capricious mood. It defies bondage; closes its petals, like the sensitive plant, to the touch; is at once timid and daring, and perishes under restraint; so that, while no element of the mind is better qualified to develop gaiety, yet none is more productive of transient pain.

Fancy perpetually suggests, but never completes. Without heart it gives no heat, but lights up what it touches with opal-like flashes of color, or lingers coldly upon far-off things, giving them a mocking glow of warmth, as play the departing beams of day with rainbow hues upon the snowy peaks of the Andes, long after the sun has sunk below the mighty ocean-horizon of the Pacific.

The connexion between Fancy and Imagination is very intimate. They run into each other so often that the ordinary mind frequently either mistakes the one for the other, or considers them as but a common operation of the intellect. Their distinctions are, however, very palpable, and particularly important to be kept in view in testing the relative merits of works of Art. Both enter largely into all noble work, and, to a very great degree, are the touchstones by which we can prove the quality of the mind from which they spring. They are the reflection of its highest powers; the one sparkling with intellect, the other burning with thought.

The legitimate exercise of Fancy is in amusement or ornament. As these objects are but of secondary importance in Art, it will be at once perceived that that faculty of the mind which develops the inner life is the most important element of Art.

(This we find in Imagination. It is the soul of Ideality, the essence by which it penetrates the very heart of things and qualities, looking through external matter, and bringing up from out of the mysterious depths of Nature, the secret springs of existence. Reason is limited in its power, circumscribed in its action; but Imagination soars to heaven and descends to hell; expands itself into eternity, or contracts itself into a moment; at one time finds food in a grain of sand, at another craves for infinity. Nothing is above its daring or beneath its notice. Casting aside as the aliment of meaner faculties all outward images, it seeks to render the IDEA; that which gives soul to substance, and laying hold of the spiritual essence brings it up before our vision,—unseen by material eyes, yet so distinct and palpable as to overshadow all outward show, placing us in full possession of the thought itself.

In action it varies: obscure, it fascinates by mystery; lofty, it charms by daring; associative, it wins by feeling; thoughtful, it seduces reason; serious, it captivates the heart: to the entire nature of man it appeals, elevating and bewildering, asserting and de-

nying, demanding and giving, at once raising him to bliss and depressing him to anguish ; in all things the phantom-genius of his existence.

Imagination creates. Its office in Art is to endow matter with spirit. In a function so lofty it asserts its kin to Divinity, as the noblest of its intellectual gifts. Every artistic conception depends for its highest elevation of character upon imagination ; consequently where it does not exist there can be nothing nobler than either fancy or mere imitation. By it we test the true power of the artist or poet. Without this faculty they may reason, but they cannot make us feel ; they may amuse, but they cannot pierce our souls. Subtle and profound, eager and impatient, sympathising with all deep emotion and intense passion ; at once pliant and ungovernable, owing no allegiance except to self, its manifestations are as varied as its powers. Unlike Fancy, which lights up only with flickering glare, Imagination tenderly penetrates the inmost recesses of the heart, warming its very fibres, and imparting new health to its life-blood ; or it seizes upon the passions and whirls them about in its grasp with a demoniacal vigor, until reason falls bewildered from her throne. It imparts activity to virtue, horror to crime. It suggests only to interpret or act ; but its acts and thoughts can only be comprehended in their full, deep meaning by corresponding power. Hence we find that deeply-imaginative artists are an enigma to common

minds. They see in the impatience of detail or externals, so often perceptible in the works of genius, evidences only of ignorance and poverty, and not the haste of a great mind to render its thoughts. Even where form and color have been combined in their highest degree of artistic merit, such minds stop at the outward appearance and repeat only the alphabet of the idea. The artist is unappreciated in that in which he feels himself really great; for the imagination works, either from the heart, outwardly, finding its power in itself, or beginning at the surface, does not stop until it has, conscience-like, unmasked every feature of the soul. Therefore, rightly to enjoy high Art, it is necessary to understand the multifarious operations of the imaginative faculty in both the artist and ourselves, for unless we know ourselves, we may be sure that we cannot comprehend another.

Fancy is to Art what the perfume is to the flower. Imagination is as the sun, from which it derives light and heat. Both Fancy and Imagination may be said to be awake when reason sleeps, as in dreams. This is their vulgar and useless form. In a higher degree they assume the character of visions, frequently imparting falsities, and sometimes truths, beyond the ability of mere reason either to discover or accept. Whence come these tidings, these intuitive glimpses of other spheres, which the mind cannot prove, nor yet disclaim? They fasten themselves, as it were, into the

very marrow of our being ; and while all other sensations are transitory in their effects, these incomprehensible, intangible whisperings, like angel voices or the sneers of devils, begetting faith or doubt, attach themselves to us with the tenacity of dogmas. Whence are they, if they be not the reflex of a spirit-world—that unseen link of communication left amid material matter to establish within us the doctrine of immortality ?

All great thoughts partake of this spirit-power. Poets, like those of the chosen people of old, and of all time, in whom this living well gushes freely forth, become seers, and tell us tidings that no mortal eyes can read. But this is foreign to our subject-matter, except so far as a great artist can manifest his prophetic thought in his work—a power, which may be said still remains to be developed in the usual channels of Art.

CHAPTER VIII.

INFINITY, POWER, REPOSE, SINCERITY, VARIETY, AND
UNITY—THE TRUTHS OF NATURE AS APPLIED TO ART.

HAVING in the preceding chapters considered Art, externally, as in its historical relations, and internally, as connected with Beauty, also the faculties by which we are led to perceive and comprehend both in their mutual bearings, I have now to dwell more particularly upon those features of Nature which are the proper subject-matter of Art, and also those general principles by which she appeals most powerfully to our love and admiration.

Without an intimate knowledge of Nature we are incompetent to judge of Art, because Art, correctly speaking, is but the mirror of Nature. Whenever it steps beyond what we see and know of the natural world, it seeks the superhuman, and, therefore, strictly speaking, the impossible. Still there are conceptions with which the artist may clothe his work that savor so directly of spiritual life, finding their being in his imagination, as to elevate our feeling above the ordi-

nary range of creation, and bring us nigher to the throne of God. Yet even in these cases it will be found that all forms are borrowed of earth, and made typical or supernaturally beautiful, only through the ennobling power of imagination, seeking its ideal form in realms of perpetual bliss. So, when imagination descends to draw up from the depths of everlasting misery, shapes and passions steeped in crime, conscience-wrecked souls that have become the sport of devils, helpless and hopeless for eternity, amid torturing fires that annihilate but to recreate, and consuming flames that eat up all spirit matter, but keep alive the sensual, it still borrows the forms of the natural creation. It typifies fiendish joy, and depicts demon forms with their food of human woe, and retribution of human sin, in shapes that savor of earth, while borrowing their foul garments, prolific horror, and hideous natures from their homes of filth, falsehood, and ugliness. Such is the unfathomable power of that faculty which stops not upon the confines of nature, but ever strives to fathom the invisible and explore the future.

Subjects of this nature should be attempted only by the highest order of minds, and by these but rarely. In all others they become pitifully contemptible, and bring disrepute upon the solemn mysteries of religious faith.

The natural landscape, however, appeals to all, and

constantly strives to make itself understood. (The first field of Art lies, therefore, amid the material beauties of the earth. To it all must go for inspiration; but a chosen few should venture beyond its province. Yet of all things the landscape has been the least studied; consequently, while of human form and human inventions there are tolerably good artistic representations from many hands, of the thickly-strown beauties of Nature, we have thus far, with but few exceptions, positively nothing. This results from lack of that close communion, which alone begets congeniality of feeling.

(The first lessons of all men, whether artists or not, should be in the open air, in close relations with the thought of God, as illustrated in his physical world. To this altar, as to the feet of Gamaliel, should children be led to receive their earliest impressions, not of the anatomy of animals, the structure of plants, or the chemical properties of minerals, or of the practical uses of anything, for all that is the province of book knowledge, but to teach them the ways of Providence from the broad pages of Nature. It is far better for their souls to know why the bird flies than how; to detect loveliness in the daisy than to number its petals; to feel the wide-spread magnificence of mountains, the bounteousness of the plains, the sublimity of the ocean, and the beauty of the sky, than to probe the rock strata for ores, number the grains of wheat for gain, dry the

ocean for its salt, or watch the clouds for rain. The knowledge that discloses to us the wondrous working of Nature as a whole, with reference to its authorship, is far more ennobling than that which pries into its mysteries, solely for use; fathoming detail to administer to sense; although even this is ennobling in the degree that it is made serviceable to the spirit of humanity.

The aim of the landscapist should be, firstly, to understand its spirit, and, secondly, to know its details. No accuracy in the rendering of the latter will redeem obtuseness towards the former. He may be able to present a series of detached parts, but the harmonious whole will be wanting. This we find to be the general character of landscape painting of ancient and modern times.

What are the general elements of landscape? or perhaps it would be more significant to inquire, of what a landscape is made up? Like an individual, it has two characters: the one partaking of moral, the other of physical qualities.

The former includes infinity, power, variety, sincerity, and repose. The latter, form and color, as rendered in the three general divisions of sky, earth, and water, with their numberless details. The two are combined by a principle we call unity. It is the keystone of Nature, and expresses the harmony of the Divine mind, as rendered in creation. Without unity

there would be chaos in the natural world. If we would escape discord in Art, we must study this principle as the primary element of success. Yet there is none oftener overlooked, owing to the error of artists in commencing in detail, and hitting upon general principles, as if by accident, instead of making themselves familiar with principles first and rendering detail subservient to them, as is the law of nature. Undoubtedly it will appear a work of supererogation for me to refer to principles so simple and so easily understood. But it is because they are so simply and so easily understood, that they are so frequently forgotten in the apparently more difficult management of detail. No success in this will redeem their violation. I wish to impress upon the public the primary artistic truth that all work which is not founded in unity, that is, the fit connection of all parts to a perfect whole, is false, and should be cast aside, as tares from wheat. We can only attain a nice consciousness of unity by a faithful study of Nature. Hence the importance of understanding how the landscape is made up, if we would judge correctly of Art.

The impressions of landscape are twofold: firstly, as a perfect whole, or unity; secondly, as to its parts or separate beauties.

The principle which most powerfully affects the mind is infinity. I say principle, because I must reserve the better term, quality, to designate another

necessity of art. Infinity impresses the mind from its mystery. We cannot compass it, knowing that, however far the eye reaches there are space and objects beyond. Suppose that the landscape was actually bounded by the horizon, would we not feel that it mocked us by its pettiness? But how it exalts and stimulates thought as the eye ranges over plain and hill until it rests on distant mountain tops, sharp and flat against the horizon, while far beyond we look into atmospherical space that suggests a thousand repetitions of nature's variety from what comes within the actual vision. That which we do not see affects the mind with a more subtle pleasure than what we do, because imagination clothes the scene from her own rich store of mystery. There is a higher source of joy in the revelation it imparts of power. We feel the sublimity of the ocean more in its heaving immensity as it drops from our view beneath the horizon, than in the dash and roar of the breakers at our feet. But in no shape is infinity more powerfully impressed upon the mind than by the atmosphere with its sunset drapery of clouds. Through them the eye pierces, as through the windows of heaven, blazing with gold and radiant with celestial rays shooting towards the zenith their gradually-fading hues of purple, orange, red, and intermingling grey, in changeful flashes of glory, like the far-off fluttering of a seraph's wings. As the vision shrinks from a radiance too powerful for its

mortal strength, night spreads her welcome mantle over the scene, leading the eye onward, to repose, in the cold blue of the vault above, through which star after star shoots its silvery light, each a revelation of another world, born as it were into existence to proclaim to humanity the infinity of their common Author. In such watching the mind feels the full force of sublimity in its longings to comprehend mysteries placed so infinitely above its power.

Another moral feature of nature which takes deep hold of the heart is its perfect repose, when seen from lofty heights, and indeed which pervades all landscape not directly under the jarring influence of man, or the strife of elements. Even these exceptions are but partial, depending upon their nearness for effects contrary to those principles of art which do not permit violent action.

In its highest flight Art can only suggest motion. Those artists who try to represent it are guilty of an artistic solecism. They can, however, render it, as commencing or finished, the threatening gesture, but not the descending blow; the intended, but not the *actual* movement; the effects, but not the action itself; a fallen stone, with the consequent injury, but not a *falling* stone. Such representations violate good taste, because they break natural laws by making *immovable*—as must result in Art—a thing in motion. Consequently we perceive a painted or sculptured falsehood.

This affects good taste as painfully as a lie does the moral man. But, as I have observed, we may legitimately *suggest* motion, as in running water by its ripples, a wind by the direction given to all flexible objects on which it operates, and in animated nature by the natural position which hints at the coming or completed action. It would never do in representing a man walking to leave one foot suspended in the air; yet we continually see artists of repute, as the world judges, guilty of infractions of the laws of art as gross as the above example.

Any one may satisfy himself of the deep repose of nature by walking out into the landscape and looking at it as a whole. It is not the stillness of death, for every object is significant of life and enjoyment. In this repose there is more feeling of the deep, unsearchable Will of its Maker than in any other feature. "Let there be light, and there was light." Such is the spirit; a breath of Omnipotence, and we have before us the earth in all its beauty and glory.

I never felt more powerfully this unutterable silence of nature than once, upon a tropical mountain at an elevation of nearly fourteen thousand feet above the sea. It was Mauna Kea, of the Hawaiian Islands. Slowly and for upwards of a day had I been ascending its northern slope, passing gradually from the limits of torrid vegetation to the more stunted growth of the temperate region; until, getting beyond all its pro-

ductions, I emerged into wastes of volcanic rock and cinders that led to beds of perennial snow. At this elevation we experienced a rain-storm : the clouds gathered at first about us black and muttering, but descending the mountain-side, rested at about six thousand feet above its base, and spread over the plain, shutting out from view every object that recalled man or his labors. The earth was eclipsed, except the solitary point on which we stood. This arose like an island from the sea ; a solitary beacon of earth in the ocean of infinity. The rain poured below, for we could at times feel that, as a torn cloud let through a glimpse of the valley beneath. But for most of the time, while the earth side of the cloudy mass was black and immersed in gloom, the upper side, on which our eyes rested, turned heavenward, reflected a scene of glory such as I shall never forget. However fast the clouds may have been moving, their forms remained the same ; gorgeous masses of vapor, that seemed like firmaments themselves, on which the sunlight sparkled with ever-shifting hues, disclosing untold treasures of Nature's art. It is seldom that there is an opportunity to look down upon clouds of great expanse.

The storm died away, and we continued to ascend. Before sunset the summit was reached. A more glorious realization of the wondrous beauty of Nature in her solitary places it never fell to my lot before or since to witness. Above us, for a few hundred feet,

arose peaks which once crested active volcanoes, but now stood dark and gloomy in the departing day, except where the fast-coming twilight reflected upon spots of snow, which glistened on their blackened surfaces, like owl's eyes from out of the bosom of night. Around us was entire desolation. Nature's fires had burnt the very heart out of the rocks themselves, leaving nothing but mournful cinders, and large masses of basaltic stone, thrown in careless heaps about, as if here, too, the Titans had assaulted heaven. Far away stretched an ocean horizon, as calm, as it passed from view in scarcely perceptible curve, as though God had just spoken "Peace, be still!"

On its surface lay floating other islands in a continuous chain towards the west, peak disappearing behind peak, misty and purple in the dim distance, until they, too, sank into the horizon with the faintest glimpse of recognition, as if beckoning the spectator to launch out with them on that silent sea, and follow the departing sun. The entire side of the mountain on which we were was in deep shadow. An immense plain, ploughed up into threatening ravines by lava-currents, but green with forests and dotted with dead volcanoes, like sepulchral monuments in a graveyard, lay between me and Mauna Kea. This mountain, a firmament by itself, which arose opposite some forty miles off, was so clear in the sinking sun that penetrated its cavernous sides and lighted up its dome-like

crater with its circumference of twenty-seven miles, that it seemed as if I could count its chasms and witness its internal throes. The intervening valley, for the slope of Mauna Kea was so gentle as to make it difficult to decide whether plain or valley lay between me and that mountain, was shrouded in gloom, giving out only darker spots of color from its universal blackness, like the reflections in a well, exaggerating its depth, and making its secrets impenetrable. The southern side of Mauna Kea fell so abruptly that no base could be seen. It was, as it were a precipice more than two miles high. Farther to the right, Hulalai, a volcano which could swallow Vesuvius at a gulp, slept, forgetful of its former fires, a monument of desolation in a region it had so ravaged in the days of its wrath, that even now no green thing could touch its sides and live. Day departed, gilding even this scene with loveliness, and winning rich color from out of the region of death itself, until night set her seal of greater mystery upon all things, and turned the thoughts upwards to its solemn beauty. There were two others with me, but they slept. The repose of Nature was complete ; not a sound broke upon that still air ; the silence hushed one's breath ; and yet amid it all there arose a harmony that, unnoticed by the ear, struck upon the heart, and bade us rejoice, "for it was good to be here."

By sincerity I mean that feeling of Nature by which

we know that she has a purpose in all that she does, and has constructed nothing in vain. Unlike the artificial landscape, we perceive that she works in earnest; everything is complete in itself only as a part of the whole; her proportions are true and her laws just. She does exactly what she intends, and nothing more. She never puts us off with show for substance. It is only by understanding her meaning that the artist himself can be sincere.

Variety applies to both the moral and physical aspect of Nature. In the former she repeats her lessons in numberless ways, never wearying of well-doing; in the latter she never repeats herself. There is variety enough of physical beauty to exhaust all the generations of life to know. Every line has its mission of pleasure to some eye, and so of every color; their combinations are infinite. Without referring to the countless tribes of animal life, the unseen inhabitants of every drop of water, and the very dust beneath our feet, the tenants even of our own bodies, without numbering the species of the vegetable creation with all their diversities of shape and hue, let us simply turn our eyes to the landscape, and look at it steadily as a whole, until its general parts become visible. Those distant hills that seem lost in purple haze or flattened into plain surfaces, open their sides and discover curvature upon curvature, form after form, trees, valleys, and streams, mysteriously concealing yet revealing

themselves when sought; bright spots here, a flash of color there, and shapes melting into other shapes, or dying away into the distant air. Sameness does not exist. There is no barren paint as on labelled canvas, but variety which mocks the eye while it attracts the mind. No violent contrasts perplex the vision, yet variety is so manifest that you feel rather than trace it; gradations of form and color are so subtle that all is lost in harmony, yet it is all there; rock and chasm, brook and cascade, the gentle slope and abrupt precipice, hut and hamlet, grove and dell, man's art and Nature's profusion; all this is to be half rendered, half-suggested, if the artist would work as his great teacher works.

The province of unity is to bring together, each in its proper degree and place, all the moral and natural features of the art-landscape, so that the mind shall be satisfied that it is a complete harmonious whole, and not a collection of parts or motives put together at random, or without inquiry into their relative fitness. Such pictures jar upon sensitive tastes, and are an offence to Art. The artist must, however, have a natural feeling for Nature's harmony, for though cultivation will increase his sensibility, it will not create it. In judging, then, of Art, the first inquiry should be, does it express the spirit of what it pretends to represent? If a landscape be lacking in the essential principles of infinity, power, repose, sincerity, and variety,

properly combined, so as to give what is meant by unity, bestow upon it no second glance. They are the first qualifications of spiritual truth in this branch of Art, and in a certain degree of all Art; unless we are guided by these primary principles, we shipwreck taste in the outset. Their absence may not prevent one from being a correct judge of drawing, or detract from his ability to decide upon the right folds and color of drapery. He may at first glance set us right as to the exact hues of flesh, and all the niceties of gloss and subtleties of finish of detached parts; but unless he has a heart to feel the nobler truths of Art, his knowledge is no better than that of a parrot, mere words without meaning; while his pleasure, like that vain bird's, lies solely in imitation.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SECONDARY TRUTHS OF THE LANDSCAPE—FORM AND COLOR.

WE now come to consider the secondary truths of the landscape as applied to Art, or those which appeal more directly to our external senses through form and color, especially as exhibited under the general aspects of sky, earth, and water. These truths are secondary solely in reference to the moral character of the landscape as referred to in Chapter VIII. Without a thorough knowledge of these component parts of the landscape, it will be a vain effort to attempt to portray its spirit; indeed, all the failure with which the world is filled in the higher character of Art, is accompanied by equal inability to render the broad effects of Nature's masses, so that, excepting only a few great names, we are, as yet, without even the rudiments of landscape-art. This ignorance arises from the neglect of the study of Nature as a whole for her expression in detail. Too much attention cannot indeed be paid to the latter after the difficulties of the former

are overcome ; but until the artist has learned to render the former effectively, he should not attempt landscape, for no superficial dexterity in form will compensate for the absence of substance.

The necessity of accurate design, or outlining of objects, is so thoroughly impressed upon modern Art, that it calls for no other notice than the general caution not to neglect the more important truths in pursuit of manual dexterity. Correctness of form is indeed essential as the basis of expression. It is the skeleton upon which the body is built. If the skeleton be wanting in parts, or limbs in proportion, the body is deformed. A soul may manifest itself as nobly through a malformed body as through an Apollo, but not so agreeably. The contrast between the treasure and the casket, no doubt impresses the relative properties of each the more forcibly upon the spectator. This, I take it, is the secret of much of the effect produced by the early religious painters. We are astonished to perceive so much feeling combined with such disregard to form, and we respect, accordingly, the artist whose first aim was the highest truth. The real enjoyment of art is, however, in proportion to its entire truth. Mere form alone does not embrace it ; combined with light and shade resulting in *chiaro-oscuro*, it does, however, suggest to the mind all its truth. This is emphatically true of sculpture. We see it in its perfection in the daguerreotype and photograph ; both

are facsimiles of nature's forms, perfect in the minutest details of light and shadow, but neither gives us real pleasure ; it requires the force of associative friendship to reconcile one to the portrait, and the photographic views are valued simply as studies. It must be acknowledged that form without color is the stronger intellectual truth in Art. It appeals more to mental cultivation than natural feeling. The savage or uncultivated mind would look with comparative indifference upon the Milesian Venus, but display a scarlet cloak, and either would be enraptured. I make, therefore, the distinction between form and color, the difference between reason and impulse : the one specially calls for admiration, the other moves our feelings. Both are requisite to perfect beauty, though either may exist apart, and triumph in its own sphere ; it is, therefore, folly to dispute upon their relative importance.

Destroy color and our hearts would be chilled ; obliterate form and the result would be impulsive pleasure without knowledge. Form is permanent, color varies. The one has reference to the absolute or necessary, the other to the pleasurable. We may as well argue our preferences for the love or wisdom of God. We could not exist without both. So with these two qualities ; God has bestowed them for our use and enjoyment. When we can decide that Omnipotence is more worthy of worship for one attribute

than another, then we may say of His gifts, this is more truthful or bounteous than its fellow.

If any distinction could be drawn, I should say that the correct feeling for color is far rarer than knowledge of form. But few artists have ever professed it in its entire subtlety, while for form there is not much danger of the world's going amiss. Indeed, the artists that have understood the beauty and sanctity of color are so rare that but few persons have ever had an opportunity of appreciating its full artistic power. This is equally true of taste in individuals; while all have instinctive impulses towards color, not many can claim sufficient cultivation to be content to be guided in their preferences exclusively by the harmonious gradations with which Nature tints her works.

Color is to the eye what music is to the ear. Their appreciation depends not so much upon a knowledge of their science or chemical properties, as upon a feeling within us that responds to their enchantments, or manifests itself in spontaneous melody. If a nation, like the Tuscans for example, is apt at catching and repeating the most striking passages of music which it hears at operas or concerts, so that the streets are constantly echoing to favorite airs, taken up and repeated among all classes, from the boot-black to the learned amateur, it is at once set down as possessing genius for music. This is not so. The feeling which prompts to this delight in the repetition of prominent and strik-

ing portions of operatic music, is akin to the untutored impulses of the common mind in its choice of colors. The love for color is innate, and closely allied to harmony in music. Some individuals, and even nations to a certain degree, possess naturally a correct taste both for music and color. When a race, as do the Sicilians, and in an inferior degree the Africans, composes its own ballads and songs, improvising its melodies from the heart with bird-like freedom, it may be truly said to possess a genius for music. Those nations that are most susceptible to the charms of music generally possess an equally inherent taste for the harmony of colors, which they display in picturesque costume and love for flowers.

Among northern nations the taste for music is the result of cultivation. Perhaps no cities possess a more correct intellectual appreciation of the science of music, that is to say, more cultivated tastes, than London and Boston, but the knowledge is confined to a favored few. These, however, give the law to the many; so that there is more hope of a diffusion of a correct taste from these limited centres, than from the parrot-like fondness for imitation of the Tuscans, or the noisy efforts of the French.

Music to be in correct taste, requires the same unity of variety as painting, not only of notes, but of its accessories. Vocal and instrumental harmony are the aims of the opera in the expression of sentiment and

passion. All other considerations should be subdued to the music. But how do we find the opera in general? In Paris, music is made secondary to scenic effect. The eye must be captivated before the ear. The French are successful in this respect before all other nations, and give us stage-illusions in their most perfect character; but in doing this they sacrifice to a great extent their professed object. In Italy, the opera has degenerated into vulgar show and exaggerated action. The singers destroy all unity of form with music, by violent and uncalled-for gestures and absurd grimaces, in short, burlesquing harmony and making sentiment ridiculous. Scenic effects have become the merest claptraps, got up to please the vulgar mind, and are out of all keeping with the true motives of harmony. The most popular pieces are those which, like the 'Prophet,' give an artificial sunrise, which however well mechanically produced ends in absurdity by being repeatedly encored, so that the real attraction of this noble opera to the Italians is the hoisting and rehoisting of a lantern behind transparent paper. Then, too, the favorite music is that which is the loudest in expression or most startling in contrasts. In short, music in the popular mind, the world over, stands in the same degraded position as painting. The nice gradations of sound and color with an accord of action and form, all material detail made subservient to the spirit, each part keeping its proper position in

regard to the whole, which should be a complete unity, is not even attempted. Like painting, also, modern music is pitched upon so high a key that its power soon exhausts itself. We have mainly a series of painful efforts to overcome the limits of physical nature, instead of those soul-subduing melodies which steal into our hearts, we know not and care not how, and excite only to make us feel the enchantments of harmony. The striking similarity of the principles that govern music and painting has been my motive for thus connecting them by their kindred tie of unity, in the hope that it may awaken taste to a more careful consideration of an element which enters so largely into the pleasures of existence.

The great harmonies of nature are worked out in colors, with gradations so subtle and interminglings so refined that the eye cannot trace but only feel their effects. The real power of color depends upon this imperceptible blending of hues, which come to us like the soft tones of human speech or the subdued notes of music, penetrating our inmost nature with a joy ineffable. Does anyone doubt this? Let him watch for one of those sunsets, rare indeed, but which all men see at times, when the heavens glow with celestial beauty, and the western horizon is resplendent with colors which no language can portray. How does he feel before that burst of effulgence, in the sight of which gold is impure, and precious stones lustreless?

Is his rapture noisy, or does he gaze in unspeakable admiration, his whole being drinking in harmony and uplifted in thankfulness and wonder to HIM who has but to breathe and beauty overspreads the universe! But he has not yet exhausted its power. If he would see the strength of that glorious vision, let him invert his head and look at the skies. Form is lost, and the vivid, solemn, triumphant splendor of color, such as he never experienced before, meets his gaze. Tell me now if beauty cannot exist without definite form? Indeed, the perfect expression of color is only rendered as in a sunset seen in this position, in which, under its overpowering harmony, form is wholly extinguished.

By sky in Art is more properly meant atmosphere. Earth includes rock, vegetation, and whatever form its surface assumes in masses.

Which of the three, sky, earth, or water, as a whole, has been most naturally rendered by Art it would be difficult to decide. None of them have as yet been as earnestly and affectionately treated as their importance demands. Certain artists have given us tolerably faithful images of their separate features, such as still water, pleasant fields, or a serene sky; but these elementary divisions of nature in their complete expression yet await an interpreter in painting.

The particular character of physical nature, as a whole or in detail, that which distinguishes one object from another as its own special property, is called in

Art its quality. The chief quality of water is liquidity; of earth, in distinction, dryness; of stone, hardness; and of air, transparency. That which unites qualities into one harmonious mass of color, each tint, light, or shadow, subdued to its proper gradation or unison in respect to the effect as a whole, is called "tone." These two are the key-notes of painters. Without a proper comprehension of both, their labors are as unknown tongues.¹

In sky the first effect that we should seek is *space*. Unfortunately it is that which is least often given. Tricks of *chiaro-oscuro* will bring objects *out* of a canvas, but that art which takes the eye *in*, and bids us feel the quality of an atmosphere, warm, transparent, alive, infinite, the tremulous movement of the vapory

¹ A valuable auxiliary to the acquisition of correct tone and the general gradation of colors is to be had in a small canvas scale, on which the different degrees of light are represented. Its form is thus.

1.	2.	3.	4.	5.
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, each extreme being pure white (1) and pure black (5), between them we have three degrees, viz., half light (2), middle tint (3), half dark (4). It is all important to a painter not to exhaust his power of light and shadow. He must, at the best, work on a scale far below that of Nature, for to attempt to rival her in light and shadow, would end only, as we often see, in the most egregious failure. The object of this scale is to keep himself upon the key on which he works, reserving the extremes of light and shade, indicated by it, for his strongest effects, which, if he would give value to the whole, must be sparingly used. With such a guide, a feeble colorist may be strengthened, while to the best, it is of great practical use. The finest colorists I know, keep it in constant reference, so that the harmony of their works is never violated by abrupt or irrelevant transitions.

air, or the clearness of the cloudless sky, into the abyss of which the sight may gaze until the eyeballs ache to bursting and not find a spot on which to rest, has never been more than suggested by a few artists. Yet it seems to me that the sky is particularly susceptible of successful treatment, from its great dependence upon color. Clouds having no bodily shape are to be drawn in color. If its gradations are managed as Nature manages hers, imitating her subtle transitions and aërial touchings, avoiding loading the canvas with positive or opaque colors, alternating and scumbling, not by scores of times but by hundreds, and more with the fingers than the brush, something approaching heaven's handiwork may be given. It is not my object, however, to treat of Art technically. I write merely to hint its general principles, more as a guide for the taste of the general reader than in the vain hope to profit those whose lives have been mainly devoted to the study of art-material. Each artist has his favorite methods, the result of his experience. Therefore, what may appear to me as worthy of experiment, may after all be but the approved practice of hundreds. Still in cloud effects, aërial perspective, and, in fact, in earth and water generally, where breadth and depth are to be given, I think that the careful study of the principles by which Nature produces her qualities of light, will lead to a new era of landscape art.

Hitherto, with a few partial exceptions to be after-

wards mentioned, we have had for sky, flat, hard surfaces of opaque colour, coming *forward* of anything else in the picture, and often firmer than the rock beneath. Indeed, we feel that we should get such paintings nearer right by inverting them. Then the earth would have something *firm* to rest upon, unless the artist has unfortunately attempted water, and libelled that into a black and glutinous mass, like the seas of Backhuysen. We can walk dryshod over almost all the water ever painted, and as for skies they would echo the strokes of a hammer. I appeal to the galleries of Europe for the truth of this assertion. Who in painting has ever taken us into the full depths of the sky, and bade us soar aloft into its transparent greys mingled with the soft tones of blue, borne on the tender wings of light from their empyreal home? Who has ever more than suggested the cloud forms nearer earth; the cirrus, stratus, and cumulus phantoms of atmosphere, tinged with mingled blue, orange, purple, and soft crimson or tender green, robed in golden brightness and floating in transparency, through which the eye wanders into heaven's great dome, ever seeking rest and finding it only in gazing deeper and yet deeper into infinity? Who, with the consciousness of such beauty before him, does not turn in disgust from the opaque skies of Art?

If Art has fallen so far below rendering the sky, its shortcomings in the essential qualities of water are

even more conspicuous. A view loses much of its beauty without water to contrast with and reflect its sky. Much of the enjoyment of the art-landscape depends upon its proper introduction. It is even less difficult to render than the sky. The reason why we see so little real water, liquid, shining, still, or flowing, something that you may float in, and at will get beneath its surface and come up *wet*, is, I take it, because artists do not go to Nature for its study. They have seen the sea at a distance, and think they know it. They have seen a river, that is, they have boated upon one, and think they know that. But to know all the glorious features of water, its life and earnestness, buoyancy and restlessness, its wayward humors, and the unutterable things that lie within its depths, or on its truth-catching surface, mirroring alike the beauty of earth and sky, and mocking them with their own charms; to feel its sublimity as the foundations of the earth tremble beneath surges, whose roar overwhelms the loud thunder of heaven, or in the calm, when its bosom heaves with the gentleness of an infant's breath, while thought vainly seeks to compass its immensity, and penetrate beyond that mysterious horizon to the alluring shores of fancy's creation; to know and feel all this, we must gaze upon it as we would upon the face of our heart's love, jealous lest the shadow of an emotion should escape our worshipping eyes.

He who has spent not months but years upon the

ocean alone can realize its power. I doubt if any artist has ever attempted to render the entire majesty of a storm, not such as lift the Atlantic's waves into wild confusion, when wind and water, in desperate struggle, madden nature, and make sick terrified passengers, as they toss and groan within the strong ribs of the steam leviathan, that safely bears them through the elemental strife—these are indeed storms—but I mean such as the Pacific can make us feel when in the full might of her ocean wrath. In the Atlantic the contrasts are less forcible. Shorter calms and more frequent gales are the rule, the effects of which are, of course, much the same in every latitude. But the balmy breezes of the Pacific, as they drive the vessel joyously over its broad surface, while the sunlit waves toss and foam and sparkle in its track, lull the voyager more often into a treacherous reliance upon its smiles. By-and-by the wind begins to fall, the vessel lifts heavily upon the water, and sinks with a sullen plunge into its liquid bed, as the sails listlessly flap against the masts in vain effort to woo the spent breeze. For a moment they belly out with a chance puff; then all air dies away again. The blocks creak harsh remonstrance. Wave succeeds wave, each feebler than the other; now gently breaking and foaming, then, before they had half risen, hopelessly falling back like a dying man attempting to sit up. Soon the ocean becomes like glass. No lights now dance and play over its

surface ; but it reflects the hot sun as does a burnished mirror. For an instant the slightest perceptible ripple, coming and going like the tropical bird that screams ominously overhead, whence and where no one knows, breaks the universal smoothness. The breeze-hope that comes with it is not more fleeting as it passes by without further sign. The roll and pitch of the vessel subside. She is now as quiet as in a dock. Occasionally a mysterious swell lifts her, and she sinks again to her old level without the faintest splash. As her weiget makes her roll, the water washes her sides, recoiling hastily from the heated copper. Another swell passes along, so fast that the eye wistfully follows its glassy rise as it loses itself on the horizon, while the wish that the power were given to go with it involuntary rises. How often have I watched such swells with envy as they slid from under the vessel and passed on, for what end God only knew. Fancy painted them as dying gasps of the ocean, from which one turns despairingly to the oozing pitch and hot decks. All escape from their burning breath becomes hopeless. Motionless sharks bask with dull eyes in the shade of the hull. No living thing comes near them.

Days pass thus, each hotter than its predecessor. Nights bring no relief, except that the orb of fire ceases to scorch awhile. The heat is, for all that, none the less consuming. Every morning the sun rises in the same cloudless horizon of brass, its hot, burning

beams extinguishing the atmosphere's vitality, slowly—oh! how slowly!—creeping up to the zenith, still cloudless, and pouring its unobstructed rays upon water and vessel, until each seems to writhe and crisp under its influence. The ocean yields no moisture, but radiates heat with usury to its giver, while the pitiless air remains lambent flame, until the sun drops beneath the western sky, encircled with lurid glare, and promising a return on the morrow in the self-same chariots of flame. There is no hope in this. Yes, as the sun sets on some evening, when you count the

- seconds, impatient for its final dip, black forms arise on the horizon. They take the shape of islands; there can be no mistake. Against the transient twilight the tall palms lift their broad foliage. We can almost hear the silvery surf as it rolls musically over the coral strand. By morning we shall drift to where there are shade and bubbling springs of fresh water. Ours long since has become coated with a thick viscous film, and impregnated with odors that make one giddy and sick. For one night we pant less hopelessly. The morning comes; not a speck breaks the horizon; those isles were cloud-land; yet there is something to be seen on the sky; it is a ship becalmed like ourselves. No! strange to tell, it sails upon the sky, hull uppermost! We watch the strange apparition until it discloses only our phantom selves in a mirage. Companionship fails, and thus we are left alone, “a painted

ship upon a painted ocean." Who can give this unless he has experienced it!

The barometer, which has remained stationary for months, now falls. The ocean becomes restless with alarm. Quick swells come and go. The air assumes a sickly glare. Strange currents of wind strike the vessel, and pass off before she can gather headway. There are omens of a mighty change above and beneath. At times the stillness laps the heart in terror; at others, mournful notes, like the wail of pierced hearts, sound through the rigging. All is bustle and alarm. Hoarse voices shout, and strong hands hurry aloft to strip to bare poles all that beautiful tracery of light spars and lofty sails which so long had vainly wooed the breeze. Dark clouds gather on the horizon, not in huge masses, such as fly before the generous gale, but in spots, as if concentrating their forces for one common blast of destruction. Soon it comes. The sea rises not into waves, but is pushed flat before it, foaming and roaring in its impotent wrath. As quick as thunder follows lightning, hies that wind upon its brief warning. There is no lift to the vessel. The gust pushes it down before it, yard-arm into the water, cutting away boats and spars, and tearing sails from gaskets as if it had the claws of a demon. No human voice can now be heard, or human eye look to the windward. Even the crash of broken masts is unnoticed. The air is one mass of furious, blinding,

choking mist. So long as the hatches are secure, and the flying gear has all been blown clear of the vessel there is no danger. The wind that keeps the vessel down, keeps the sea down also. No wood or iron on water can face it unprostrate. The crew crouch and cling for their lives, and hold their breaths in fear, as the hurricane shrieks frightfully in their ears. Perhaps not a cloud is to be seen, and yet the gale rushes by as if commissioned to fill the mighty void of a universe in one short moment. There is no time when the power of wind over water is so forcibly shown as in a typhoon.

As the fury of the gale passes the danger increases, because the sea, hitherto powerless, now rises and menaces destruction. Clouds gather and shut in the horizon in gloom. They whirl and toss and sweep through the heavens, the very counterpart of the waves beneath, whose tops they touch, mist and wind united in one common battle, hurrying ruthlessly through space, and enveloping in a mass of briny foam all things in their path. Now we have the genuine Atlantic gale. The waves at first are irregular from the eccentric impulses of the winds; now rushing, roaring forward in huge toppling, curling breakers, crested with foam—then broken and torn into wild masses, shooting spray high into the air, and, indeed, frequently being lifted bodily up, and blown away far to the leeward in suffocating mist. The howling of

the gale has in it less of fierce anger and more of solemn melancholy—something at times that savors of a human moan—often lulling for a moment, with the same effect as a gleam of sunshine struggling through the rent clouds, to cheer the disheartened mariner with false hope, and then returning with a force that makes the stoutest vessel writhe and tremble in her heart of iron and oak. Upon seamanship depends the safety of all in that bark. One false turn in the wheel, the sea leaps on board, and, wrenching decks from their fastenings, swallows up all, leaving not a trace in the ocean that human skill had ever there existed. Now is the time for the artist to seize the spirit of the scene, when man and elements are in the doubtful struggle for life on one hand, and death on the other.

Perhaps the vessel is scudding, her top gear all down, lifted only by a diminished foresail, and impelled by the close-reefed main-topsail, while a fore-topmast staysail flaps violently as it keeps her from broaching-to. On she rushes, her vast frame quivering under the canvas, now buried in the yeast of waters, now rising keel out, as she darts forward on a huge wave, that lifts her as if it would send her headlong to the ocean caverns below. But, no; her bow pushing before it, with the roar of surf, or increasing mass of wave, white as far as the eye can reach with foam, plunges under for a second, bowsprit and all, sending a volume of

water back upon the quarter-deck, then rises buoyantly upon the ensuing sea, and leaps again forward on its dubious career, shaking the spray from her rigging, and discharging torrents of water from her waists. There is triumph in this scene for man, and sublimity in the ocean. We follow that ship in its headlong course, to vary which is certain destruction, and which may equally lead to death, by throwing her upon some unknown shoal, where the pursuing waves would in an instant overtake their prey, with all the aroused emotions and energies that He who holds the winds and waves in the hollow of His hand has bestowed for our support in peril—faculties more wondrous than even the action of the aroused elements.

Who has given us this living energy of ocean power? Can an artist desire a more noble element of his landscape than water, with its infinite variety of form, delicacy of hues, and grace of movement, whether in calm or storm, as sea or stream, humble brook flowing musically over its pebbly bed, or the iris-spanned cataract leaping the precipice, with furious haste or exultant spring? While rivers run and lakes exist, in whose crystalline depths all-loving Nature reflects itself; while the rainbow's glorious beauty pledges safety to man, and the rain and snow bring him the fruits in due season; while, lift heavenward, the wave symphonies of the glad ocean, that type of limitless power, unchangeable, yet never the same, tameless, yet serving

man, erect and free as man should serve his Maker ; while water in any of its forms of fantastic unity exists, the artist need not search further for subjects, nor man desire greater proof of Omnipotence.

Earth, too, has its peculiar features. Mere soil is of itself of minor importance. It depends for its character upon the underlying rocks, which, like bone to flesh, give it shape above, and to the vegetation with which it is clothed. The truth of its forms is, however, of absolute importance in Art, as well as its particular qualities, as distinguished from sky and water. Unless these differences—say dryness and hardness in contrast with the liquidity of water and the space and transparency of atmosphere—be felt, the painter has lied to us in the outset. We must have these, in their appropriate forms and colors, freely and broadly rendered, whatever after-deficiencies may occur. For these there is charity ; but for the former, none : otherwise landscape-art becomes disreputable, and we turn it out of doors.

I know of no field of landscape art so untried, and which promises so much, as tropical scenery. There is a bewitching beauty in it, to which none other can lay claim. Take, for instance, the island of Tahiti, with its abrupt mountain-peaks seven thousand feet high, mantled to their highest summits with a vegetation that defies the sun, and pushes its orange-groves and magnolia blossoms into the very brine of

the sea. Look at its fern-clad precipices, ever-cool dells, and living cascades, shooting rocket-like from out their forest-homes, a mile above the ocean, faint silvery threads in the distance, their spray glancing in the sunlight like diamond-dust, and giving value to the green foliage which hedges them in; while near by, the torrents call aloud to each other in their wild fantastic freedom, leaping into space with joyous confidence, often dissipating into mist, and commencing their upward flight again, before reaching the reservoirs of pure water beneath. No hill or mountain forms repeat each other. Every curve is one of grace, and none can number their variety. Nature here is capricious in her smiles. At one moment she unveils the entire island as it lifts its emerald coronet proudly to the unclouded skies, a queen of beauty, Venus-like rising from the sea. Then she shrouds the whole in glorious mist, as in heavenly drapery, putting aside at times its folds of purple and gold, that we may catch a glimpse of the mysterious loveliness and infinite variety it conceals but to adorn. A dense belt of green waving palms and rich tomano-trees, with varied hues of tropical flowers and fruits, interspersed with native huts, bound shores, indented with quiet bays and coral-formed channels. Narrow belts of sand sparkle around them, like brilliants on a dark skin. Far out to sea commence a long line of breakers, that flash back the sun's rays with overpowering brilliancy,

as they leap, and toss and thunder in their never-ending race to the shore. Underneath these, and shooting up occasionally, as the water shoals, with all the glorious colors of the struck dolphin, lie beds of aquatic vegetation, corals and madrepores of such wonderful beauty as to rival the flora of the land beyond. Among them swim scaly tribes whose tints seem borrowed from their homes. Amid all this, graceful canoes lightly shoot, their dark-skinned but brightly-apparelled crews gaily contrasting with their snowy-white sails.

Such a spectacle gives the perfect repose of beauty. All is in keeping with the lovely whole. Less would injure, and more distract the scene. Has artist ever given this?

We look up, as it were, to this landscape. Perhaps there is more of force and variety to be given, more of the broad elements of nature, in looking down upon her works. With Turner this was a favorite mode. The wide expanse of earth, with its endless diversity, comes more directly before our view. There is a consciousness of exultant power, in which the spectator sympathises in viewing nature under our feet. Apart and above it we penetrate the more thoroughly its mysteries.

No view gives the grand features of nature more effectively than that which meets the eye some nine thousand feet above the level of the ocean, on the pitch of the mountain, which separates the broad table-land

of Mexico from the tropical region. The vast plain makes off as far as the eye can reach in all directions, like a sea. On the distant horizon rise lofty, snow-clad mountains, sharp and clear against the western sky. Mexico, the beating heart of this enchantment, with its bright towers and gleaming lakes, the Aztec Venice, approached by long causeways that look like silver threads as they cross the green meadows, or as cables in the water by which the city is moored to the mainland, lies in repose beneath. All over the plain, tower and hamlet repeat each other—white islands amid seas of verdure. The variety of nature is seen throughout, because the scale is so large. Plain, lake, hill, valley, and mountain, with all their misty infinity of form and changeableness of color, light and shade in broad contrasting masses, the deep green of distant vegetation, the crystalline brightness of sunlit water, and the intense blue of heaven's cloudless vault, with its mixture of cool greys as the atmosphere approaches earth, are all here, while enough of man's works show to suggest the refinements of civilization. Back of us, towering up from dense vegetation, and surmounting wildernesses of lava rock, are the volcanoes, Popocatepetl (hill that smokes), and its twin-sister Iztaccibuatl (white woman), with their snowy cone-like peaks rising to an elevation of nearly two miles above where we rest. Their icy summits glitter like carbuncles in the deep blue of the sky. They stand so

by themselves, with no surrounding peaks to rival their majesty and diminish their height: so strongly are they marked in zones of color according as verdure diminishes, or sterility commences, perpetual snow crowning the whole, with occasionally a faint wreath of smoke from the fire that burns within, that there is nothing in the whole range of the Alps, or, so far as I have seen, in the Andes, which comes up to this mountain-pair in beauty and sublimity.

America is virgin soil for the artist. He who succeeds in making us realize our "fall," when nature assumes its gayest mantle of colors, and forests rival sunsets in variety of tints, as the frosts of autumn bite their leaves, which, dolphin-like, become more beautiful in death, will stamp himself for ever upon the national mind. This cannot be reached by skill alone in drawing, because at this period Nature with us relies less on form and more on color for her effects. Wherever she assumes this mood the artist must work upon her principle, giving enough of form to characterize objects in masses, but depending for his power solely upon vividness of color, which is not to be laid on in opaque spots in violent contrast, but with those nice gradations and combinations by which nature, while presenting every hue that can charm, never offends the eye. Another argument for raising color to an equal footing with form, if not to a higher position in the scale of beauty, is found in the fact that Nature

value so entirely upon it for its most attractive effects, not as in form, depending upon permanency, but ~~so~~ ^{changing} hues with every variation of light and season, now working out changes so rapidly that the eye becomes drunk with loveliness, then slowly varying as if it feared it might dispel its own enchantments.

CHAPTER X.

THE PARTICULAR TRUTHS OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

THE general truths of the landscape having been established, it is necessary to refer to the particular truths which enter into the composition of the parts. These may be divided, as in the former, into moral or physical truths; the first derived solely from their internal functions, the latter, in Art, from their external qualities. The simplest object of inanimate nature may be said to have character in the degree that it properly fulfils the natural conditions or uses of its creation. Its qualities in painting refer to the accuracy with which its properties are represented. Thus, a rock may be bold, or a flower humble in character, each requiring a different treatment to render these traits from that which delineates their external structure, which may be perfectly imitated, and yet we feel that the thing after all is neither rock nor plant, but a mere bit of lifeless paint. But the former cannot be freely given under ordinary accuracy of the

natural outline, without suggesting its existence as a thing of life. Hence the aim of the artist should be mainly to express character, studying quality, or external finish, only in that subordinate degree which, while it gives a perfect resemblance of outward form, allows full expression to the spirit.

In this manner only can the complete ideal be attained. The amateur should imperiously demand it, rejecting any shortcoming, not uncharitably—for every sincere effort should be kindly received—but as an absolute law of beauty, which finds its contentment only in perfection. By elevating our demands we elevate the artist also. It is the duty of art to please and to teach. Unless these dual functions are kept perpetually and correspondingly in view, the public taste remains rude or is led astray, so that, in time, both artists and people, repeating only weaknesses or pandering to indolence and avarice on the one hand, and ignoble desires on the other, lead each other captive, and the age falsifies Art.

The true artist derives his strength from himself. His genius knows no mutable laws of popular fancy or greedy necessity. Lighting his lamp from the pure flame within him, he seeks neither borrowed glare nor covets vulgar applause, nor even friendly praise, to stimulate effort. He knows that he is right, and feels that he is a light set to illumine the world. True, to common eyes the beams may be too bright, and many

may scoff at what they cannot comprehend. But there is no surer mark of genius than that calm self-reliance that bides its time, content to work not for a generation but for eternity. Such men stamp themselves on mankind. They are milestones, noting the progress of humanity towards its complete development, few and far between ; but in Homer, Isaiah, Dante, and Shakspeare, we have seen examples among the poets ; in Mozart and Beethoven, among the musicians ; and among artists, Phidias, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Tintoretto, Titian, and Turner.

The reason why men of such stamp affect so generally their own and after ages is, because they comprehend all human power. They are universal men, born for all time and all degrees of cultivation, appealing to the common heart of humanity, and yet able to soar aloft with the most exalted intellect. Such minds are of two-fold existence ; the common, legible to every man ; and the inner, which requires appreciating power to interpret. They coin thought into expression, and are the mints from which lesser minds derive their circulating medium.

The only sure source of power for the artist is from within himself. In the degree that he wanders from his own soul-truth he falls into a labyrinth of error. The more he seeks to know the popular opinion, the farther into the shoal does he drive ; until at last he is left without pilot or compass, and blown about by

every fashion. I do not mean to be understood as saying that an artist can derive no benefit from criticism; on the contrary, a cultivated taste, or even a fresh, untutored feeling, are often invaluable auxiliaries to stimulate and confirm the artist; but what I do say is, that every artist who has not the magnet of truth so fixed within himself as to turn naturally and wholly to sympathizing truth, let it come from what quarter it may, has mistaken his calling. Labor may produce a fair copyist, or a clever imitator, but it never made an artist. Indeed, the signs of labor on even a clever work are painful to the spectator, from its associations with fatigue of body and wearisomeness of mind. Artists may, like Gerard Duow, work five days on a hand and three days on a broom; but a few strokes from a master-mind will give a more living hand, and a more serviceable broom, than months devoted to mere finish for its own sake. Great work and great thoughts are readily done and easily expressed. If not they have no claim upon our attention, for it is the attribute of genius, implanted by Divinity, to do what it has to do with facility.

The public taste should be so cultivated as to appreciate the artist, and keep him always up to the standard of his own powers, by being content with nothing feeble or half-expressed. It should also be able to keep him always in the right track by rejecting every ignoble work. Another and more painful duty

is before it; and this is, to keep Art sacred by protecting her from profane hands. I shall have more to say on this subject when I treat of patronage.

Painting and sculpture are in one sense simply language. They open to view the soul of the artist. Few men, however indifferent they may be to the eye of God, are content to expose their inmost thoughts to their fellow-men. Yet this is done daily by artists with an obtuseness which, considering the disclosures they make, is, to say the least, somewhat remarkable. If the mind be impure, the stain of foulness clings to all their works; if feeble, it shows itself in imbecility; if coarse, in vulgarity; but if pure, in works which, like Angelico's, carry us bodily into heaven. Whatever may be the ruling passion, it is sure to manifest itself. Men are not always alike, and sometimes in the worst men great thoughts and noble aspirations arise. These, however, are but exceptions to the universal truth, that "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." Some men are incapable of expressing themselves in anything but common language. For such, common subjects are their choice. Others are capable of elevating even common subjects—reading sermons from stones—and in all that they do they seek to interpret the inner life. With the first, Art is like a dictionary, giving merely words; with the second, it is a volume in which the words become ideas. How important is it, then, that the artist should keep con-

stantly in view the elevation of himself by the persevering culture of his soul-powers, striving constantly to realize in himself that ideal perfection which he would create in Art. There is no greater destroyer of spiritual eyesight—Cupid is not half so blind—as mere sensuality; if of the mind rather than the body, so much the worse. On this account it is almost a hopeless task to attempt to open the eyes of those darkened by low desires or dazzled by vanity. They may rest assured, however, that though they may mistake themselves, true taste never mistakes them. There is a leprosy on their works which Jordan itself cannot wash clean.

The ordinary excuse of artists when giving only the common, striking, exaggerated, or false, is, that they must do so to live. The public will not buy their truth, but will pay roundly for their deception. This is a double sin; against your soul and my soul. Believe it not! The public are misled because you mislead them. They love truth, and you give them a lie, and tell them that it is a truth. They believe you because you are a “professor” of an art about which they have never much thought, and like little children are willing to be led. Is there no sin in this? Perhaps the few simple principles to which I have shown that all Art can be reduced may help to arouse you both from so fatal a delusion. Men who, like Forrest, turn the deep thought of Shakspeare into

loud words and vulgar grimace, are a pest to noble Art. When I see the popular taste running into extravagances in praise of such rant, and the stuff that is lauded throughout America as Art, I can no longer abstain from protesting in the name of all that is noble and true, and with all the energy of sincere conviction, against such national folly.

The artist who studies opinions and not Nature will assuredly fail. She is the only safe teacher. No man being complete, he must seek strength for his inferior or lacking qualities from their purest sources; not second-hand, but from the great mother herself, Nature. He is to create a great organic whole out of the materials she supplies; selecting from her ample stores those which best express his subject materially, to combine them in one harmonious whole, and invest the entire picture with the thought which he seeks to express. The individual parts of a landscape, for instance, are of but secondary importance; they should be chosen with reference to the great idea or feature which is to pervade the picture. By this I mean that the accurate rendering of the likeness of any material landscape is of less consequence than the combination of particular features selected, as it were at random, from Nature, and grouped into one harmonious whole, provided that the ideal landscape thus created excels the natural in those general truths which the artist wishes to express. An artist cannot go beyond Nature:

he cannot even rival her on her key; but as nature does not always equally express herself, and is not uniform in her exhibition of beauty, the artist should endeavor, in preserving the main features of a landscape, so to introduce the noblest truths of Nature, that while his picture may not be an exact transcript of the chosen site, yet it shall embrace all the highest truths that that site would be capable of rendering under the most favorable circumstances of Nature's workmanship. Even more, the artist should have studied Nature so deeply as to be able to create—compose, it is commonly termed—a picture made up of no local truths, yet rendering her general truths in their most harmonious and forcible manner. The purely ideal landscape is the severest test of this branch of Art. All other depends mainly upon fidelity in copying and taste in selection. To produce a new and perfect whole, which the mind shall receive as Nature's excellence, without care for or question as to locality, is the work only of the highest genius. There is, therefore, no surer evidence of real elevation and power than in the choice or composition of subjects. This applies equally to all Art. For if it require great talent to read material Nature aright, how much more does it demand to portray in man the finer elements of his mind; to catch the fleeting expression, the burning emotion, the noble thought, the lofty aspiration, or harder yet, the indefinable joy with which love illu-

mines the soul! Only the greatest artists have produced noble portraits.

There is much choice in the selection and treatment of parts and of separate subjects. Every artist has his individual bias, depending upon the scope of his genius. Some who do well in one department, or with one class of subjects, utterly fail in attempting another. Each should carefully fathom his own ability and inclination, adhering solely to those branches to which his qualifications naturally tend. Universal artists are, like all extremes of nature, of rare occurrence. The most lamentable failures of otherwise great minds are seen in their ambitious wanderings from their natural spheres. When I come to treat of the schools and works of Art, I shall have occasion to recall several notable examples of this truth.

Whatever an artist is best qualified for, that let him adhere to. The variety of Nature is sufficient to occupy all Art through all time. There is nothing unworthy of the greatest mind in her truths; but great minds should reserve themselves for great truths. There is always a sufficiency of little minds to give the little truths.

The skill necessary to copy fruits and flowers is surely of a different degree from that required for human portraiture. Yet it is as essential to the artist of the former that he should study their qualities and functions, as that the portrait-painter should learn to

faithfully interpret human emotion, and give us on canvas the absolute qualities of flesh and blood.

Common subjects are very commonly painted, simply from the facility with which they can be indifferently or even cleverly imitated. Common eyes, too, find pleasure, from the same principle, in the glitter of brass kettles, the stiffness of Dutch brooms, the gloss of velvets, the shining folds of draperies, the intricate patterns of lace, the down on fruit, and the dewdrop on flowers; in short, in the whole compass of objects of manufacture, or the mere sleight of hand of imitative art, because these things are in real life what they best understand. A man may deceive the birds by the nicety of his painted fruit, but that does not prove him an artist; it simply shows that the feathered creation are no judges of art. Every crow is scared by a torn coat and old hat perched upon a stick, but that is a confession of stupidity, and not a proof of judgment.¹ Nothing is more facile than deceptive imitation. The eye is the easiest gulled of all our senses. Every day we have evidence of this in the *chiaroo-scuro*

¹ Uncultivated minds naturally find their highest pleasure in the trivial and common place, often to the disappointment of the true artist, who, forgetful of his own elevation of taste, looks unwittingly to a general appreciation, when he should be satisfied if understood by the select few, capable of feeling his soul-effort. Allston, to his mortification, overheard one day a rude critic remark of his 'Jeremiah dictating his prophecy against Jerusalem,' "Well, he was a *cute* man that made that jar." The picture contained an earthen pot, which was all the countryman could see or appreciate.

decorations of buildings, and the mock stone of wooden architecture. All these deceptions, however, in a more or less degree, affect the mind unpleasantly, because they substitute the false for the real. How much of the effect of the otherwise fine interior of the Milan Cathedral is lost from perceiving the painted ribs and panellings of the arched ceilings that deceive only the careless eye into the appearance of stone! A friend who was earnest in his praise of the solemn interior of this edifice, was filled with disgust as soon as I pointed out to him the architectural trick overhead. No sincere mind can find pleasures in shams. Above all they should be avoided in the house of God. There let everything be what it actually represents.

In some ornamentation deception is allowable, as in the *chiaro-oscuro* frescoes of the Bourse at Paris. We are pleased with the cleverness of the artist in imitating actual bas-relief, on the same principle that we admire the tricks of the juggler. So in painting. We admire the dexterity, but take no pleasure in the work.

There is not only a right choice of subjects but a right time for choosing them. That is, when their vital functions are in their most perfect operation, avoiding all disgusting displays of physical action, which, however necessary in the economy of nature, have no legitimate claim upon art. This would seem to be an unnecessary rule, but a cursory examination of the European galleries will show that it has often been violated

by great names. Were I to give merely the catalogue title of a very celebrated picture in Holland, I should be guilty of an unpardonable breach of decorum according to the American standard. If the subject be of the inanimate creation, the choice should be confined to the most perfectly-developed specimens, keeping in view the *idea* to be conveyed. The beauty of the forest tree differs from that of the park, in the same degree that wild animals differ from those that have been tamed by man to his uses. So of flowers.

There are often emotions of sublimity, awe, fear, or effort to be aroused, which require deviations from the literal types of physical beauty. In such cases they must be made subordinate to the main sentiment. Even ugliness may be admitted as a contrasting power, and as connected with the supernatural or with evil passions. As a general rule Art must agree with Nature ; but there are certain effects sometimes to be obtained which can be done only by a partial sacrifice of the truths of Nature. She, in the infinity of her power, can work out her aims as it were by mere will, calling up latent forces, in whose existence, from the rarity of their display, we scarcely believe. The artist, however, has no such resources. Confined to a few simple materials, he depends sometimes for his most powerful effects from reversing as it were the order of Nature, and without letting us know *how*, mysteriously affecting us in Art in the same manner that Nature does in those

extraordinary manifestations of the infinity of her variety which we designate as phenomena. The artist may indeed appear wrong in part, never as a whole, otherwise it would be a failure in contrast with nature in the same relations. Yet upon examination it will be seen that by no other process could he so perfectly render the general idea or effect which he has in view ; so that while emphasizing a noble truth by the contrasting result of a partial falsehood, or the sacrifice of a minor feature for a great thought, he is elevating Art to its highest standard. It is in this view that the truths of Nature and Art are said to be not the same. No man ever understood the subtle working of this principle more fully than Titian.

Many noble works are misjudged from ignorance of the primary laws of vision. Most persons value a painting in proportion as they can see clearly all that is in it. Every object must be so sharply defined that the mind shall have nothing left on which to employ itself. Their feeling is confined to their eyes. This is doubly wrong. First, it violates a truth of nature. We do not see with equal distinctness near and distant objects. If our eyes are fixed upon the far distance, or midway to it, the landscape immediately before us, or the foreground, is vague and indistinct. We feel there are forms and colors, all natural in their position, but unless we direct our eyes to them we cannot describe them. So if we gaze upon the objects near

us, those farther off acquire a similar mystery of vision. The artist, therefore, who renders all his landscape with equal ocular precision violates nature.

Artistic distance depends chiefly upon the greater or less distinctness of the drawing of detail. By this rule the spectator can at once judge where the artist would direct his eye, and if at that point he sees the landscape with the same comparative clearness that he would at an equal distance in Nature, he may be assured that, for what is more suggested than absolutely shown, there is an imperative law, which the artist can violate only at a sacrifice of truth.

The second reason why this positive clearness of all objects in painting is wrong is, that as a painter cannot give the entire variety of Nature, he must content himself with suggesting all that she would give under similar circumstances. The utmost variety that Art can absolutely incorporate into painting is mere feebleness beside the natural world. Hence, if throughout *his* space we see only what his pencil absolutely defines, we exhaust his art at a glance, and go away with as little impression on our minds as if we had looked at a shop window. On the contrary, if every touch suggests more than it represents, we recur with fond delight again and again to his pictures, because every glance reveals some new form or idea. An artist whose power goes not beyond absolute expression repeats only himself. The spectator should

be made to forget both the artist and his material, and lose himself in its nature or thought.

There is another test still more striking of true excellence of work. Indifferent or superficial art makes no impression on the mind. You leave it, and straightway it is forgotten. Not so with the labors of genius. Shut your eyes and the picture is more visible to the mind than ever it was to the sight. It has become a fixed fact of your inner life. No time or distance will obliterate its image, but it will "grow with your growth, and strengthen with your strength." Thus you may judge of its merit by the power it has over your heart.

Man has but a secondary part to play in the landscape. Wherever he is introduced, so as to interfere with its spirit by directing the eye to incongruous action or motions, he is a blot upon its harmony. Few artists understand the importance of keeping figures in subjection to the landscape. The reverse of the principle holds true when the artist seeks to render the life or works of man. Then the landscape becomes the secondary object, and should be used only in developing the general idea.

Man, as being the climax of Nature, is the noblest subject-matter of Art. In all ages artists have recognised this truth in their attempts to render the human figure, either as the perfection of physical matter, or

as the form through which spirit most delights to manifest itself.

Female loveliness is the most fascinating type of humanity. In it we have the highest development of form and color as united in beauty. The lines of the perfect human form are the most beautiful in their graceful curvatures that Nature produces. They are living witnesses that she formed them for her noblest purpose. So of color. No hue of the animal or vegetable kingdom rivals the tints with which the charms of woman glow. They were bestowed as the strongest appeal to the sensuous heart. United with virtue they robe the sex with irresistible attraction. The Art that can make us feel the smoothness and elasticity of the female skin, its clear, translucent surface, not lustrous but tender from its delicate mingling of white and pale warm red, subdued by the nicest gradations of the purest and most pearly greys into sense-captivating loveliness, is scarcely of earthly mould. If to the physical ideal be added the greater loveliness of mind, which radiates from the features as light from the sun, elevating and purifying all things on which its glances rest, we have all that Art might aspire to and yet not reach, unless its lamp were replenished at the divine fountain from which beauty itself was created.

The same rules which guide our judgment in the character and quality of the landscape world, and the choice and treatment of subjects, in relation to their

natures and ideas to be conveyed, are of equal value as applied to man. His ideal physical beauty is often to be subdued to or sacrificed for the nobler expression of intellect or soul. These are more emphatic, perhaps, as they triumph over the weaknesses of flesh. Yet nothing connected with man, that is solely sensual, by which the divinity bestowed upon him is utterly extinguished or buried deep in lusts, or which refers exclusively to his physical agonies or sin's heritage, without motive of higher import, should be presented by Art. Out of such attempts nothing can come but hopeless sorrow and degradation. We shrink from the display of animal suffering in Art, because it pains our sympathies and allows of no compassionate action for their relief. Our own sensual passions have sufficient innate force without the excitements of pictured or sculptured temptation. We would not reject, however, the warning experience of frailty, or the sterner retributions of crime, provided the moral is legible. Human functions have a capacity of expression as limitless as the intellect they house. The artist whose own soul does not respond to the depths of another's heart, who cannot catch inspiration from the gleaming of the eye and read the thought on the curling lip, put fire or repose at will into the limb, suggesting the action or speech as palpably as if body moved and tongue spoke; in short, who cannot make his canvas or marble live, has no

right to lay his profane hands on the human form or countenance. We have enough of vacancy in fair faces at all times; enough of spiritual dross, stupidity, and intellectual degradation in the human world in which we move; more than enough of insipidity from lack of soul-culture in both men and women, upon whom sloth and sense have laid their heavy hands, without an endless repetition of their deadly loss to stare at us unceasingly from gallery walls. No! let ignoble features alone! Give us the subduing power of love, the tenderness of sympathy, the fulness of joy, the sweetness of hope, the strength of faith, the heroism of virtue, the power of intellect, the lessons, and if need be the suffering of self-denial, the repose of constancy, and the patience of charity. Let these and every sentiment or passion consecrated by religion and ruled by mind, look at us through human flesh, tender in quality with blood and muscle beneath, that a pin might make flow or a blow turn blue, truthful in outline, severely graceful in proportions, combining soul, color, and form in one harmonious portrait, and then we may talk sensibly of the triumphs of Art as the interpreter of humanity.

Exaggeration, however, must be scrupulously avoided. The main idea can be kept prominent, and yet all others so nicely graduated, that there shall be no violent transitions, or swellings up of parts at the expense of others, and to the loss of the harmony that

Nature exacts in all her works. Physically, we may create a monster or a pigmy by abuse of the law of proportions ; morally, we destroy all dignity, and derange our subject by its violation. It is much easier to make sentiment ridiculous, or even grief disgusting, by the aggravation of its outward expressions, as in Guercino's Hagar, than to ennoble passion by its subjection to virtue and reason. In Art we want neither fools nor madmen. Passion we must have as the great lever of the human heart ; but bring it to us in the quiet majesty of the true hero, or the sublimity of virtue born of beauty, and not in the mockery and rant of stage effort in its garb of tinsel show.

Much doubt exists as to the propriety of rendering the nude figure. In sculpture it is universally admitted, because mere form does not appeal strongly to sense. As I have before remarked, its chief claim is upon the intellect ; add color, however, and upon the universal principle of nature in its use, feeling is at once touched ; it must, of course, be combined according to the law of harmony. A gilt or a bronze statue arouses no emotion beyond intellectual admiration ; any artificial employment of color, such as tinting marble, strikes the mind disagreeably as a falsification of the material without any adequate motive. We look to sculpture for form alone ; if it attempt more it becomes painful as a violation of its primary truth ; indeed, I believe for sculpture itself,

as confined to the human figure, that the intellectual pleasure diminishes in the degree that pure white is departed from as its material. Does any one find other pleasure in the artistic freaks of the classical ages, and the imitations of the Renaissance in the shape of blackamoors, draperies, and occasionally separate features, rendered by the natural colors of their stone-material, than in the ingenuity of these combinations? This is a separate question from color in architecture, to which I strongly incline, especially if, as in the Duomo of Florence, it is derived from the porphyries, jaspers, serpentines, and other precious stones of which it is constructed. So, too, of statuary on the exterior of buildings; to be in harmony with the architecture, they must acquire its general hue. The atmosphere understands this law of unity, and soon tones all surfaces to its natural key; but for indoor statuary, the most pleasing color is the transparent white of the marble itself, softened by time to flesh-like delicacy.

The Reformation inflicted no greater injury upon good taste than in whitewashing the interior of its churches. Wherever Puritanism and its kindred creeds prevail, whitewash almost appears to be an article of faith: it has even made inroads on Roman ground. Throughout the United States, and over a great portion of Europe, the interior of churches is one blinding glare of white. Why is this? Must the soul do continual penance through its eyes to keep alive its faith?

The Almighty does not thus mortify our tastes. He spreads color all over his creation for the special purpose of gratifying our vision. He connects its enjoyment with feeling, and thus makes it food for the soul. True, it may be made an instrument of sense; but so may love itself, on which religion is based. Color is the type of holiness: if you doubt this, go to Nature's sunsets, and then seek, through the endless variety of her beauty, to find from out of it a pleasure more pure and sincere than this. You cannot! Ask revelation whether it is form or color that is most used as a type of spiritual glory? The throne of God is "like unto an emerald," and "there was a rainbow round about the throne." The glory of God was for "*light* like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal;" the foundations of the walls of the celestial city "were garnished with all manner of precious stones;" the twelve gates were twelve pearls, and the streets pure gold. There we have color without regard to form, used to impress upon our minds the beauty of that spiritual world. We may safely conclude, without risking the salvation of our souls, that color was given for man's use and enjoyment; if he persist in making his world barren, angels may pity, but cannot save him from his own blindness.

Puritanical whitewash is no more applicable to a church on the one hand, than the upholstery decorations and ball-room taste of the Madeleine and Notre Dame

de Lorette at Paris, on the other. Color has meanings: it can be gay or serious, solemn or frivolous; indeed, it is eminently suggestive to feeling. Like music, it has, in a certain degree, the power to arouse emotion. Why, then, should not its capacity be employed in our churches, to give that serene repose to the eye which so aids thought in its service of the soul? To the scoffer at its spiritual efficacy, I would say, Go straight from one of those naked meeting-houses into the solemnity of the Strasbourg Cathedral, and then tell me if the light of day, subdued into keeping with those greyish-purple time-tinted columns, and massive roof of stone, lifting its arches in heavenward span; while through the glass-stained windows, rainbow glories pour with mellowed rays, sparkling in the atmosphere like down from angel's wings; whether these be not more in keeping with what we are told of the celestial abodes, than those four-sided, flat-roofed, colorless walls into which Calvinistic Protestantism cramps itself! I write feelingly on this subject, because I do not wish to see—as has often been said of music—color employed only in the service of the devil; the Being who created it has the sole right to its loyalty.

To return to sculpture. The nude figure is its legitimate province when it wishes to represent *men* or *women* as created for Paradise, perfect in form and pure in feature. The power, action, and beauty of the

human figure can in no other way be adequately presented. Clothing becomes then a mere accessory, and not as by the laws of social propriety a necessity. We are to look upon the creation of the sculptor as God looked upon Adam when He pronounced him "good." If he fail to awaken in us this feeling, there is a taint of foulness either about him or in ourselves. Search for it and cast it out, for it will bite with a serpent's tooth. The majority of men associate vulgar ideas with the human form, simply because they have debased their own minds by sensual thoughts or actions. With the young it often assumes the form of mock modesty, owing to the false direction given to their education. Were their own natural instincts of purity left free to act, they would see only in human beauty the power and wisdom of the Creator. Still, even in sculpture a wrong direction can be given to the purest material from the corrupt imagination of the artist, as may be seen on the tomb of Paul III., in St. Peter's, at Rome. Two women, as Virtues, recline upon it. To the younger the sculptor imparted so lascivious a contour of limbs, that one of the popes was compelled to clothe them in bronze drapery; their effect upon the prurient minds of clergy doomed to celibacy being not of the most edifying character. Even now there is an atmosphere of voluptuousness about it that the bronze cannot wholly conceal. It would have been far better to have ground the statue

to pieces for lime than to have left it as a monument in a Christian temple.

In treating the human figure, particularly the female, in painting, so as to escape all appearance of sensuality, it requires not only consummate art but equal purity of mind. It can be so represented, as by Titian in his 'Dresden Venus,' that no idea of modesty or immodesty enters the mind, but the spectator be wholly lost in the enchantment of the perfect-art woman. Then again, as in his 'Tribune Venus,' at Florence, we have before us the complete type of voluptuousness, yet so sanctified by his art that desire makes no inroads upon admiration. We see, it is true, a naked woman of life-size glowing with passion, but so wrapt in beauty's mould, that while we recognise in her the great design of her sex "to be fruitful and multiply," yet no profane thought abides with that unequalled triumph of Art.

We have had, however, but one Titian. Unless an artist feels an equal capacity of so purely rendering the nude figures in those modes, which if not treated with the noble freedom with which Nature inspired man before he knew sin, approaching, as it were, the natural innocence of animals in obeying their instincts, he will but display his own corruption, and he had better drape his flesh and blood sufficiently to hide that consciousness of nakedness that came to us only with our fall.

Sculpture precedes painting in civilization, because its materials are simpler, its mechanical difficulties more easily overcome, and it requires less mental effort. Painting in its highest flight demands all that sculpture knows and something more. Which has the greater abstract power over the human mind has been often discussed. I believe it lies with painting; though what it gains in color is perhaps counter-balanced by what it loses in completeness of form: Its capacity is, however, far greater. If it lack power in comparison with sculpture over the popular mind, it is because its faults are not only more conspicuous, but its excellences require greater cultivation to appreciate. The same general principles of harmony, unity, variety, repose, and sincerity are equally applicable to both. The same vices of composition, exaggeration, feebleness, incongruity, and distortion of parts, are to be likewise avoided. The first great question in regard to it is its idea or motive; second, its execution or finish. With either, great thoughts have often been more forcibly given in outline than in completion, because with finish came perhaps over-attention to the externals, by which the original thought was frittered away, or distracted from the spectator's mind by glaring faults of form and want of general unity.

Whatever we feel or know of inner life must be manifested in form or color. Spirit, like matter, has shape

and hue. Every emotion, however subtle, discloses itself by external action; in fine, the soul, whether spiritualized or sensualized, gives likeness to the outer man. Hence the idea, that to render the human form in its most perfect expression in sculpture, nothing more is necessary than an instrument which shall accurately give every material length, diameter, and superficies of skin-surface in all their fine gradations and relations to the whole. An instrument of this nature can indeed do much, as I have witnessed in one constructed by Joel T. Hart, the American sculptor, at Florence. Mr. Hart resolves the capacity of sculpture into a system of mathematical measurements. He argues that the sculptor to produce actuality as in life must measure or judge by the eye alone, consequently an instrument which shall combine in itself a sufficient number of measurements, applied to the human form so as to render its infinite gradations in their complex unity, will do what the unassisted eye or mind cannot effect. Moreover, as the unsupported figure is continually changing, and expression varying, whereby the relations of parts to the whole are constantly disturbed, the instrument which shall measure accurately expression and altitude through form in their highest conditions, does what the sculptor can never hope to do by the common process of callipers and mental judgment. It seizes and fixes the right expression or action, and from the

rapidity and accuracy with which it works, completes the design of the artist as it were at one effort, without fear of loss of harmony by variation of parts, owing to differences of time in modelling as is the usual practice. But to do full justice to Mr. Hart, I will quote his own words to me in explanation of his invention, or rather its intention. Until his patents are secured, he does not wish to make public the principles of its construction.

“The invention claims to transfer from the living original to clay or other material the masses and movements in all their variety and perfect relation and proportion to one another and to gravity, in exact size, form, and expression as a whole, maintaining the figure or group poised in the altitude desired. This is done at *one* sitting of from fifteen to thirty minutes, without incommoding the sitter.

“The basis thus established by a given number of points, the sculptor proceeds to work out the forms thus mathematically designated, requiring nature for the smaller details only. He accomplishes his work in far less time than by the common method, and with far more perfect results.

“As a scale measures planes in geometry, so does this instrument measure cubes in all their complexity of forms, from either inanimate objects or living intelligence in any altitude or expression, and transfers them to other substance. The ordinary workman can

execute in great part the labor which the sculptor only hitherto could perform.

“As the ideal is produced from the actual, let the best actuality be perfectly produced from life with the instrument; then the artist will have more perfect material from which to select and build his more perfect ideal.

“The instrument will also perfectly copy the great works, such as the Laocoon, Apollo, Venus, &c., without encumbering or injuring them in the least, which is not now allowed, because the old method by callipers would mar them. Casts from them are so imperfect, and the inaccurate copying with the callipers from the casts makes so many departures from the originals, that copies, as hitherto made, are of little value.

“The instrument also mathematically copies the sculptor's own productions, relieving him of the necessity of working upon the marble; because, when his model is completed, his workman can execute it equally as well as himself. If defects be found in the marble, they can be cut away to the last fracture of its dimensions, as the basis of the measurements are not taken, as in the old way, from the block itself.

“Thus the sculptor can produce his models in America or elsewhere, and send them to be wrought out where labor and material are cheaper, without the necessity of laboring upon them himself; the

measures or points being exact and fixed, there can be no departure from them, and hence no necessity, as often arises in the old way, of compromising the entire harmony of proportions to avoid some bad pointing in parts. The workman also, besides being mathematically accurate in his points, can produce two in the time required for one in the old way."

Did Mr. Hart confine himself to claiming for his invention all that he does as a copyist, or as an aid in securing form and expression, whereby much time and labor are saved, and consequently the sculptor's art cheapened as to cost, and made more true to external likeness, I could assent to his views. But he makes a fatal mistake to the dignity of his art in also reducing it to a system of external measurements, believing, as he undoubtedly does, that "beauty, expression, and character" can all be reproduced in material through the agency of a machine. This is but another development of the common error of the age, by which mere science is made paramount to spirit, and all phenomena of the soul resolvable into her laws; thus creating nature or matter, the god of the universe. It proceeds from the popular system of reasoning from the external to the internal. Now although, as I have before said, spirit can be known only through substance, yet it is something apart from matter; it is its vitality or governing principle. The aim of the artist is not, therefore, to be confined to mere elegance

of proportions, beauty of contour, or tenderness and harmony of hues for their own sakes; but he is to make them glow with the governing principle of life, the soul's vitality, by which its image is *reflected through* outward shape and hue. Hence these latter may be accurately rendered by measurement, so that no eye or instrument can detect any discrepancy of proportion or parts between them and their originals, and yet the Art be *lifeless* in comparison with Nature. Imitation in Art should be confined to external qualities. When the artist seeks to imitate spiritual truth, or even intellectual emotion, he necessarily fails, because their subtle principles can only be suggested, and not represented. His work must actually glow with the feeling *from* his own mind of the great truth or thought which he wishes to reflect in his material. Matter is but the clothing of spirit, and of itself lifeless; the soul only illumines its surface, and causes its action. But in the body we see only with our natural eyes, and measure only with our natural hands; consequently, if we undertake to measure spirit by the aid of matter, we undertake an impossibility. We mistake its effects for the cause, and substitute the grossness of the material for the refinement of spirit. Whoever, therefore, works on this principle, however successful in delineating the mere harmonies of flesh and blood, will fail in high Art. He goes astray, because he works from a wrong principle. It requires the same

responsive truth in the sculptor to light up his marble with life as it does the painter in his portrait. No machine can model an idea, or fill an hiatus of the imagination. When we succeed in measuring a soul, then, and not until then, we may be able to reduce sculpture to a mechanical art.¹

Sculpture that violates our sympathies by unnecessary pain, that does not suggest more than it exhibits in shape, that does not throw all its action towards the central idea, that pays not more attention to the soul than to the body, and more to the body than to its garments, is the work of feebleness, whatever may be its merits of finish. It is great only in proportion to the greatness of its idea, and the harmony of all the detail with that idea. The unity of sculpture lies both in the unison of sentiments or passions to the chief thought and the subtle proportion of the material parts of the whole. Its variety lies within the circle of human action, though imagination, fancy, and nature at large supply an infinite variety of forms for its

¹ Mr. Hart has been very successful with his busts, aided no doubt, in all that mechanics can do, by his invention. Indeed one of his busts, recently taken from life and idealized by him into a Juno, is strikingly beautiful and harmonious, with much tenderness of surface, and glowing with vitality from within. But I see in its higher qualities more of the feeling of the artist derived from himself, than the imitative capacities of his invention. He is disposed to exalt that at the expense of his own merit, in those points which, as I have remarked, no machine can express, from a general principle of Nature, that power proceeds invariably from the higher principle to the lower, and never the reverse.

exercise. Still its inspiration lies chiefly in thought, and its value in its sincerity. Wherever we see more of the sculptor or his material than the idea, we may be assured of his insincerity. Vanity and vulgarity are as legible upon marble as upon canvas.

The true test of the power of sculpture is in its repose. We then feel that all its parts and motives are in unity. They affect the mind as do the grand features of the landscape. We can no more escape from the impression produced by perfect statuary than we can from the effects of uttered thought: eternity will still find it in our companionship.

Art has its limitations not only in absolute choice of, but in the use of material, as regards subjects. Painting has a wider field than sculpture, but there are circumstances of the greatest interest as related in language, which fail in painting from want of sufficient action to make the idea intelligible. A battle, a shipwreck, a landscape, or a portrait tells its own story; but let a man who has never read the American history, see, for the first time, the national painting of the 'Declaration of Independence,' and it would be to him nothing more than a circle of plain-dressed, intellectual-looking gentlemen, gathered about a table to sign some important document; it would interest him no more than a committee on duty, or a court in session. Enlighten him as to the history, then his imagination comes into play, and the picture is invested

from his mind with that interest which it was incapable, by itself, of conveying *to* his mind. Such a painting may be valuable as a collection of portraits, but as an evidence of high Art, it fails from selection of subject.

Many of the failures of sculpture may be traced to equal inaptness of subject, though great genius will do much to invest with interest the most unpromising; ordinary minds, however, oftener shipwreck them. It is evident, therefore, that the selection as well as the treatment of the subject requires great judgment.

The material which is good for one subject is frequently bad for another; on the grounds of fitness and situation. Bronze is superior to marble for certain character of ornament and expression; and the contrary. A suitable subject for a cameo might be very unfit for elevated painting, or for heroic sculpture.

Size, too, has an important bearing on Art. That which looks well on a small scale in one material, becomes ridiculous when enlarged in another. This is particularly true of the merely ornamental. Perfect grace and majesty may be expressed in Lilliputian size, provided the proportions of the parts are perfectly preserved. A figure may even be colossal throughout, and yet require a magnifying-glass to exhibit its accuracy of proportions. A colossal statue, in its heroic acceptation, is not, however, to be created by merely exaggerating the natural size; we should simply arrive

at an overgrown man, a giant perhaps, but not to the superhuman grandeur of a colossus. A mathematically-enlarged man-model will not make an heroic statue, unless the intellectual proportions be correspondingly elevated; otherwise the harmony between physical size and mental grandeur is lost, and the result be a mammoth fool. Neither can we get at the human form so as to preserve a unity with the face by working from the outside, inwardly; paying more attention to the labor of the tailor than the work of God. Clothing is a mere contingent of sculpture.

These are all important considerations for both artists and amateurs whose aim is excellence. Artists, however, are often inappreciated from their works being placed in positions or lights for which they were never intended. To judge fairly of Art, it should be seen at *home*, that is, in exactly the spot and under the circumstances for which it was made; otherwise we may go away not only with wrong impressions of the artist, but with a wrong lesson to ourselves. It is of importance, too, that a lover of Art should know, himself, the conditions necessary for best exhibiting its works; these may be termed the truths of adaption. A little experience and study of the effects of light and shadow will solve any difficulties of this nature, keeping in view the Art-idea. That which is made to be seen near to, should not be placed above and out of sight, as are the best statues of the Milan Cathedral;

nor that which should be seen above, as was intended Michael Angelo's Moses, be placed on a level with our eyes. No artist suffers more from misplacement than Michael Angelo. Position to him is all important to render his designs effective. His defective drawing, exaggerated anatomy, and harsh coloring, seen at the distance intended by him, lose much of their unnatural character; yet, unlike the best works of Greece, there is in him more that is monstrous than truly grand in style, made worse often by being studied at ten feet off, when intended to have been seen only at fifty. The finish and proportion of parts depend greatly upon the distance and elevation for which they are intended. If the eye is puzzled or wearied in reading sculpture, or distracted to parts, it is a sign that it is either wrongly placed, or over-finished in detail. Ornament is worse than useless that does not correctly meet the vision; its whole purpose is lost, and the artist has thrown his power to the winds.¹

¹ No principle in Art is more subtle, and yet effective, than correct proportion. In the degree it is reached we find an obvious pleasure, though we are not always able to define either the cause or its laws. That there must exist in nature universal rules of proportion applicable to each class of subjects is evident. To the extent these rules are departed from we lose pleasure in Art. This is particularly true of Sculpture. Yet few are able to define its correct standard. Many theories of the true human proportions have been in vogue, but no one strikes me as so simple and applicable as the following, adopted by William Page, of Rome. He should expound it to the world in the scientific manner of which no artist is more capable. Simply and untechnically the principle is this;

Briefly to recapitulate the most important truths of this chapter, I would say, that Great Art is the result only of the noblest powers directed to the highest ends. As it requires the whole mind of the artist to create it, so it requires the whole understanding of equal minds to fully comprehend it. Cultivation of the soul to the fullest expansion of all its faculties is the sole key which will unlock to us its entire treasures. The common mind at first sees blindly; but if it possess feeling and capacity, it will be attracted, and return again and again to Art, until it has raised itself to a level with its truth.

divide the human figure into three *equal* parts, so that the first, commencing at the crown of the head, terminates at the pit of the stomach, following the true waist round; let an equal length reach the insertion of the muscles of the leg, just above the kneecap; thence to the heel for the third part. Grandeur and grace are attained in the degree this rule is followed. The most perfect exemplification is in the figure known as the Egyptian Apollo. However much reduced, it retains its beauty and dignity, provided these three equal anatomical divisions are preserved. It is supposed that the Greeks, in their best works, derived this standard from the Egyptians. The original authors could have arrived at it only by careful comparison of proportions of the best-formed of the human race.

CHAPTER XI.

SCHOOLS OF ART—GREECE, ROME, AND CONSTANTINOPE.

ART generically, as I shall term the character which it assumed in the different stages of its progress as represented by schools, is an important branch of inquiry. Artists, as a class, have rarely been able to control and direct the public mind. With but individual exceptions they have always succumbed to external pressure. In every age Art has been the embodiment of either the democratic, religious, or aristocratic idea ; that is to say, the people, priestcraft, and rulers, have alternately given it direction.

The style and thought of the various schools which have arisen among the several nations that have developed Art, will be found to be characterized in a great degree by the prevailing sentiment of their era, varying in choice and treatment of subjects according to the fluctuations of morals and education. At no time has Art been entirely free. Perhaps it is too much to expect that it will ever wholly liberate itself

from human prejudice or infirmity, and rise to its legitimate position of an incorruptible teacher of Truth and expounder of Beauty. The utmost that can be rationally hoped for it, is, that good taste may be so diffused as to create a demand for excellence, and a prompt rejection of artifice. Great minds only can so impress the common mind as to lead it steadily forward in the road of good taste. Their task is a gigantic one, owing to the eccentricity of popular impulses, and the diligence of weaker minds, who, not content with being wrong themselves, are ever striving to draw others after them. Then too, as has been shown in the earlier chapters, state policy and priestly guile are perpetually on the alert to corrupt so powerful an agency into the furthering of their designs. Yet with all these drawbacks, we constantly see in Art signs of promise. Her struggles are incessant to escape from the snares in her path, and her progress, as a whole, may be said to be onward. Every lofty development of genius in schools becomes a stimulus to greater exertion. It is true many ages may yet pass before certain past excellence is again rivalled, but the standard it creates fixes itself indelibly upon the human mind, which contents itself permanently with nothing inferior. Whatever degree of perfection, in their particular studies classicalism arrived at, we seek for; so of mediævalism; thus modernism has the threefold advantage of possessing not only her own

artistic energies and aspirations, but also the experience and progress of those two great eras of Art.

Schools of Art had their origin in individual talent, fostered by public patronage to a degree which exalted the private taste or particular excellence of the artist into a rule, as it were, for his immediate neighborhood or generation. They have all been more or less partial in their scope, owing to the particular direction given to the genius of their founders which continued to affect their pupils, until an equal or superior mind arising, forced the bias of his own method upon his generation, and thus modified the old or created a new school. My remarks will apply mainly to painting. Sculpture and architecture will be glanced at incidentally, only as connected with painting in the various Art-changes of past time.

By whom painting was first practised is an inquiry of no moment. It is probable that every nation, however barbarous, sought, in its artificial productions, to rival the colors of nature. We see among all savages the same innate love of bright hues and violent contrasts. Expression, however, first took the form of sculpture. Painting was largely used as an accessory. Almost all of the earliest architecture and domestic utensils with which we are acquainted, such as those of Nineveh, Egypt, and Etruria, were profusely adorned with brilliant paint, laid on without reference to natural hues, but evidently from no other motive than love

of positive colors. These early efforts of an impulsive feeling for color are too nearly allied to the untutored labors of all barbarous nations, to be dignified as painting. They were merely its alphabet. Its professors were just learning to spell, even while sculpture and architecture had risen to a certain degree of eminence. Still there were striking analogies between all three in their simplicity, serenity, grandeur, and sincerity.

Ezekiel¹ informs us that the Jews were acquainted with portraiture, but it was evidently of the simplest character, such as we still see in the tombs of Egypt. They saw "men portrayed upon the wall, the images of Chaldeans, portrayed with vermilion, girded with girdles upon their loins, exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads." The oriental fondness for pure color is here strikingly manifested. The oldest-known portraits are found in the monuments of Egypt, dating back 5,300 years. They are flat profiles, without perspective, brightly colored, and the eye given in full.

The early efforts of the Grecians were undoubtedly equally rude. Their rapid advances towards perfection in sculpture are sufficiently attested by the noble works which have reached our time, and indeed form both the basis and rule of our sculptural art. Of their success in painting we unfortunately know less. The fame of their great painters has alone descended to us.

¹ Chap. xxiii. ver. 14.

Few names of modern times have equal celebrity with the old Greek artists, Parrhasius, Zeuxis, Protogenes, and Apelles. We are compelled, however, to receive their reputations on hearsay, as nothing remains of their works.

The disentanglement of Pompeii, Herculaneum, and the discovery of certain mosaics, as well as the contents of classical tombs, have thrown some light upon the character of this branch of Art among the Greeks and Romans. In execution we find an oriental partiality for positive colors; gradations or neutral tints rarely attempted, and an exaggeration of parts for particular effects. Unity and harmony, in the broad modern signification, are but little attended to, while we see much incorrect drawing and general faultiness of perspective. In short, such ancient paintings as we possess will not endure criticism, as a whole, in the complete details of modern executive Art. Yet with all the violations of the simplest rules of painting, there is much vigor, originality, thought, and skill. Some of the pictures at Pompeii seem to have been managed with a degree of knowledge as to the effects of distance worthy of a Turner. Approached near to, they exhibit nothing but meaningless spots of color. Seen in their correct position, a tolerable landscape comes into view.

Art was united with manufacture, which, indeed, appeared to derive its chief value from the former.

with the Greeks and Romans in their domestic utensils, to a degree quite unknown among the moderns. Many of these articles had an established form, or figurative ornament, in which beauty and allegory were happily combined. In this manner those nations surrounded themselves in their households with objects which perpetually recalled their poetical or sensuous faiths, and kept alive their sensibility to artistic beauty.

In the reign of Augustus it became fashionable for the first time to cover the entire walls of rooms with landscapes and historical or mythological scenes. Previous to this the walls were painted in simple color, relieved by capricious designs. We have no specimens of the easel paintings of the ancients. Multitudes, however, of encaustics—colors prepared in a mixture of wax and oil—and frescoes have been discovered in the lava-buried towns of Campania. Perhaps these should not be considered as the highest effort of Greco-Roman Art, from the fact of having been found in provincial cities of comparatively little importance; yet they are the only clue we possess to the general knowledge and principles of ancient painting.

The perfection of classical sculpture is by no means the rule for classical painting. Before painting had advanced beyond flat outline, the most perfect statuary of Greece had been produced. Apollodorus and Zeuxis were the first painters who comprehended light and shadow in Art. The difficulty of arriving in the

latter to an equal excellence with the former, evidently arose less from a want of correct feeling for its highest expression, than from an ignorance of detail and management of materials. Their best pictures are often gracefully composed and vigorously expressed, showing great truth of outline, much humor or fancy, and evidences of a fertile and powerful imagination. They exhibit, indeed, more of the particular excellence of their statuary Art, than that which more properly characterizes painting. Scrupulous attention is, however, sometimes paid to the management of details and accessories, particularly in mosaics, in which the groups are finely put together, the draperies often elegant, and the lights and shadows cleverly managed.

If we may rely on the testimony of the ancients themselves, their first masters produced prodigies of Art. But while allowing them every credit for the higher qualities of invention and composition, I am not disposed to consider the excessive eulogiums of their classical writers, who have spoken of the celebrated pictures of antiquity, as proof of equal merit with modern Art in its more comprehensive detail. Zeuxis had so high an opinion of his own works, that at last he refused to sell them, but gave them away, saying that they were above all price. The little that we know of the ancient masterpieces is derived from Pausanias and Pliny, and some remarks of Cicero. But to me, their extravagant praises are rather evidence of the com-

parative novelty and rapid progress of their Art than of its perfection. The spectators of the nineteenth century smile when they contrast Cimabue's Madonna with the enthusiastic welcome it received from the Art-judges of the thirteenth. The first great steps in invention in Art are always hailed with wonder, from contrast with preceding poverty or feebleness. Their after-progress being less marked, although constantly advancing towards perfection, creates but little popular sensation.

For the first six hundred years of their national existence, the Romans were mere barbarians in Art. Their soldiers wantonly destroyed both the pictures and statues of Greece. After the capture of Corinth, innumerable treasures of taste were sent to Rome, and their exhibition gave its citizens their first ideas of Art. But so little was even their general, Mummius, acquainted with the value of the statues and pictures, whose beauty for the first time captivated his eye, that he required of those charged with their conveyance, in case of loss or injury, that they should furnish *new*. Grecian artists were also transported to Rome, and either sold as slaves, or reduced to the condition of artisans. Deprived of their personal freedom, and those sources of inspiration derived from national independence, their Art degenerated into mere imitation. Great works and magnificent temples were, indeed, erected under the authority of the emperors; but the

true greatness of Roman Art lay not in copying Greece, but in its own grand architectural creations. While sculpture flourished at Rome, painting was neglected to such a degree, that even in presence of several of the much-lauded masterpieces of Greece, which were deposited in the temples, it was reduced to the level of a servile trade. This fact alone would seem to confirm the comparative inferiority of classical painting to its sculpture.

The subjects of the ancients were confined to a much narrower compass than are the modern. There are, consequently, more sameness and repetition in their Art. It is, however, deeply imbued with their sensuous, religious mind, passing, by almost imperceptible changes, from the loftiest expressions of human emotion and the unspiritual heroism of their earthly divinities, in all their beauteous intellectuality and forms, to the vulgar field of fleshly weaknesses and the corruptions of bodily lusts. Its better expression was eminently poetical; but in the lower it partook of the selfishness and degradation of the masses, with no higher aim in either, than to excite the intellect, amuse the senses, or arouse the passions. There are in it—as in the Sacrifice of Iphigenia; Medea meditating the murder of her children; and Leda presenting her three offspring, Castor, Pollux, and Helen, to her husband, Tyndarus—moments of lofty self-sacrificing enthusiasm, of high tragical import, and of sweet domesticity, given

with much spirit and freedom. The ancients understood better the spiritual portraying of their subjects than their mechanical execution. We find in their Art a marked central point, to which the common interest and lesser individualities tend; a nice distribution of attributes, subtle discrimination of character and all those higher artistic truths which complete the unity and fix the attention upon the story. Their knowledge, however, of painting as a whole was limited in comparison with modern attainments.

The establishment of Christianity as a political institution in the fourth century proved the destruction of the ancient schools of Art. They had long been on the decline, chiefly from the decadence of belief in the mythology, from which they had mainly derived their sustenance. In the struggle between the old and new forms of worship, carvers of images were in the outset considered as agents of the devil. They were refused baptism and permission to pursue their avocation. The hatred against idols extended to works innocent of any claims to sanctity. Not only were the temples injured by the fervor of the reaction against paganism, and every work of art that recalled the detested mythology of the past, but even the busts and statues of celebrated men which decorated the public edifices were often wantonly destroyed.

The love of Art was, however, too deeply implanted in the ancient mind to be wholly eradicated. Gra-

dually old tastes and natural instincts came again into play. Art was, however, purified as far as possible from pagan taint and adapted to the new forms of worship. Still, much of its knowledge and many of its forms were necessarily borrowed from the schools of the past. In the infancy of knowledge, before printing had made its essence as free and intelligible as speech, ideas were often conveyed through the forms of symbols or allegory. To the modern mind this mode of expressing abstract thought is in a great degree tedious and unprofitable, because we have better methods of conveying instruction. Not so to the ancient mind. That was educated to interpret their language as readily as we peruse a newspaper. Consequently what to us is expressive only of cold reason, often far-fetched and difficult to comprehend, was to them living faith. The eagle and thunderbolt were emblematic of power. The rod with two serpents, of commerce, because Mercury was god of traffic. Strength, or Hercules, was known by the club. The griffin was consecrated to Apollo. Indeed, the defence which Romanists of to-day make in regard to their images and symbols as representative only of sacred ideas was equally true of ancient rituals. In both cases only the common mind is led to substitute the sign for the object, but in both the tendency has ever been to idolatry. The Christians altered heathen symbols to conform to their ideas. Many new ones

were adopted, and thus a numerous class of sacred hieroglyphics sprung up, which have not yet altogether lost their significance. They were also a sacred bond of recognition among Christians. The principal of these signs were the cross and monogram of Christ, —a lamb—Christ himself as a sacrifice; the dove represented the Holy Ghost; eternity was known by the phoenix or peacock; watchfulness as a cock; worship under the form of the lyre; the palm, victory and resurrection.

Previous to the triumph of Christianity much of mythological feeling had died out of heathen Art. Meleager, Niobe, Psyche, Cupid, and other fables, had ceased to be personal histories, appealing to the heart. They had lapsed into conventional forms of Art embodying destruction, death, futurity, love, and other abstract ideas. Hence the Christians were less averse to revive Art.

Historical Art soon established itself upon the merely symbolical. About the time of Constantine we find pictures of the Saviour performing miracles, but no representation of the Passion or Crucifixion before the eighth century. The reason for this was probably that to pagan minds Christ was more convincing through his divine power than through his human suffering. His disciples therefore wisely dwelt chiefly upon the former in their efforts at conversion. As early as A.D. 230, the Emperor Alexander Severus

placed the image of Jesus Christ in his private temple alongside of the statues of Apollonius of Tyana, Abraham, and Orpheus. Nothing, however, is positively known of his personal appearance. The received ideas appear derived from the apocryphal letter of Lentulus to the Roman Senate. It was written in the third century, and probably embodies his traditional likeness. "A man of lofty stature, of severe and imposing countenance, inspiring love as well as fear. His hair the color of wine (dark?), straight, and without lustre, as low as the ears, but thence glossy, flowing upon the shoulders, and divided down the centre of the head after the manner of the Nazarenes. The forehead is smooth and serene, the face without blemish, of a pleasant, slightly ruddy colour. The expression noble and engaging. Nose and mouth of perfect form; the beard abundant, and of the same color as the hair, parted in the middle. The eyes blue and brilliant. He is the most beautiful among the children of men."

Christian Art continued pure and sincere so long as it was the secret symbols of a persecuted sect; but when in the fourth and succeeding centuries the Church rose to the position of a dominant power, it became ostentatious and costly, and finally false and corrupt. For some time, however, classical knowledge lingered amid it, gradually growing fainter, until its pure forms, chaste draperies, and rare skill, were wholly

extinguished amid Byzantine ignorance and false feeling.

The best mosaics of Roman Christian Art are the earliest, such as are still to be seen in Santa Maria Maggiore, SS. Cosimo and Damiano, of the sixth century. These have some animation and expression, and are superior in design and draperies compared with later works, which are stiff, gaunt, and immobile, showing that the principles of Art were wholly lost.

In architecture, however, there arose a new style, the Lombard, having its type in the noble-arched buildings of Rome, the basilicas, baths, and amphitheatres, whose lofty and graceful curves in time-enduring material still remain, our wonder and admiration. With the exception of that new architecture, which was consecrated to religious purposes,—in the East modified from its stern and simple northern element by Oriental exuberance of fancy,—a few missals, and an occasional gleaming of individual talent which cast a ray of light into the general darkness that came over the world at this period, there is nothing worthy to be called Art that arose out of the Byzantine school. Its prominent feature was ugliness, and the service to which it was applied, Superstition. Each figure was a pictorial dogma, of a fixed conventional form, of the rudest character, and which the artist dared no more to vary than he would have an article of his creed. He was a mere instrument to repeat the

monotonous and stupid tales of ignorant monks. Sometimes his soul partially escaped this bondage, and he so managed in mosaic Art to present, as in the sorrowful Madonna of the half-ruined church of Torcello, near Venice, with her accumulated solemnity of a thousand years, figures of grand and serious import. But in general they were like the tasteless and ill-favored semi-human types that frown upon the spectator with imbecile dignity from the dome of the Baptistery at Florence. Almost all of the libels upon Art, those grim and blackened virgins which Romanism attributed to St. Luke, and religiously preserves from vulgar sight to be dimly exposed only under cunningly-contrived pretence of miracles to extort money and kisses from fools, or to impose upon their deluded devotees the idea that a dirty canvas possesses Divine power, are legacies from the Byzantine school, and inherit its ignorance and falsity.

Constantinople sustained its school, such as it was, when Rome was lost even in name to Art. The Byzantine style, strictly so called, commenced about the fifth century. Springing from a slavish population, corrupt court, and a priesthood, known more by their perversion than by their devotion to Christianity, it is not surprising that both Art and Freedom lost ground. The pertinacity with which the church insisted upon the slavish copying of the types is forcibly illustrated

by an advocate for the worship of images at the Second Nicene Council, A.D. 787. He says,—“ It is not the invention of the painter who creates the picture, but an inviolable law or tradition of the Catholic Church. It is not the painters but the holy fathers who have to invent and to dictate. To them manifestly belongs the composition,—to the painter only the execution.”

This bondage of Art to Superstition obtains to the present day with the common mind in Russia, and generally where the Greek ritual prevails. In the tenth century, particularly, Art was allowed only in accordance with the above idea. Consequently, paintings manufactured on this principle, however much destitute of genius and power, were honored as essentially sacred ; in fact, the peasant of to-day considers them as having power to charm away evil, and avert disaster. He carries them with him to battle. The churches are crammed with them. They open to him the gates of Paradise. He cannot have too many idols, so serviceable to his temporal and eternal interests. Wherever the doctrine of absolute obedience has prevailed, both Art and Christianity have remained immersed in ignorance and superstition. This is powerfully illustrated in the monastic establishments in Mount Athos in Greece, the chief school of painting of this style for thirteen hundred years. It became a manufactory where pictures innumerable were prepared by *written receipts* for grouping and coloring with

uniform devices and inscriptions. These were largely exported as merchandize to Russia and Turkey. Many have found their way into Italy, and possess a hold over the uneducated mind, which can only be accounted for on the general principle, that like seeks like. Consequently ignorance and ugliness may ever be expected to react upon each other to their mutual extension.

Amid, however, the prevailing spiritual darkness, increased by the curious contests of the iconoclasts and their adversaries, deepened by those rancorous theological disputations peculiar to the Lower Empire, and which degraded Christianity, if possible, still lower, there existed a simple religious element exhibited in Art, which could have had its origin only in hearts that were sincere and pure.

According to Rio, in his admirable work of the 'Poetry of Christian Art,' the majestic figure of Christ in mosaic was generally placed in the tribune, the right hand resting upon the book of life, with this inscription in large characters—*EGO SUM VIA, VERITAS ET VITA*.¹

"To strike the imagination of the faithful upon entering the temple by the image of the God-man, whose mediation they came to invoke, to enforce this impression by three words which admirably expressed the entire mission of the Mediator, such was the aim

¹ "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

of Christian Art in its primitive grandeur and simplicity."

Had it remained faithful to its office of interpreting Christian truth in its purity, all men would have continued to recognise the value of similar types in a Christian church, especially in an age when the only means of impressing the general mind was through verbal discourse or pictorial representations, such as the mosaic histories of St. Mark's at Venice, by which the most prominent events of the scriptural narrative and the confession of Christian faith are brought home to every eye. But the power which Art thus exercised was speedily perverted by the priesthood.

Christ in his Divine character as Mediator, presented in the simplest forms of Art, in a material in which color and durability were typical of heaven and eternity, was set aside for the intercessory worship of the Virgin and Saints, whose favors were to be bought by *gifts* to their images and their *guardians*.

The Roman clergy, losing sight of the primitive motives for the introduction of pictorial Art into their churches, corrupted its use into idolatry as gross as that of discarded heathenism, in barter for lucre and power. There is no sin more deadly, or for which the final reckoning will be more severe, than this perversion of one of the purest emotions of the heart into a grovelling superstition. With it came the increase of images, the worship of relics, and the entire prostitution

of Art, not only in its departure from its calm and simple spiritual types, but in the introduction of every *artifice*, even of upholstery, gewgaws, and mock splendor, which could corrupt the taste and enslave the mind; and this, too, under the pretence that it was devoting the riches of the world to the service of heaven. The Roman priesthood, in the outset, had simple minds and tender consciences in their charge. There never was a more favorable opportunity for elevating the minds of men by the development of their souls. Of the sensualities of paganism the world had had enough. The Gospel gained ground daily, while its apostles spoke of spiritual truths, for they supplied the innate craving of all men for loftier motives of existence than the mere harmonies of sense. But priestcraft saw its worldly advantage, and under the specious pretence that their flocks would not appreciate the spirit of Christianity, shut out from their view "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," assuming to themselves the power to open heaven by virtue of mummeries that have reduced religion throughout the Roman Catholic and Greek world, where it rules supreme, to an organized system of deceit and stage-effect. There are many believers in this monstrous sham—men whose faith and hopes no falsity can blight—but with the mass it is form without soul, appealing to their fears and sympathies for motives of rectitude, and making their hopes of heaven dependent

upon their abasement of mind and implicit obedience to a hierarchy, which flourishes only as liberty and progress are trampled under foot.

The labors of Byzantine Art, beside mosaic painting, were confined mainly to the adornment of shrines, reliquaries, crucifixes, church-plate and vestments, and the gear of royalty, both powers being now firmly leagued in their common objects of enslavement of the human race. In such hands there need be no surprise at the rapid decadence of taste. Richness of material became of more consequence than beauty of workmanship. Gold, and silver, and porphyry, and precious stones, took the place of pure marble for statuary. Above all, the jeweller's art was most esteemed, and his skill was more shown in a barbarous medley of jewels and costly material than in fine workmanship. Even the numerous relics of early Grecian and Roman Art, which the Eastern emperors had collected at Constantinople, did not escape the effects of this corruption. The majesty and the beauty of the Jupiter Olympus of Phidias, and other precious works, were lost amid a mass of vulgar though costly ornament, which, no doubt, contributed to their final destruction, at the sack of the city in 1204 by the Crusaders.

Two more powerful artistic contrasts history never presented than the Greeks of the ancient republics and their descendants of the Eastern empire. Neither Christianity nor Art could withstand the corrupting

effects of a government so false to human truth and enterprise. Both sank lower and lower, until their common enemy overwhelmed them in richly-deserved ruin ; sweeping, as it were, all traces of their existence from a soil they had long ceased to fertilize.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE MEDÆVAL SCHOOLS—RELIGIOUS ART.

Two centuries previous to the capture of Constantinople by Mahomet II., in 1453, Art had made quite an advance in Italy. Under the united stimulus of civic freedom and religious enthusiasm, it rapidly passed from the degenerated types of the Byzantine school into free and more perfect expression. Siena and Florence took the initiative in this revival. Classical forms and knowledge were either buried in the earth, awaiting their later resurrection, or had passed entirely from the memory of man. This was a fortunate circumstance; otherwise, those noble minds to which the world is so much indebted, might have done as did others centuries after them; they might have wasted their genius in the feebleness of copy, and the futility of effort to revive that which, having lost its soul, can never again be a thing of life.

The mediæval-Italian mind in its first Art-efforts was wholly guided by religion; it became, in fact, a con-

fession of faith. We read in its Art the simplicity, sincerity, truth, and earnestness of devout souls. To them, those quaint figures with their solemn expression, with all their faults of perspective and imperfect anatomy, clad in garments of exceeding richness of color, yet of simple fashion, reposing stiffly in their atmosphere of gold, were as angel voices of hope and warning. Guido of Siena, Simon Memmi, Cimabue, Giotto, and Orcagna, were not artists only, but prophets, who foretold the joy of heaven and woe of hell. Each was a Dante in painting ; such as they believed they expressed in a manner so serious, that no modern eye, not dimmed by unbelief in all spirituality, can look emotionless upon their revelations of the bright robes and hallelujahs of the faithful, and the terrible torments of the damned ; they carried their hearts into their Art. For three centuries artists labored in this spirit, and mankind rejoiced in their work. The early German school was equally serious and sincere ; harder in outline, with like simplicity, but more variety and richness in detail, and greater vigor of touch. Albert Durer was its greatest seer. Both Italians and Germans studied and prayed to know how they might best give glimpses of the spiritual world. It was reserved for Fra Angelico, of Fiesole, to invest Art with its perfect robe of spirituality, elevating it at once into the peace, purity, and glory of the celestial Paradise.

Between the new schools of Italy and Byzantine Art

there was this great distinction: the latter simply copied old types; the former, even in employing them, gave to them a new arrangement, and not content with reviving life in their dry bones, the artist gave play to his own ideas. Innocent III. was the presiding genius of the papal see in the thirteenth century. It was an epoch of great talents and triumphant progress for the Church, which attained a power and splendor before unknown. The feeling of this century was eminently religious, and directed by the Roman Church. St. Francis of Assisi awakened an ecstatic enthusiasm and glowing devotion to its tenets that even now seem to linger amid the scenes of his saintly career. Art partook both of the mental impetus and its mystical direction. The Byzantine style did not, however, yield its supremacy without a struggle, involving a transition period, as is discernible in the mosaics of St. Miniato al Monte, near Florence, which, although of this period, are almost wholly of that school, while those of the cathedrals at Pisa, and the former city, manifest the freer conceptions and more dignified expressions of the dawning art. Duccio, in his large picture of the entrance of Christ into Jerusalem, done between 1308 and 1311, for the cathedral of Siena, strikingly displays the departure from the previous incapacity, by his skill in grouping, the fine expression of his heads, and the dramatic action of his figures, imbued with religious feeling, and in keeping with his subject.

Like Cimabue's, his picture, for which he was paid three thousand gold florins—a large sum considering the time—was carried through the city in triumphal procession, his fellow-citizens considering the successful artist as worthy of their highest honors.

The advance from the meagre forms and vacant countenances of Byzantine Art, through all its intermediate steps, until symbolism—as that branch of painting which is guided wholly by an ecstatic imagination, may be termed—found its purest expression in the labors of a Dominican monk, was as from entire darkness to perfect day. Fra Angelico was one of those rare beings born a saint. His devotion took the form of surrounding influences, but the motives which inspired his labors were exclusively the offspring of his own spiritual nature. He is the highest though not the most forcible type of the religious mysticism which pervaded Art during its early revival. His imagination was less remarkable for power than for purity; there is a celestial glow in all his beatified faces that seems to radiate from his own soul; indeed, he never commenced work without first imploring the blessing of heaven. Every time that he painted Christ upon the cross, the tears would roll down his cheeks as if he were an actual eye-witness of his Saviour's agony. With such feeling, how could he be otherwise than ecstatic in his work?

To repeat all the names that distinguished them-

selves in this species of Art would be to fill a volume. Their works and influence are traceable throughout Europe, even to the present day, when a new school, the pre-Raphaelite, has arisen, guided by the same principles. Its object is purity of expression united to truth of outline. As an influence needed to recall modern Art to the necessity of seeking its highest inspiration in Divine truth, it promises well ; but so far as I have seen the works of Overbeck and other able professors, they indicate a disposition to copy the old religious masters, rather than to study as they did ; consequently, what was strength in the one, becomes feebleness in the other. The mediævalists used such science as they possessed to perfect their works : they constantly made progress ; and while they continued in their sincerity, they exerted an influence over the popular mind such as the world has since not seen. But the modern artists of this school are imitators rather than creators. In their zeal for their prototypes they not only seek to revive their motives, but they perpetuate their errors ; consequently we find faults of design, hardness of outline, weakness of tint, inharmonious combinations of color, beside the general mysticism or its opposite overtelling of the story, which was not uncommon among them, while as yet their higher qualities have not been attained. They give us the faults and not the spirit of the age ; even if they could render the latter it would not be desirable, neither

would it be generally received, because *our* age claims more of Art on account of its greater knowledge and opportunities. While appreciating the power of the *feeling* of the mediævalists, it requires also its harmonious combinations with form and color under all the advantages of modern science. It does not believe that progress in Art in any of its branches is to be cast aside, but rather that it must be stimulated to action until it develops a perfect whole. Religious truths can be better expressed in correct forms and beautiful color than in any other way. Nature gives us her highest truths under the most captivating appearances. We may, from the lower level of debased humanity, distort or pervert them to falsehood or sensuality; but, as a universal rule of God, *his* spirit is manifested to us only through form, color, or action, in the garb of beauty. The pre-Raphaelites mistake also their relation to the age in seeking to carry back its intellect to a time when mere symbolism or pictorial writing best embodied its instruction. We are now beyond that, books being the best agents for the conveyance of abstract ideas; consequently, artists who, like Hunt, represent the Saviour as the Light of the World by a lantern in his hand, only make the idea contemptible and themselves ridiculous.

The leading souls of the ecstatic style of painting—I say souls, because the spiritual faculties entered the most fully into their compositions—were, besides Fra

Angelico, Luini of Milan, Francia of Bologna, Gentile and John Bellini of Venice, Fra Bartolomeo, a monk of Florence, Perugino of Perugia, and finally, Raphael of Urbino, who so excelled them all in grace of outline, completeness of detail, and harmony of color, that his name has been ever since a byword for excellence in high Art: perhaps Leonardo should be included in this list, though intellect more than soul characterizes all his works. The same devout spirit which led Perugino to inscribe upon his portrait, now in the Uffizzi gallery at Florence, "*timete Deum*," fear God, was their daily sustenance. Through their works they sought to declare His glory. As Raphael was the climax of this school, so was he the connecting link which united it with more profane Art. The latter portion of his life was given to the study of classical subjects, and to mechanical perfection, by which, in religious pictures, while he gained in naturalness of manner, he lost somewhat that heaven-toned expression which, as in his St. Cecilia at Bologna, distinguishes his earlier works.

While the lofty thoughts of the religious artists required for full appreciation similar purity and elevation of mind, their faults of mechanical execution, unfortunately, were apparent to the commonest understanding, though even these were often forgotten in contemplation of the exceeding loveliness of their works. The later artists, like Raphael and Fra Bar-

tolomeo, had so united the two degrees of excellence as almost to disarm criticism ; at all events, sufficiently to captivate the senses as well as the spirit. Yet the tendency of the religious mind to cling to one extreme produced a reaction in another class, and led the way for a system, which, taking nature for its guide, was called Naturalism. It gave the preference to the truths of physical beauty and action, seeking, however, intellectual motives, but rarely venturing upon the domain of the pure spiritualists.

The proper union of the two can alone constitute excellence ; for it is necessary for high Art not only to have great thoughts, but to be able to express them intelligibly and agreeably. This can be done only by careful attention to form and color in their natural combinations. The superhuman element can, in its best estate, be but partially successful ; but when the artist adheres to nature, impregnating it with thought and spirit as the Creator works to our vision, we feel sure that so far as he goes he is right. Every stone and leaf become then an object of careful study ; a complete natural unity being the aim.

No picture more wonderfully comprises the general truths of Art in an effective unity than the 'Last Supper,' by Leonardo da Vinci, at Milan. It is true that the spectator is obliged to make up an ideal whole from the few scattered bits of the artist's genius still left untouched by time or the restorer. The mystery

of partial destruction, by softening and confusing the lines, may exalt and refine the picture to a certain degree. But the composition is perfect; detached portions of the original colors can be seen; expression and outline are distinct; restoration has indeed marred some features, but the treacherous avarice of Judas, the tenderness of John, and that wondrous head of the Saviour, with its more than mortal grace and serene divinity, a head which combines both human and celestial beauty in one ineffable look of consciousness of coming betrayal and yet forgiving love, remains to haunt the soul as the noblest work of Art.

Naturalism then was the reaction of mysticism. It had its origin in the want created in the public mind by the incompleteness of the latter school. While figures were purely symbolical, accuracy of outline and harmony of color were overlooked, so that the religious idea shone prominent. Cimabue and his contemporary artists were the first to throw off the stupefaction of the Greek school, but its influence is perceptible in all their works. Before him Guido of Siena, and Giunta of Pisa, as early as the year 1200, had ventured to vary its types, and suggest progress to painting. It was reserved, however, for Giotto, who was born in 1276, to found a new era in Art.

Cimabue found him, one day, a youthful shepherd-boy, sketching a sheep with a sharp stone upon the ground. Its spirit attracted him, and he took the

child to his studio, and instructed him in the rudiments of painting. The genius of Giotto rapidly developed, and he soon arose to be not only the founder of a school in painting, but he gave a new impetus to sculpture, architecture, and engineering. His monument is the Campanile of Florence, that glorious tower which Charles V. said should be kept under a glass-case and exhibited only on holidays.

Giotto is more generally known through his pictures, which are now wonderful only as they mark the entire enfranchisement of the Art from Byzantine degradation. Not only did he give animation to his compositions and more grace to his figures, elevating their expression while making them more natural, but he studied the effects of draperies, revived the forgotten art of portraiture, as we see in his lately-discovered and noble head of Dante,¹ and improved coloring. In fine, he made so great progress as to be considered a miracle in painting, and universally known as the author of a new method.

Giotto's mind was of a liberal, generous type, and he altogether a pleasant and joyous personage. He rose above the cramping influences of the merely superstitious fervor of his time, and consequently, being in advance of his age, influenced his successors in Art for more than a century. Dante was, however, the pre-

¹ By repainting, the original outline is lost, so that it is not worth the trouble to seek for it in the prison at Florence.

siding genius of this epoch, spreading his thought over the intermediate generations, until he found in Michael Angelo his most powerful expositor. According to tradition the spirit of Dante visited Giotto, who was his intimate friend, in dreams, and aided him in his allegorical designs of the famous frescoes of 'Poverty,' 'Obedience,' and 'Chastity,' which he painted in the church of St. Francesco, at Assisi. Orcagna also borrowed largely in thought from Dante in his great composition of the 'Last Judgment,' in the Campo Santo, at Pisa. He better understood his subject than Michael Angelo, as can be seen in his more dignified treatment of it as a whole.

Nicolo Pisano (1231), of Pisa, was perhaps the artist who first gave form and direction to the school which afterwards produced Giotto, Orcagna, Ghiberti, and other eminent men, each of whom receiving into himself the progress of his predecessors, was inspired thereby to greater exertion and more complete expression. The modern study of the antique, though from few and imperfect materials, dates from Pisano. It influenced his draperies and figures. We find in purity of outline a resemblance between some of the heads of Giotto and the best Greek sculptures. All this indicates the right direction which these minds gave to their genius. It was one not of mere imitation, but of progress, seeking truth in studies either from nature, the antique, or their own ideal.

The labor bestowed by the mediævalists on the development of their art is forcibly illustrated by Paolo Ucello, who was so zealous in his study of perspective as to shut himself up through long winter nights in his fireless studio, despising, in his passion for this branch of his art, cold, hunger, and poverty, replying to the remonstrances of his wife, "*Anima mea, my love! if you could only understand the delights of perspective!*" He was a poor artist because he neglected everything else; but his sincerity, and indeed that of all the great masters of this epoch, stands in striking contrast with the greedy haste and carelessness of later artists, the effects of which were perceptible both on their works and in their characters. "We paint six pictures in a year," says Vasari, a century later, "while the earlier masters took six years to one picture." With such faultiness of execution there existed moral laxity, showing that works done in a vainglorious spirit were fed from impure mental sources. Painters had become courtiers, intriguants, and even assassins. Guido and Domenichino were driven from Naples by the brutal violence of rivals; the latter was poisoned, and later, in Rome, Barroccio met with similar treachery from like jealousy.

Other Italian cities preceded Florence somewhat in the artistic movement of the thirteenth century. There were many artists of repute all over Italy at this time, as is evident from its ecclesiastical architec-

ture, which embodied a profusion of sculpture and painting. Indeed, there was a general awakening of mind from its long paralysis. Florence, however, bore away the palm of progress, and contributed more than any other city to the spread of Art, mainly from the impetus given it by Giotto.

Artists multiplied with unprecedented rapidity. The public taste demanded their labors in every department in which painting or sculpture could be introduced. The first great thought of the aroused intellect was, as we have seen, eminently religious. Originating in Italy, it spread over Europe, and gave the world all those noble varieties of Christian architecture which are classed under the general term Gothic. Other forms have been tried in various ages, but they all fail in comparison with this style as an expression of the feeling and thought of spiritual devotion. There is reason for this. The earliest forms of sacred edifices were but a modification of pagan basilicas. In the Renaissance we see a partial revival of heathen temples, without their simplicity and beauty of proportions; instead, a profusion of meretricious ornament, borrowed from classical sensualism and modern luxury, in odd companionship, upon a Christian church.

The spirit of these two styles must necessarily be tainted by their sources, though the former was so thoroughly purged from all previous associations, as to be in every respect superior to the latter. Mediæval

church architecture relied solely upon Christianity for its spirit. It had no other resource, because classical knowledge was forgotten, and nothing left but the Bible as the universal book. This is sufficient of itself to account for the religious feeling of this age. There can be no doubt that if the mediæval generations had possessed the same familiarity with the literature of Greece and Rome, which was the result of a later diffusion of knowledge, they would have exhibited the same love of variety and fondness for classical precedents which characterized their descendants. Human nature in its elements is ever the same. Its proneness to extremes, though stimulating to thought and enterprise, is dangerous to its moral repose. We shall perceive, as we prosecute our inquiry into the spirit of the several ages as manifested in Art, that their essential differences take their origin largely in the reaction consequent upon all extremes. The only true basis for human progress lies in the equal cultivation or balance of all its faculties.

The mediævalists, therefore, were religious from necessity. Their encyclopedia of knowledge lay in the Bible. Intellect was compelled to slake its first thirst in Scripture. Its vigor was that of a man aroused from a long sleep. The puerility and imbecility of Byzantine Art were thrown aside at once and for ever. Bibles were multiplied everywhere in manuscript—a slow process, but one which indelibly fixed

attention upon the narrative. We have noticed the effect of this inevitable study upon the schools it created of architecture, sculpture, and painting. In domestic life its results were no less striking. Having no heathen mythology to go to for decorative forms, or Ovids, Homers, or Virgils for classical subjects for the ornamentation of their dwellings, they borrowed their stories from the lives of Christ and his Apostles, or the histories of the Old Testament. Walls and tapestries related, not as in modern times, the amours of Venus, the wars of Mars, the thefts of Mercury, or the rapes of Jupiter; they were not peopled with Satyrs, Pans, Cupids, or Titans; they displayed no assemblages of gods and goddesses in angry disputation or carnal feasting; none of these things looked down upon them by day and by night. These subjects were reserved for the fashion of more enlightened times. But they did see at all hours, amid their rejoicings or as they slept, holy personages, saints and virgins, apostles and evangelists, martyrs and the symbolized faith for which they died; virtues and not graces, angels and not muses, types of spiritual truths and not expressions of sensuous beauty or lustful passion; these were their daily intellectual food. Amid all things, in church, shop, or bedroom, on the roadside and by the palace, at every street-corner and over every threshold, were the figures of their Redeemer and his holy mother to direct their thoughts still higher

heavenwards. Religion, at all events in its external forms and as *believed*, was confessed by all men and in all places. Youth were taught to rely on spiritual powers for their earthly support and soul sustenance. Charity, faith, the due subjection of the body to the development of its perfect strength, humanity, the succour of the oppressed, the relief of the unfortunate; *Devoir*, *duty* to all men—such were the doctrines of chivalry in the Middle Ages.

Classicism *believed* in its mythology; therefore, its works were sincere. Mediævalism *believed* in its symbolical Christianity; therefore, it wrought likewise in sincerity. The Renaissance, as we shall see, believed in neither; therefore, it had no religious character.

Modernism is but awakening from its dream of sense to inquire how it can worship in "spirit and truth." In the degree that it develops these elements of inner life, it will take precedence of all preceding ages in intellectual dignity and spiritual greatness.

CHAPTER XIII.

SCHOOLS OF ART—SYMBOLISM AND NATURALISM.

ALTHOUGH the character of the revived Art was so thoroughly religious, the public taste demanded that ornament, chiefly of the same element, should enter into every domestic object to a degree that almost obscured its use. Instead of being confined to public edifices and the wealthy classes, it penetrated the most humble households, and was employed on the most common materials. Not only was furniture most elaborately carved and richly painted or gilded, but ordinary domestic utensils were wrought with an attention to ornament which reminds one of the fanciful designs and graceful patterns found in similar objects at Pompeii and Herculaneum. Paintings formed a portion of marriage dowries. The bride's effects were given in chests decorated to the utmost capacity of the then known art. Even saddles, the trappings of horses and armor, were all richly ornamented.

Associated with artists were those trades in which

ornament was conspicuously intermixed. In fact, workers in metal, carvers, gilders, saddlers, and other mechanics, were considered as on a level with artists. This did not so much elevate manufacture as it tended to degrade Art.

There existed, however, a reason for this association in the congeniality of labors. Painting was still secondary, not having so speedily and wholly emancipated itself from traditionary types as sculpture and architecture. Besides, the artist was necessary to design. Even Leonardo da Vinci condescended to paint a buckler. Some of the greatest names in Art were those that arose from the condition of artisans; their genius being developed by the demand for beauty and skill in ornamentation.

This exigence of the public was beneficial to the workman. It prevented him, as in modern manufacture, from degenerating into a mere machine. Both thought and imagination were kept alive in the creation of new forms to keep pace with the public taste. He was interested in his work as an evidence of his own talent, and not the nice adjustment of a steam-engine or the servile copying of a set pattern. Head and hands were equally employed; consequently, not only was mediæval labor more healthful than modern, but it avoided all sameness and mechanical precision. It is true that machinery is a better workman for all purposes connected with mere utility. But when it

approaches the domain of beauty or suggestiveness, its clumsiness becomes painfully apparent.

Machinery is an advantage to the artisan only in the degree that it saves him time for the enjoyment and cultivation of his intellectual faculties. The mediævalist found scope for both in his work. Modern civilization is treading a dangerous path in converting the working classes into mere automatons for the production of objects into which no thought of their own can by any possibility enter. Time and opportunity are needed for mind culture. A trade is wholesome in proportion that it interests and occupies the entire mental and physical faculties of the artisan. Those trades or manufactures that deprive him of all will of his own, degrade him to a bondage infinitely more hopeless than that of the slave who toils in the open air. Statesmen should ponder over the gathering results of merely time-consuming, soul-deadening labor. To it may be traced the restlessness and misery of so many of the working-classes throughout those nations in which Science is paramount to Art. I can see no remedy for the increasing evil other than to give them either time or material for the expansion of their intellects, or so to direct their industry that it shall produce a similar result. The latter can be done only through the improved taste of the cultivated classes, in exacting of labor or manufacture evidences of the mental freedom of the workmen in the produc-

tion of his hands, and resolutely rejecting all those trickeries with which, under the spurious garb of beauty, modern civilization has inundated the world.

The revival of Art was a direct benefit to every class. Entering as it did into all domestic objects, it gave employment to every class of mind, creating in all a feeling and knowledge for Art purer and more universal than the world ever knew before, or has known since, excepting perhaps the best days of Greece. Commerce felt its influence, and by it civilization spread. Mind was stirred to activity throughout Europe. Italy preceded all other countries in this intellectual movement, as she did later in its downfall. The same great ideas sprang spontaneously into existence throughout Christendom, but the germ of progress came from Italy in the course of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries.

My principal object is to trace its Art-manifestations as exhibited under the several moral and intellectual movements of various schools. We have seen the birth of the mystic school upon the debris of the Byzantine, and traced the causes for this religious direction. Naturalism, it has been shown, was the reactionary force of the mind, seeking at first to familiarize spiritual ideas under more correct and beautiful forms. Its real purpose was to give artistic as well as spiritual truths. The first necessity for its introduction sprang from mental repugnance at endless repe-

titions of figures more or less symbolical, and often from rudely-exhibited physical agony or overwrought repentance, more painful to the sympathies than instructive to the soul.

Satiety in this, as in all things, led to disgust and eventual change. Men grew tired of looking upon arrow-struck St. Sebastians and broiling St. Lawrences, especially as they became the vapid topics of inferior hands, whose souls could not grasp any idea beyond the struggles and contortions of suffering flesh.

Were all religious artists, Angelicos, Bartolomeos, or Raphaels, the world would have gazed unraptured to this day. The exceeding loveliness of their works, however, only the more painfully contrasted with the productions of weaker minds, and suggested the capacity of Art for something better. Angelico was wholly immersed in spirit, and never ventured to change his first thoughts, believing them heaven-directed. Raphael and Bartolomeo, on the contrary, studied to improve; to fulfil, if possible, the highest capacity of Art. Consequently, they looked equally to Nature for instruction.

The scope of the religious artists was necessarily confined to those subjects approved by the Church, or made venerable by tradition. Expression was to them everything. They told their story in homely words, but they were words of sincerity and truth.

Their earlier efforts were so restricted to figure subjects, that the want of the variety of the natural world was scarcely felt. When they departed from the human, it was to soar to the superhuman. Some were purely mystical. Others, like Orcagna, told their stories with the startling fidelity of moral purpose, and terrible energy of expression. They neither tried nor cared to imitate nature, except as secondary to their great religious motive.

Now the aim of the naturalists was simply to imitate Nature. Those great minds, who, like Donatello and Brunelleschi, were the first to appreciate its value, saw also of what importance it had been to the artists of antiquity. They did not, however, allow the enthusiasm of a first love to compromise their own individuality. This school took a broader hold upon the human mind. Beauty, indeed, became a primary motive, but the variety of Nature was ample for all tastes in the selection and treatment of subjects, without necessarily losing originality or becoming enslaved to system.

Masaccio was the first great genius in the new style. He studied the principles by which it could be brought to resemble Nature, with such success, that according to Vasari, "his pictures seem to live, they are so true and natural." Perspective, foreshortening, anatomy, gradation of color, in fact, all the mechanical part of Art made a wonderful advance in him, while he was

no less successful in his delineations of mind. His most celebrated figure in the Baptism of St. Peter, in the church of the Carmine at Florence, shivering, as it were, with cold, has been the admiration of artists for centuries. Even Raphael studied him to advantage. He died in 1443, at an early age, after giving promise of talent till then unsurpassed.

Contemporary with Masaccio was Lorenzo Ghiberti, who had just finished those wonderful gates of bronze to the Baptistery of the Duomo, at Florence, which, standing prominent in that branch of Art, at that date might have constituted an epoch in painting, if its professors had had sufficient taste to appreciate their merits. In them may be seen those artistic truths of perspective, purity of design, and elegance of composition, which were not incorporated into Art with equal excellence until later. The variety they give of Nature is equalled by the accuracy with which each object is finished. Not only the human figure, but architecture, the landscape, every bird, leaf, and each pile of fruit, have the freedom and grace of life.

Those who would examine the perfection to which the imitation of natural objects in stone was carried, should look at the carved foliage about the doorways of the cathedrals at Florence and Strasbourg, which seems as if it could shake in the wind and gather dew-drops from the atmosphere.

The religious artists borrowed but slightly from the

natural school. Even their landscapes were in general purely conventional. Naturalism, on the other hand, often went into the domains of religion for subjects, which it sought to invest with the truth and beauty of the material universe. While the two schools are readily distinguishable, many artists united in themselves both styles, endeavouring to attain an ideal perfection from the union of the excellencies of each.

The difficulties attending the religious treatment of Art, in its mystic sense, joined to its leaning towards superstition, and even idolatry, when in the hands of priestcraft, have led to its almost entire abandonment. All of the schools that have come into existence since the fifteenth century, with the exception of the limited efforts of the pre-Raphaelites, have had their root either in naturalism or classicalism. Those artists who have ventured upon religious grounds have been more governed by their Art than their piety. Not one has reached that vigor, sincerity, and purity of expression of the old masters, which, by elevating the thought into celestial realms, disarms all earthly criticism. Indeed, with the early manner of Raphael the school may be said to have become extinct, although occasionally a painter, like Andrea del Sarto, by the exquisite grace of his types, serves to recall the lost ideal. All more modern attempts that I have seen have been utter failures. Even in technical

treatment the want of success is painfully apparent. Prayer and faith made Angelicos heaven's artist. They gave divine grandeur to Bartolomeo, and serene loveliness to Francia. Bernardino Luini's faces inspire an equal elevation of sentiment; but in gazing upon them we cease to be astonished when we know that he saw 'The Last Supper' of Leonardo da Vinci in its perfection. The world will never witness a revival of their inspired Art until artists believe as they believed.

If mysticism had its peculiar dangers, naturalism is no less pregnant with temptations. By too exclusive study of beauty in its more material sense, artists forget the elevating influences of spirit, and apply themselves to the finish of externals to the neglect of the moral and physical unity of nature. Sensuous beauty leads them captive. Great talents may indeed rival nature in grace, but the weaker become merely mannerists or copyists. The various forms naturalism has assumed from its revival by Ghiberti and Masaccio through its several schools until our day, will be a subject of further consideration.

Two discoveries, or more properly inventions, which occurred in the fifteenth century, contributed greatly towards the spread of Art. It is not known whether the classical artists painted in oil, although from what has been asserted of the brightness and durability of their colors, it has been conjectured that such was the fact. Oil-painting was practised in Giotto's time,

as we see by an allusion of Ghiberti to that master: "lavoro in olio." But the knowledge did not spread until 1410, or thereabouts, when a Flemish artist, John Van Eyck, of Bruges, either invented or revived the practice. Previous to this date painting had been confined to the mosaic, encaustic, or fresco methods. The harmony and brilliancy imparted to colors by this discovery greatly excited the Italian artists. One Antonelli of Sicily went to Flanders and obtained from Van Eyck his secret. From him it was imparted to a Florentine named Domenico, who employed it with so much success as to excite the envy of other artists. Among them was his friend, Andrea del Castagno, to whom he revealed the process. Castagno, thinking to become its sole possessor, murdered Domenico, but upon his deathbed revealed the crime and its cause. From him it spread rapidly over Italy, and has ever since been the chief medium of the art.

Somewhere about the year 1450 engraving on wood and copper came into vogue, to the very great advantage of Art in multiplying the designs of the great masters. It no longer became indispensable to travel to see their works. Albert Durer especially cultivated this art, and his example has since been followed by many distinguished painters.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE STRUGGLE.

IN the freedom which immediately succeeded the dawn of Art over Europe individual mind threw off its old shackles, and boldly launched out upon an unknown sea of inquiry. For three centuries a contest was waged between liberty and truth, on the one side inclining to republican forms and progress, and on the other tyranny and falsehood siding with sensuality and superstition. In Italy the latter triumphed by the help of external force and the seductive power of beauty under pagan forms. The influences which led to this unfortunate result are now to be considered; for it is important to establish the fact that during this period humanity and art, science and literature, were making continual progress, developing liberty of thought at each step out of much trial and many reverses until, from causes already alluded to, southern Europe was blotted out of the map of even partial freedom.

Mind being excited to its utmost action had not

only to contend with external tyranny in its worst form, but its own still more dangerous proclivities towards extremes. Hence we find the history of this period strongly marked by contrasts in forms of government, modes of thought, and all those moral phenomena which characterize society in its transition state. Yet amid all this great discoveries were made, wealth and power created, the arts encouraged, science improved, religion was tested, and truths everywhere made progress. These advances were the result of that mental freedom which admitted all men to the proofs of their intellectual nobility.

In Art, as in society, there were two strongly-marked divisions which each of the rival political parties sought to influence to the promotion of their own interested aims. Both saw in Art a powerful ally; one well calculated to sway the hearts of the people. But the directions which each sought to give it were as opposite as night from day. These political parties are distinguishable under the general heads of republicanism and despotism. The former sought to maintain the civil freedom of cities under elective magistrates; the latter to concentrate the entire power into the hands of individuals. In the struggle which took place at Florence we have a fair illustration of the general spirit of Italy at the close of the fifteenth and the commencement of the sixteenth centuries.

Among those active minds, which, partaking of the

spirit of the age, acknowledged no authority superior to its own will, was Filippo Lippi, educated a monk, but born an artist. In all things he was the very reverse of Fra Angelico, being of such loose morals as to seduce a young and beautiful novice who sat to him as a model for a Madonna, which he was painting for her convent, and afterwards refusing to avail himself of a dispensation from the pope to marry her, alleging that between him and his mistress there was no need of a binding ceremony. This fact forcibly illustrates the individual independence of character which aroused intellect had developed among men ; in some cases to the injury, in others to the benefit of society.

Lippi was the inheritor of the genius of Masaccio, but not of his purity. He studied living nature without reference to the antique, and, although a thorough naturalist, painted chiefly religious subjects. Landscape with him, emerging from its conventional religious type, first began to assume its natural variety. In color, likewise, he made a considerable advance ; but in the expression of his Virgins and saints he was unable to overcome his native lewdness, so that they present, by their vulgar beauty, a striking contrast to the pure types which had been up to this time—1400-1469—the chief features of Christian Art. His Madonnas were portraits of the transient objects of his passions, while to angels he gave the air of masked rogues. Where, however, dramatic action and violent

emotions were required, he was at home, and it is to be regretted that he had not always followed the natural bent of his genius instead of attempting religious topics, for which both his nature and habits disqualified him.

I refer to Lippi for a double purpose: firstly, to show what master-mind first led the way in the profanation of sacred Art, by which it eventually became a mere thing of sense, and wholly to be despised, as may be seen in its fullest extent in Correggio; secondly, to exhibit the character of the artists who were most honored by the Medici in their wily policy to subvert the liberties of their country.

Much, however, of the reaction of morals and spread of infidelity of that period was the natural result of previous restraint and unqualified belief. The intellect and imagination had been too long under ecclesiastical bondage. Freedom of thought but confirmed the faith and virtue of some; with others, it led them into sensuality, or left them bewildered amid the mazes of doubt.

At this period Italy was filled with Greek scholars who had there taken refuge, at the capture of Constantinople by the Turks. They brought with them classical manuscripts and the learning—such as it then was—that had come down from antiquity, filtered through so many ages of ignorance and superstition, as to have almost lost its essence and become a mere

skeleton of verbiage. It was sufficient, however, to awaken curiosity and afford additional food to the excited Italian intellect. Paganism and its literature soon banished the Bible and Church traditions from most cultivated minds. Their novelty had all the fascination of a new intellectual excitement. As popes and statesmen the Medici favoured this movement. It diverted men's minds from topics of substantial interest, which might affect their sway, to studies and researches which both chained them to the past and weakened their powers by mere verbal culture; an accumulation of knowledge to no useful ends.

I do not mean to assert that those princes had not an honest love for classical literature. They had. But even they neglected its wisdom in the pursuit of its subtleties, content with the shadow from inability to grasp the substance. Policy likewise taught them its value in aiding their designs, so that they were its patrons equally from taste and interest.

•The effect of the exclusive cultivation of classical literature soon manifested itself among the people. Christianity was either openly denied or hypocritically confessed. Men were so deluded by heathen lore as to mock at those who still held to the truth of the Holy Scriptures. Ovid, Catullus, and Tibullus took the place of the inspired poems of David, Isaiah, and Job. Education felt the fatal influence. The fables of antiquity and tales of mythology became the text

matter of schools. Mind, instead of progressing, was actually turning back two thousand years, and taking its standard from the lesser light of Paganism. Three centuries have passed, and the entire civilized world is still wedded to a method which, in its proper degree, is eminently useful, but which, systematized into barren learning, usurps the time and place of nobler studies, conferring no benefit adequate to the mental application it requires. Indeed, most of the youth who receive a classical education acquire their first and often strongest impressions from Grecian mythology, to the neglect and consequent indifference of the more glowing poetry and spiritual truths of the Hebrew writers.

If such be the result in countries where the entire Bible is in the hands of all men, what must it have been in countries which were forbidden its free perusal, and where the population were taught to rely for salvation on ceremonies or penances which wearied their bodies, and in traditions and dogmas that equally disgusted their minds? Ecclesiastics themselves went to heathen literature for relief. They sickened at their own idolatry, and turned wistfully to another. Scepticism found entrance even into the holy see. The church, by prohibiting healthful food to the intellect, had so weakened it as to leave it without judgment to choose between good and evil. Consequently, from famine it fell to feasting, without testing the wholesomeness of that which was presented.

But other causes contributed to the increasing scepticism, and consequent depravation of manners, beside the too great prominence given to classical literature. To know all that the ancients knew, which could enlarge thought or influence taste aright, could not by itself be otherwise than beneficial as an auxiliary to modern civilization. But to know *only* what they knew, which to them was faith, to moderns became infidelity and an incentive to sensuousness. Pagan Art was raised at once to the standard of excellence for Christian artists. The monuments and statuary of Greece and Rome took that position of ideal perfection which modern Art had hitherto sought from out of the depths of its own spiritual truths. From celestial beauty artists descended to carved stone and imperfect flesh for their models. Their works in consequence partook of the spirit of their choice. Naturalism, in its lower interpretation, daily gained ground upon the purely spiritual Art. Madonnas, Magdalens, and saints were picked up from streets and stews ; by the transforming power of paint, viragos became holy and humble women, saints in glory, while the type of chastity was often taken from mercenary voluptuousness itself. Such were the images before which the youth were often required to kneel at the family or church altars. Men could scarcely look upon the new style of Holy Virgin, clothed in the garb of a courtesan, so says Rio, instead of the traditional simplicity of

attire, without erotic desire. In one church the clergy were compelled to remove a naked St. Sebastian on account of its interfering too warmly with the devotion of the nuns. A worthy citizen, who was scandalized at the lascivious appearance of a Madonna, which he had ordered for his private chapel, requested the artist, Nunziata, to paint him another of an age and an appearance more in keeping with the pure mother of Christ. He sent him a 'Virgin' with a long goat's beard upon its chin. Consider the distance in faith and purity between Nunziata and Angelico, the extremes of religious and profane Art! A gulf as wide was now rapidly opening between two classes of citizens; the one upholding the Medici, the other sustaining the reforms of Savonarola.

Deeply impressed with the growing corruption of the age, and its rapid progress towards Paganism as it existed when despotism and licentiousness jointly swayed the nations of antiquity, Savonarola, a simple Dominican monk, resolved to devote his energies, and if need be his life, to the reformation of his countrymen. It is to be remarked that, if the deepest scandals to religion came from the bosom of the Christian Church, so did the most strenuous efforts to revive virtue and purity. The wickedness of Pope Alexander VI. nerved the heroism of Savonarola to the futile attempt to recal a Borgia to a sense of his duties as the successor of St. Peter. A few years later, the

extravagance and scepticism of a Medician pope, Leo X., aroused in another monk the thunders of an indignant eloquence, that, equally unsuccessful to revive apostolic faith and practice in the heart of christendom, finally tore from Romanism nearly half a continent, and gave to it the doctrines of Luther.

Savonarola has been called the precursor of Luther. His life, like the great German's, was one continual protest against the corruptions of the Roman Church; but he continued to acknowledge its authority and practise its rites, while refusing obedience to the unworthy occupant of the apostolic chair. His mind was in a transition state, wavering between truth that urged him forward, and education that bound him to the past. Still had success remained finally with him, there is not a doubt but that the Reformation in Italy, even if it did not assume the same doctrinal and political shapes that it did in Germany, would have been no less effective towards promoting human progress.

The bias of Savonarola was decidedly republican. He had no faith in popes or princes, such as then ruled. The people, enlightened as to their true interests, he considered were qualified to govern themselves. With the authority of a prophet, speaking to the people, like Samuel of old, in the name of the Most High, he sought to purify the land from idolatry and lewdness of every kind, hewing to pieces the captive vices, with the intent to re-establish the kingdom

of Jesus Christ in the hearts of all. The fouler features of Paganism had taken deep root and spread widely. Against them he directed an eloquence derived from a close study of the Bible, sustained by constant prayer, and inspired by the deepest conviction of the necessity of his mission—it may be also of his direct authority as an ambassador from heaven—with an effect that was truly marvellous. A preacher, with his Bible in the one hand, boldly, and, while his followers kept within the bounds of reason and charity, successfully, attacked a pope, whom no crime deterred from his revenge, and a powerful family, who ruled their country chiefly through the seductions of taste and pleasure.

Had his aim been confined simply to a reformation of manners and improvement in the system of education, there would have been more ground for permanent success, because all good citizens, without reference to political views, must have been convinced of their necessity. Even Lorenzo di Medici could not but have countenanced the labours of a monk directed solely to the cause of piety. The classical taste required pruning, not extermination. But it was not an age for moderation. Extremes meet. However upright and reasonable Savonarola might have been in the outset, he could not altogether control the results of his own doctrines, after the feelings of the people were aroused. On the other hand, although many of

the partisans of the Medici were gentlemen of taste and erudition, they were equally unable to check the spreading corruption which came in with the downfall of the religious school and the revival of classical knowledge. Savonarola preached to, and relied upon, the people. For authority and arguments he looked to heaven. His doctrines were necessarily democratic. The constitution which he drew up for the Florentines was pronounced by Machiavelli to be the very best form of government ever devised for them. Among his friends and admirers were men of the purest lives and greatest genius. Even John de Mirandole, then esteemed a miracle of learning, bore witness to his remarkable powers; as did also the poet Politian, who equally testified to the extent of his scientific attainments and the disinterestedness of his piety. Both of these men were partisans of Lorenzo di Medici, and the latter an ardent lover of the profane literature which Savonarola sought to displace. There can be no better evidence of the true greatness of Savonarola than the enthusiastic devotion of minds like Fra Bartolomeo and Lorenzo de Credi, both artists of high renown; while even the Platonic poet and chanonine, Benivieni, a friend of the Medici, in the hour of his danger published an energetic defence of his doctrines. Raphael, too, admired his character; and ten years after his death, under the pontificate of Julius II., honored his memory by placing him among the most

celebrated doctors of the Roman Church, in his famous fresco in the Vatican of the 'Dispute of the Holy Sacrament.' The solitary and morose Buonarrotti was a member of the political party based upon his principles, and both fought and labored for its existence. Thus it will be seen that eminent men of most opposite characters and all parties united in the bestowal of their suffrages upon Savonarola as a scholar and patriot. It may be inferred, then, that wherein he failed it was owing more to the fatal tendencies of the times than to his own fanaticism.

It is universally acknowledged that extreme danger requires extreme measures. There can be no doubt that religion was scandalized in the extreme when Alexander VI. employed the first painters in the capital of Christendom to adorn the papal palace and the castle of St. Angelo with the histories of his lustful and tyrannical family. But not content with this mockery of virtue in the Vatican itself, he had a notorious courtesan painted as the chaste Virgin; thus stamping himself as shameless as he was profligate.

The popes and princes of the family of the Medici were, it is true, guilty of no such positive outrages against the religious mind, but they encouraged the increasing depravity of manners and contempt of sacred subjects by directly patronising the revival of pagan Art. Pallajuolo, Ghirlandajo, Luca Signorelli, and other able artists were required to perpetuate the

fabulous histories of heathen gods and goddesses in all their scandalous details of lewdness and nudity for the edification of the inhabitants of Christian edifices.

Subjects taken from classical history and mythology, and illustrated by Art, are legitimate studies for all interested in knowing what mankind did and what they thought scores of centuries gone by. In this respect they are valuable, and worthy of the pencil of a Raphael to bring them before us in living energy and truth. The objection to them lies in the selection and treatment. They can be so rendered as to be either simply interesting as an exposition of the past, or positively hurtful as a means of corruption of present generations. Raphael stands conspicuous for the former manner. He could change his subjects at the command of princes, but he carried into them his own innate refinement. Side by side in the Vatican are his noblest works of Christian faith and classical learning, each pure and sincere in spirit.

Not so with lesser minds. They corrupted Art, and the Art they were called to execute in turn corrupted them, while both, united in corrupting the people. Poetry and music equally become vile instruments for the promotion of universal depravity in this miscalled golden age.

It is curious to observe that the same fact which marked the decadence of Art in ancient Rome under the emperors, was equally conspicuous at the com-

mencement of its degradation in the modern city and elsewhere in Italy. The religious Art of antiquity had its ideal types of mythological beauty, the same as its successor of modern times had its conventional forms and countenances of celestial beauty. While the Greek and Roman Art held firmly to its ideality it was respected; but as soon as, at the command of emperors and princes, it substituted their likenesses and those of their female favorites for the features of gods and goddesses, both Art and Religion declined. The difference between the Olympus of Homer and that of Nero was the difference between the senate of republican Rome, when Brennus slaughtered its members, and what it was when an emperor made his pet horse a senator. Jupiter had degenerated into a Heliogabalus, and Venus into a Messalina. The same relative decline in Art and its free spirit took place after popes, princes, and monks were able to set aside the celestial forms of spiritualized ideality for their own earth-worn frames and sensualized faces; or worse yet, for those of the partners of their crimes and debaucheries.

Art, with such men as Raphael, Tintoretto, or Titian, saved itself by their consummate skill from entire spiritual degradation. At all events, their portraits took not the place of, but bent the knee to, divinity. They and kindred minds were, however, but exceptions, whose example was lost in inferior

souls. Spiritualities were reduced to the level of humanity, often buried beneath its lusts, or coated with contemptible vanities, so that which in purer times had been manna for the soul now became "a stumbling-block and rock of offence."

Contemporaneous with the decline of high Art were the gradual encroachments of princes upon civil liberty. Let it not be forgotten that Savonarola, after possessing greater influence and loftier moral power than ever a Medici possessed, because founded upon the noblest instincts of his fellow-citizens, and absolute only in the degree that he convinced their minds, *gave* a constitution to his country. The family of the Medici, having in vain employed Art and wealth to obtain the supreme authority, finally leagued themselves with foreign despots, and by force of arms *destroyed* the constitution of Florence, slew or exiled its ablest citizens, and fastened upon Tuscany a tyranny so subtle and soul-crushing that even at the expiration of three centuries, under ameliorated rule, its population is wofully deficient in manliness of character and patriotic virtue.

What would have been the result had Savonarola been able to permanently establish the semi-hierarchal government which his principles implied, can only be inferred from similar experiments among other nations. Among none, however, has the basis been so pure and enlightened as that promulgated by him. Unlike the

Puritans, he conceded the necessity and power of the imaginative faculties, but sought to direct them to exalted ends. The natural world was to him a source of joy in its beauty. He laboured to divorce the material element from the heavenly, and to turn the hearts of his auditors to the contemplation of its divine essence. Deriving his standard from his own lofty conceptions of the capacities of man for virtue, he strove to exalt him to the same pinnacle. His enthusiasm accomplished so much that he was himself led to believe it to be the result of miraculous power. He preached separately to men, women, and children. Hope dawned upon his mind brightest through his success with youth. In one of his sermons to them he remarked, "that a child who is protected from sin until of age for self-judgment, acquires so great a purity of mind and heart that the angels of heaven come frequently to converse with him." He demanded of children their prayers for Divine success to him in his great work of national reformation, and that the hearts of their parents might be divinely guided in the election of their magistrates.

A more comprehensive reform of all the tastes and affections of a people was never undertaken, and yet in the main it embraced little that was unreasonable or above the capacity of human nature, however much it might disagree with its carnal propensities. In education he claimed that "youth should not receive

a lesson of Paganism without receiving at the same time a lesson of Christianity, and that they should be equally instructed in eloquence and truth." The devotion of saints and martyrs he placed above the heroism of the great men of antiquity, and of more consequence for Christians to know. Love and obedience to God were his two governing principles. He demanded, it is true, the whole heart, and would accept of no partial sacrifice. In this, of course, the world's experience prognosticates failure. This, however, served but to stimulate him, hoping, if not believing, in the Utopia of a perfect government and pure citizens. His course was marked by those seeming contradictions incidental to all great minds in progress, which have led the Protestants to claim him as the precursor of their Reformation, while the Romanists, who burned him, have since sainted his memory. Centuries after his ashes were thrown to the winds, the Florentines were accustomed to scatter flowers over the site of his martyrdom on the eve of its anniversary.

It would be interesting to trace the actions and motives of this remarkable man to the tragic scenes of his death, were it within the scope of this work. I have introduced him only as the antagonistic principle in Art to the Medici—the sacred and profane elements being now engaged in mortal combat—and I must confine my remarks to the part he more directly took

in endeavouring to restore the former to its legitimate position in the hearts of Italians. For eight years he labored to this end, with all the might of a Christian soul.

I have said that his hopes rested mainly upon the youth. It was, indeed, an extraordinary spectacle to the Florentines to see their children, ordinarily so rude, disobedient, and restless with ambition, submit to the absolute control of a simple monk, who spake to them only in words of exhortation or reproach. At his bidding they devoted themselves to pious exercises, the most contrary to their natural inclinations, reciting in their homes the religious lessons he had prepared, while out of doors they attended his sermons, and joined with the full power of enthusiastic devotion in chants to God and the Virgin.

To distract them from profane music, Savonarola had composed sacred songs, adapted to the popular airs. These took the place of the licentious words with which they had been accustomed to intermingle in the orgies of the carnival. He experienced continual opposition; religion was often burlesqued; sacred things profaned; threats were uttered and violence attempted; feuds arose; the pope forbade him to preach; but amid the confusion the undaunted monk went perseveringly on, until all Florence was, as it were, swayed by his will.

In no respect was his influence more perceptible

than in the change of public opinion on objects of Art. Aware of the power of persuasion and example over force, he did not undertake to prohibit the music to which the populace had been accustomed, but he sought to win them to a purer taste by familiar airs with better words sang by infantile voices. In this he showed a political wisdom that met with deserved success.

For a model-convent he proposed that the monks should particularly occupy themselves with sculpture and painting, believing that religion would so keep their labors pure that they should be an unfailing source of spiritual exaltation to laymen. Through Savonarola's influence the entire family of Robbia devoted their new invention—which unfortunately perished with them—of permanently coloring and hardening moulded clay figures, to his cherished ideas. Distinguished warriors hailed the monk as “the pastor of Florence,” and were ready to fight for him had he countenanced force.

In 1496 Savonarola organized a spectacle, which in its results the year following has no precedent in history, unless the burning of the books at Ephesus in the days of St. Paul be considered a like occurrence. That was partial and momentary in its effects. The sacrifice of the Florentines was repeated annually for several years, and embraced every variety of objects and literature which could be considered in the most

remote degree as administering to the lust of the eye or the corruption of the heart. True, it was the throe of fervid enthusiasm, and produced a reaction fatal to its originators. But all noble deeds are the offspring, not of selfish calculation, but of self-enduring feeling.

The occasion selected for the novel ceremony was Palm Sunday. A long procession of boys, to the number of eight thousand, defiled through the streets of Florence, holding in one hand a small red cross, and in the other an olive branch. Some of their number were selected to receive alms for the *Monts-de-Piété*, which Savonarola was about to establish, in order that the poor might have offices where they could pawn their property in time of need, without being fleeced by greedy bankers and money-changers. The boys were succeeded by the clergy and different religious orders in full canonical costume; after them followed an immense crowd of citizens of all ages and conditions. A numerous company of girls clad in white, with white garlands upon their heads, accompanied by their mothers, closed the procession, which moved along alternately chanting original hymns and singing patriotic songs. All the bells of the city, and their number was myriad, pealed joyfully forth in unison with the many thousands of youthful voices that rent the air in praise to God and salutation to their country.

Rio, from whom I mainly derived this narrative, states that the spectators were melted into tears. Even many of the "tiedes," as the partisans of the opposite party were called, who came to mock and interrupt the spectacle, were carried away by the universal enthusiasm, and wept and blessed among the rest. The amount of money and jewels collected was sufficient to establish a charitable bank for pawning in each quarter of the city.

A still more solemn procession was organized in the succeeding years, to represent the triumph of Christianity over Paganism. The children went from house to house demanding, in the name of Jesus Christ and his holy mother, that to them should be given up everything anathematized. By this phrase was comprehended all objects of luxury or Art condemned by their pastor.

Every possible method to enhance the magnificence and striking effects of the spectacle had been put in operation by Savonarola. To more forcibly appeal to the imagination of the Florentines, and attest his influence over customs consecrated by usage from time immemorial, he selected for this fête the day on which the carnival, in all its pagan license, had heretofore been inaugurated. Its object being the destruction of profane, and the triumph of Christian Art, the most remarkable works of the latter, including an infant Jesus by Donatello upon a gold pedestal, from which

he was represented blessing the people with one hand, while the other held the cross, nails, and crown of thorns of his passion, were carried with the procession. With flying banners, and accompanied by the venerated images of saints and the "noble army of martyrs," it traversed the city, collecting alms as before, and chanting psalms, hymns, and patriotic songs, closing with a pious invective against the carnival, thundered forth by the entire mass of children.

The number and value of the spoils collected were astonishing; not only were the tales of Boccaccio and other romances of the same character given up,—the erotic works of antiquity, and the vile modern imitations then so much in vogue, the vulgar and licentious songs and musical instruments—but paintings and sculpture of great price, though of immoral or dubious tendency. Owners and artists rivalled each other in their contributions to the coming holocaust. Several statues of antiquity, to which, from their voluptuous expression and general resemblance, had been given the names of the reigning beauties of the day, were also sacrificed. Fra Bartolomeo, Lorenzo di Credi, and other artists, brought forth all their studies of the nude human figure, and deposited them in the hands of the children to be borne to the scaffold, where they were to be burnt.

This had been erected in the public square. It was surmounted by a demoniacal figure, emblematical of

the carnival and its ignoble pleasures. As soon as all the objects collected had been deposited upon the scaffold, it was fired; the people uniting with one accord in a solemnly-uttered "Te Deum," while the bells of the city rang, and the trumpets of the military added their deep notes to the universal chorus.

Savonarola had pushed reform too far to hope for final success against the powerful cabal now arrayed against him. Many, probably, of the well-intentioned and thinking citizens felt that their free will was infringed upon; the bankers and usurers hated him because their gains were lessened by his charitable establishments; sensualists missed their accustomed supply of carnal beauty, and lusts grew hot by restraint; literary men despaired in seeing their profane scholarship made of no account; artists and even mechanics felt the evil effects of the too-sudden closing of the usual avenues of luxuries; while aristocrats of every degree hated him for his democratic doctrines, and priestly hypocrites for his purity and sincerity: in fine, every class whose tastes disposed them towards an unlimited indulgence of pleasure or sensual desire, or whose livelihood depended in any degree upon the past corruption of manners, leagued themselves against him. With the assistance of his mortal enemy, the Borgian pope, they finally compassed his destruction. In Savonarola terminated the last grand systematized effort to place Art exclusively upon a Christian basis.

CHAPTER XV.

THE VARIOUS DIRECTIONS OF NATURALISM IN ITALY.

ALTHOUGH religious Art in its strict purity perished with Savonarola, yet it left its seeds in mighty minds, which gave it, as a whole, a more complete and acceptable expression. The mystical artists strove for too much in seeking to withdraw Art wholly from humanity. Countenances illumined with holy peace and love, radiant with celestial joy in triumphing over the infirmities of the flesh, emaciated by self-inflicted penances, or racked by the fierce tortures of martyrdom, were indeed good in themselves, and read lessons of high import to man ; but they did not embody the entire excellence of Art, and consequently failed to satisfy the human mind in its love for universal Beauty, however much they might exalt its spirit. Natural forms were in a measure despised, or rendered in so conventional a manner, as in some degree to partake of the character of hieroglyphics. The human figure, in particular, was carefully concealed in ample robes

of the chastest fashioning. Beauty, which was not of strictly a moral or spiritual type, was either unattempted or failed from technical ignorance.

Naturalism, in its wholesome operations, sought to unite spiritual with physical beauty. It believed that all Nature was a worthy object of study. Putting its trust in the divinity which, in more or less degree, invests all the works of the Creator, it went forth with sympathising power, to explore every human emotion, and to probe the entire capacities of creation to the intent to make of Art a harmonious whole. Those laws of matter, through which alone the mind can operate on earth, had been indissolubly connected in time with the spirit, and Beauty made the most perfect medium of interpretation; therefore, what God had joined together, naturalism did not dare to put asunder. Indeed, from the glimpses of heavenly spheres which have been occasionally revealed to holy men, we may gather that perfect beauty is the combination of those forms, colors, and melodies with all that is true and glorious in spirit, which constitute "the things" that God hath prepared for them that love Him, and "which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man to conceive."

By naturalism, therefore, is understood the artistic study of Nature in its entire physical and spiritual completeness. From it proceeds most of the varieties of schools which have risen in modern civilization.

Classical Art was inspired by its mythology, and borrowed of Nature, chiefly its highest type, the human figure, which it tempered with earth-born divinity. For the lower forms of creation it had but doubtful relish. Mediæval religious Art, overlooking Nature, aspired to spiritual truths. Naturalism seeks to restore the balance, and to give to Art the variety and beauty of Nature.

The influence of the old religious masters is strongly marked in Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Raphael. Their early education was derived from them. Michael Angelo, however, also studied in his youth the classical models which were collected in the garden of his patron, Lorenzo di Medici, and from them, probably, strengthened his native bias towards design. From these artists down, there is a progressive neglect of spiritual vitality, and a corresponding attention to externals, resulting in the gradual decline of Art in Italy, and many fluctuations elsewhere. As symbolism preceded, naturalism on the one hand, so another element in Art arose from it, which, for want of a better term, I must define as sensualism. They were its extremes: the latter, as its name indicates, was the corruption of Art, not only by its perversion to the service of mere sense, but in its worst features a monster, the joint offspring of festering paganism and meretricious modernism.

Those of my readers who have never had an oppor-

tunity to observe for themselves the base styles of ornamentation, and the foulness of pictorial and sculptured Art which came in with the Renaissance of pagan studies, under the patronage of despotism, may deem these epithets harsh; fortunately the taste for them has not outlived the immoral rules in which they were generated. Examples survive, however, in sufficient number on continental Europe, to stamp their age as the most licentious and infidel since the Roman empire. It possessed knowledge without faith. Science was the servant of princes, and its laws became the rule of Art. The people, from freedom of thought and vigor of action, became slavish instruments of aristocratic ambition. All of the architecture of this period, say from the final triumph of the Medici and kindred princes in Italy, and during the long Bourbon rules in Spain and France, influencing, as they did, Europe generally, was characterised by pride, luxury, and profuseness of pagan ornament. Ruskin, in the third volume of his 'Stories of Venice,'¹ has so eloquently expressed this truth, that I cannot do better than quote a portion of his remarks on this period of Renaissance architecture, though I cannot follow him to the entire extent of its condemnation, and desire to revive the Gothic for domestic purposes. Whatever Mr. Ruskin writes on Art has meaning, and deserves attentive consideration.

¹ Page 59.

“ And if we think over this matter a little (the pride of state as the chief feature of Renaissance architecture), we shall soon feel that in those meagre lines there is indeed an expression of aristocracy in its worst characters ; coldness, perfectness of training, incapability of emotion, want of sympathy with the weakness of lower men, blank, hopeless, haughty self-sufficiency. All these characters are written in the Renaissance architecture as plainly as if they were graven on it in words. For, observe, all other architectures have something in them that common men can enjoy ; some concession to the simplicities of humanity, some daily bread for the hunger of the multitude. Quaint fancy, rich ornament, bright color, something that shows a sympathy with men of ordinary minds and hearts, and this wrought out at least in Gothic, with a rudeness showing that the workman did not mind expressing his own ignorance if he could please others. But the Renaissance is vastly contrary of all this. It is rigid, cold, inhuman, incapable of glowing, of stooping, of conceding for an instant. Whatever excellence it has is refined, high-trained, and deeply erudite ; a kind which the architect well knows no common mind can taste. He proclaims it to us aloud, ‘ You cannot feel my work unless you study Vitruvius. I will give you no gay colour, no pleasant sculpture, nothing to make you happy, for I am a learned man. All the pleasure you can have in anything I do, is in its

proud breeding, its rigid formalism, its perfect finish, its cold tranquillity. I do not work for the vulgar, only for the men of the academy and the court.' ”

This is true. Gothic architecture gives life to the heart, it rejoices all men. Renaissance, in its best estate, arouses no emotion beyond intellectual approbation of the purity of its materials, the beauty of its proportions, and the high finish of its ornament. In its worst estate it is a blot upon humanity and a libel upon taste. There is no fear of its permanent introduction into America. Even in England, where it has been elevated by the genius of Inigo Jones, as we see it in St. Paul's and Whitehall, it enters as it were only by stealth and in a modified form. Venice exhibits its purest and basest features. There we see all that is admirable in it, as in the Casa Grimani, on the Grand Canal and the later portions of the Ducal palace; at Florence, in the Palazzo Pandolfini, designed by Raphael; in Paris, by the edifices contiguous to the Palace de la Concorde; and in Rome, by St. Peter's, the combined work of Bramante, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. Compare these buildings, as wholes, with the preceding architecture, and tell me which takes deepest hold on the mind! The Casa Grimani, or the charming Gothic palace on the Grand Canal at Venice, now occupied by Taglioni; the canal or sea façade of the Ducal palace; the Ricardi palace, at Florence, or the Doria Pamfili

palace at Rome; Santa Maria del Fiore of the former city, or the modernised basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore of the latter; the Siena cathedral, or the church of the Jesuits at Venice, or any church of that order in any part of the world; the venerable Lombard church at Coire, in the centre of the Alps, or Nôtre Dame de Lorette, at Paris; in fine, all the churches and palaces built previous to those built after Palladio and Sansovino introduced their medley of classicalism and modernism into architecture.

The fatal influence of Renaissance, which term I apply more particularly to the revived types of antiquity, as developed by the rule of princes, was more perceptible in its effects upon painting and sculpture, in detail, than even upon architecture as a whole.

As early as the commencement of the fifteenth century, Dello, a Florentine artist, acquired much reputation, and made a large fortune in the service of the King of Spain, by his skill in ornamenting houses and furniture with subjects from pagan mythology. At first their topics were treated with a refinement which aided their popularity. As manners grew more corrupt, the demand for its more vulgar types increased, until even ordinary nudity and passions were not sufficient to satisfy the morbid appetite which had arisen for the excitements of sense. A new style of grotesque was originated, combining the grosser forms of heathen imaginings with the lewd inventions and erotic fancies

of modern dissoluteness. One of the most prominent examples of this species of ornament is to be seen on the front of the palace of Bianca Capello, in Via Maggio, at Florence. Contrast the lecherous satyrs, half-vegetable Pans, and general character of this fresco, with the design and spirit of that done more than a century previous (1442) on the Bigallo! There we see angels and holy men and women, modestly clad, listening to "glad tidings of exceeding great joy." With such facts staring us in our face, we are continually prating about the progress of modern times in virtue. We have a great work on hand to get back in taste and morality to even where Raphael left Art, after the allurements of a sensual court had done their worst on his mind.

Michael Angelo swayed Art after a different manner. His power lay in majesty or grandeur. Of color he was profoundly ignorant, depending mainly upon expression and design. In him sculpture and fresco-painting assumed a character which his genius alone could immortalize. He said himself that his style would create inept artists. What was sublime in Michael Angelo became exaggeration among his imitators. Taking him for a master in color, as well as design, the Florentine school that adhered to him, such as Vasari and Bronzino, became vapid in the one and gross in the other. Their works have an anatomical look, as though difficult posture of limbs was of

superior consequence to general grouping and ease. Strength became mere bulkiness, vulgar size being mistaken for heroic dignity, and awkward action for graceful repose. The influence of Michael Angelo in painting, I consider an inauspicious one. With the exception of the dignity and grandeur of expression and posture of certain individual figures, as in the sybils and prophets of the Sistine Chapel, there is no indication of profound imaginative power in his paintings. The 'Last Judgment' is but a powerful condensation of the common idea. It has in it nothing new, nothing that Dante, his favorite poet, had not much more forcibly brought home to the hearts of Italians in verse. The principal emotion at viewing it is wonder at the extraordinary attitudes and skilful foreshortenings. The Saviour is all denunciation, apparently more pleased to send the condemned to hell than to receive the saved into heaven. The whole painting is out of harmony with its spirit and Art itself. There was an impatience about Michael Angelo that seldom permitted him to finish his own conceptions, and even more rarely to study all the details necessary to preserve their unity. He was exceedingly great in parts, but the sacrifices in other respects are painfully apparent. In his unfinished sculpture he often appears greatest. No artist ever excelled him in awe and sublimity. He was a great creative genius, going to Nature, less to study her details than to force them to take the direc-

tion of his will. I am constantly reminded by him of an intellectual Titan, struggling against the impotency of material to express himself.

It will not be worth our while to follow the Florentine school further, but to turn to others which acquired equal eminence, some for one mode of expression of facts, and some for another. Naturalism was the prevailing study. No school united in it all its capacities. A few artists only have suggested them.

The three principal schools of Italy, beside the Florentine, were the Roman, Bolognese, and Venetian, each distinguished by separate advances in painting. The Roman was most conspicuous for attention to form, as derived from studies of the antique. Raphael gave it direction. In purity and completeness of design and freshness of composition, combined in one graceful whole, he stands pre-eminent. His pupils imitated him and the marbles of antiquity. There is therefore a greater uniformity of character in this school than the others, both in subject and treatment. They may be divided into the classical and religious, the former preponderating. Of the latter, after Raphael, there is nothing that recalls his early manner. As elsewhere, it became a labor of the intellect, or a trick of hand, to express what was but weakly felt by the spirit. Consequently we find religious Art, though abundantly practised throughout Italy, divested of spirituality and robed in mannerism. Each artist

selected his subject, not to exalt piety, but to display his skill. Its essence was rather from his imagination than his soul. We have noble religious paintings in the sixteenth century, but they speak louder of the artist than his theme. Occasionally we find a gleam of the old devout spirit breaking through technical subtleties, to let us know that its seed still existed in man. But, as almost a universal rule, among master minds their manner, more than their story, affects the spectator. We admire their dexterity, and wonder at their power, but seldom go away exalted in our souls. This must ever be the case when Science gives the law to Art. Successful technical treatment had become the great aim. The time formerly given to prayer or devout meditation was now occupied in measurements and experiments.¹ Thus, from one extreme of spiritual ignorance, religious Art rapidly passed into another of vain knowledge, puffed up with its manual dexterity. With inferior minds this degenerated into imbecility

¹ Lippo Dalmasio, an early painter of Bologna, noted for the sweetness and purity of the faces of his Madonnas, never painted the Holy Virgin without fasting the previous evening, and receiving absolution and the bread of angels (the Eucharist) in the morning after; and finally never consented to paint for hire, but only as a means of devotion. Guido Reni sought the inspiration from the works of this painter which was foreign to his own soul, saying, that he "believed Lippo's pencil had been moved by a hidden gift of inspiration rather than mere natural skill, exhibiting (as he did) in those pure mirrors of the ideal a holiness, a purity, and gravity, which no modern artist, however excellent, however studious, had ever been able to attain to."—See Lord Lindsay's 'Christian Art,' vol. iii., p. 217.

both of style and expression. At this hour there is nothing more lamentably contemptible in Italy than the puny efforts of its self-styled artists in religious subjects. Domenichino and Correggio gave us at least a certain stage-effect of piety; Guido Reni, Carlo Dolce, and Sassaferrato, though pure naturalists, were able to endow their sacred heads with an external glow of emotion; but their degenerate descendants have not even sufficient skill to counterfeit sentiment of any nature.

In color the Roman school was dry and inharmonious. Had Raphael lived there can be no doubt but he would have profited from the Venetian school in this respect. That which, however, was pleasing in him became harsh with his disciples. The technical principles of masters are often overdone by pupils, as their spirit is weakened from imitation. This was particularly the case with the classical portion of the Roman school, after Raphael's greatest pupil, Julio Romano, was dead. In design he was more prone to the energy of Michael Angelo than the delicacy of his master. The asperities of his coloring are displeasing. With him, as with his successors, the study of statuary for form alone was detrimental to excellence in other respects.

Attention to color, as the prominent technical expression of Art, was the characteristic of the Venetian school. This was not at its zenith of fame until

Florence and Rome were retrograding. Its tendency was towards great compositions, chiefly illustrative of the history of Venice or the Holy Scriptures. We find in it little that is low or frivolous. It partook of the serious and luxurious character of the noble Venetians, and was attractive even in its decadence from the warmth and brilliancy of its tints.

In its early stage, it was peculiarly grave and solemn, both in color and composition, and imbued with the deep religious feeling which for so long a period characterised the Venetian mind. No doubt the intimate relation of Venice with the Orient, through its commerce, fostered its love of splendor and richness of detail in Art, and confirmed the general taste for deep, strong color. The superior knowledge and deep feeling of its artists, gradually led it from their primary harsh and crude manifestations to the richest and most harmonious combinations of all that constitutes varied depth, tenderness, brilliancy, and seriousness, both in painting and architecture, that modern civilization has witnessed. Giovanni Bellini was the most profound religious artist of Venice. He may be considered as the true founder of her noblest style. Unlike Angelico, he did not aspire to portray pure spirit, but sought to endow humanity with its deepest emotions, sympathising with moral beauty and religious feeling with all the earnestness of a kindred nature. Giorgione and Titian were his pupils.

The latter is the impersonification of the Venetian school.

The Bolognese school had its origin in the brothers Ludovico, Agostino, and Annibale Carracci; pure naturalists, who sought to unite the strength of Michael Angelo, the grace of Raphael, the coloring of Titian, and the magic *chiaro-oscuro* of Correggio, in a harmonious whole, studying Nature for models, and embracing all subjects in their range. The principles upon which their academy was formed, were correct for teaching Art. Individual genius was allowed its bent, instructed in details, and encouraged to develop itself. Rules of Art as then understood, were systematised and universally applied to its progress. Bologna stood high in painting when the rest of Italy had fallen into decline. Still this school is more remarkable for technical excellence than for originality. It was capable of externally perfecting Art, but required the genius of master-spirits to quicken it into genuine life. With lesser talents it degenerated into vapid imitation, burlesquing attainments it sought to rival.

The Umbrian school, in its mystic influence upon others, bears to them too important a relation to be wholly overlooked. It was in the retired and mountainous district of Umbria that the purely-religious Art found its strongest foothold. Among the simple and severe manners which characterised the inhabitants of this portion of Italy, inspired by the devotion of

St. Francis, and other enthusiasts, Art assumed an intensely-religious expression. The Umbrians were a hardy, devotional race, sincere and self-sacrificing in their attachment to their dukes and church. Hence we find that painting here, as in Venice and Florence, partook of the national, or, more properly speaking, sectional tone of mind. It was expressive of fervid longings, earnest adoration, simple manners, and mystic thought; in short, excelling in expression of soul, but lacking force, variety, and action. No sculptor or engraver arose from it. Perugino was its most conspicuous artist, excepting Raphael, who, although born in, and deriving his first inspiration from it, speedily emerged into the wider scale of naturalism and classical knowledge.

Previous to the Carracci, the Bolognese school was governed by the same principle as the Umbrian. It was equally devotional in feeling; and when we consider that its chief artist, Francia, had two hundred and twenty pupils, we can be at no loss to account for the multitudes of religious paintings which still exist in Italy, independent of the great public collections. Vitale, who was of this school, refused to paint the Crucifixion, urging that "Christ was sufficiently crucified already; once by the Jews, and daily by the evil actions of wicked Christians."

Montagna was the most distinguished artist of the Mantuan school. Although a Christian artist in the

mystic sense of his age, yet he was successful in classical subjects, and his treatment of the nude figure, as may be seen in his Apollo and the Muses in the Louvre; which, although highly allegorical, are original in treatment, and possess much grace and beauty. He was succeeded by Julio Romano in this school. He debased its sentiment without improving in any commensurate degree its technical execution. Moreover, he delighted in licentious designs, prostituting his Art to illustrate an obscene and scandalous work of Aretino.

The pupils of Raphael, and later, the principles of the Carracci, influenced the school of Naples; while that of Milan was directed by the genius of Leonardo da Vinci.

The Carracci led the way to a genuine love of landscape. Earnest, industrious, and universal in their studies, they sought to free this portion of Nature from its merely subordinate position in Art, and to elevate it to a distinct branch. Previous to this it had been used simply as an accessory. Symbolism had given it a pure and sincere ideality, without variety, hinting at its elements rather than expressing them, yet carrying the spectator always into clear skies and pleasant fields, or leaving him amidst its sweetest flowers. There was always a congeniality between the celestial and earthly simplicity and beauty, which appealed warmly to the heart. Titian was the first great

natural landscapist. He made sparing use of variety, but his feeling was true and his expression correct. When we reflect on what he suggested of the great harmonies of the natural world, even in the secondary part he gave to landscape, it is really wonderful that artists did not see its value as an independent source of beauty and instruction. A century passed before this was understood, and then only imperfectly.

Salvator Rosa seized upon a few features, and in a half-robber, half-artist like manner, vigorously gave vent to his new passion in a medley of coarseness and refinement, truth and falsity, that alternately perplexes and pleases. To Claude Lorraine was reserved the key of Nature's loveliness in her great elements of earth, sky, and water. He introduced the complete, healthful landscape, striving to express both particular and general truths.

After him arose a mock landscape, the heroic, as Goethe calls it, as unlike the real as it was cold in expression. The Poussins gave the highest type of this, stately and picturesque, studied from Nature, yet partaking not at all of its free and joyous spirit. Their landscapes may be termed dainty falsehoods. The eye finds in them no repose, but gazes bewildered at their artificial beauties. I presume their failure as transcripts of Nature lies in the feebleness of its expression, in comparison with the particular prominence

given the works of man, not in keeping with what the landscape attempts to express.

In another generation pastoralism became the prevailing sentiment. This still further led taste from the healthful ideal. Without being essentially corrupt it was weak and silly; enticing men from realities into pursuit of the incompatible, and disturbing both natural and moral harmony. Seized upon as a new excitement by the prurient fancy of the French school, it became amorous and disgusting, looking to Nature only as a covert for or excitement to sensuality. Below this it was not possible for landscape Art to fall. This century has seen a healthful reaction everywhere. Artists now seek to render, at all events, the externals of Nature, and to give them to us pure and undefiled. A few are penetrating its spirit and catching its inspiration. More of them anon.

Italian Art is remarkable for its absence of humor and of love of domestic life, two elements which abound in the German races. It deals abundantly in high life, in its aristocratic forms, in religious topics, human passion, and historical events; it is prolific of classical knowledge and heathen mythology, but it has failed to give us a portraiture of the people. From it we gather nothing of their hopes and fears, their struggles and enjoyments, their actual, every-day existence; in fact, it negatives their being. Caravaggio is perhaps a solitary instance among Italian artists of repute who

has condescended to recognise the wayward humors and fancies of every-day humanity, but with so much coarseness that we can well forgive the rarity of his pictures. May not this be attributed to the governing principles of church and state which have so effectually paralysed the heart of Italy? Since they became despotic, Italy has produced but one great mind—Galileo. Him they fettered and chafed until he consented in a weak hour to degrade truth by its equivocal denial. Art now lies hopelessly prostrate. A few ideas only live in the minds of some who under better auspices would honor Italy and themselves. With the mass it is an unintelligible word. They have lost even the capacity to comprehend the truths of those great minds who are their daily boast. Treasures of Art incalculable remain in their keeping, but their unction has long since departed. In Florence, the cradle of modern Art, annually, within the very walls around which are hung the works of those great and pious minds that first poured out their souls' strength to regenerate Italy, is exhibited a collection of plaster and canvas trash which would disgrace an auctioneer's room of London or New York. The Florentines call this Art, yawn over it, and go away satisfied that they are still worthy of the fame of their ancestors, and in their self-sufficiency scorn the budding genius of nobler races. Among Italians generally, painting is reduced to a trifling dilettantism, a mere amusement, an occu-

pation of otherwise idle hours, or a simple trade. Copies (?) of masterpieces are multiplied without number by men calling themselves artists, yet content to work for a daily pittance far beneath the wages of a common laborer in America. Their pictures go chiefly to England and the United States, where they pass as facsimiles of the works of those noble minds they so lamentably caricature. Indeed they are often sold as originals. No wonder, then, that there is a popular distaste in those countries for the old masters. Italy defames her ancestral genius, and leads astray those who seek her guidance. There is no cure for this except in the regeneration of her national spirit. Let her cease to believe in her own Art-infallibility, and be emulous only of rivalling her past glories, despising those who would both degrade and barter it away for a "mess of pottage." Her academies are crowded with scholars. Why is it no light arises among them? Whence this universal deadness, where the PAST calls so loudly for genuine EFFORT? Ask those tyrants who quenched her genius in sensuality and despotism. It is time that the mistaken idea that the Medici and kindred rulers were the true promoters of Art should be exploded. They were its destruction. All that was noble and great in Art had its origin among the people, when democratic communities and free cities emulated each other's work and labored to honor God by their genius-directed handicraft. Compare the

spirit which led the citizens of plague-stricken Florence, in the fourteenth century, to employ Orcagna and spend eighty-six thousand gold florins—more than four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the offerings of gratitude—in the erection of that noble shrine to the Virgin which still stands “a miracle of loveliness, unrivalled in grace and proportion,” in the church of Orsanmichele, to the vanity of Ferdinand I., in the building of the still-unfinished chapel or monument of his race in the rear of San Lorenzo, at Florence, on which architectural egotism seventeen millions of dollars are said to have been expended!

Externally it is a piece of unmeaning barbarism, and internally an empty show of precious marbles, savoring only of aristocratic pride and pompous extravagance. In the interior chapel or actual tomb begun by Clement VII., Michael Angelo was employed to make those glorious statues which are *his* monument, and not that of the family of the pope he so vainly strove to commemorate. Julius V., another pontiff, essayed to divert much of the treasure of the Church and the talents of Michael Angelo to the erection of a proud monument for himself. The same pope insisted that his own burly figure, in complete papal costume, borne on a canopy upon the shoulders of men, should be introduced into Raphael's noble fresco in the Vatican, of ‘The Angels driving the sacrilegious Heliodorus from the temple at Jerusalem,’ without

compunction at the historic anachronism he was forcing upon the artist. In another fresco of a scene in the seventh century we find the equally inexplicable portrait of Leo X. So in Raphael's 'Transfiguration,' the monks for whom it was painted required that some of their order, in their beggarly apparel, should be made to accompany the Saviour in the scene of his celestial glorification. This vanity is the ruling spirit of the priests and princes who corrupted Art. It pervades the works of the best artists, such as Bernini and Canova, who owe their success to aristocratic patronage. The simplicity of nature gives way in them to stage effects, and truth to mere wantonness.

Giotto, Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, Angelico, Bartolomeo, Masaccio, Raphael Sanzio, and Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, were artists of the people. The latter two were partially employed, it is true, by popes, but it was, as has been seen, to the sacrifice of some portion of their artistic independence. Leo X. compelled Michael Angelo to spend the very best-years of his life in quarrying marble, simply to gratify a selfish whim.

If the influence of courts were so detrimental to the genius of the greatest artists, what must it have been on less noble minds! Vasari, Ammanato, and Carlo Maratti were the growth of despotism. The genius of Benvenuto Cellini disdained all restraint but his own daring and volatile will. His talent was set

aside, except as it forced its own way, for more pliant material. Where power is concentrated into the grasp of the few, this principle will ever rule. The very authority they possess engenders selfishness with all its petty or sensual aims. Art must be free if it would make progress. It takes root firmer in the hearts of the many than in the tastes of the few. Italy proves this by her experience; yet history, as written, constantly falsifies this fact, out of aristocratic contempt for the people, and to make princes believe that Art thrives only in their keeping. Venice longest preserved the semblance of republicanism. There were no ruling families in her bosom to dictate, as in Florence and Rome, laws and taste for the people. She was governed by an assembly of *wills*, selfish and unprincipled it may be, not for themselves, but for Venice. Artists here were liberally sustained and left freedom of choice, but made personally responsible for the quality of their works. This applied more particularly to architects. Sansovino was employed to superintend the construction of the public library erected to preserve the books given to the state by Petrarch and Cardinal Bessarion. The ceiling of the principal hall was divided into twenty-one compartments, to be painted by the ablest artists. Hardly was it finished before it gave way. Sansovino was immediately imprisoned, fined a thousand crowns, deprived of his office of chief architect, and finally rein-

stated only out of regard to his great abilities and the solicitations of numerous and influential friends.

Venice not only exacted much of artists, but honored them proportionally. A nobler taste and purer expression characterized her style after Rome and Florence were far gone in degeneracy. Even Christianity was here more honored, if not in the heart, in its external symbolism, as inherited from those freer ages when it was the governing principle of civil polity. The practice of a public confession of Christianity in inscriptions on her architecture, as well as its feeling incorporated into painting, tended to preserve alive loftier principles in Art, which even the Renaissance, with all its egotistical appeals to the meaner qualities of human nature, was slow to overcome. "*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomine tuo de gloriam,*" we read upon the façade of the Palazzo Vendromini. This acknowledgment of religion was carried into all their domestic and public acts when the republic was most conspicuous for strength and dignity; and even during the sixteenth century, notwithstanding the prevailing sensuality, their triumphant generals and crowned doges were almost invariably represented in their family pictures as kneeling bareheaded before Christ and the Virgin; an act of adoration first introduced by Giovanni Bellini.

That pious painter, Gentile da Fabriano was invited to Venice, paid a golden ducat a-day, and permitted to

wear the costume of a senator. Gentile's name was characteristic of his works. Ornament he loved for its own sake. He had a keen sense of the beautiful, and a noble, graceful, joyous nature, which particularly endeared him to the Venetians. Some have called him the perfect type of the knightly, as Angelico was of the devotional artist; both were equally pure in sentiment.

Dukes and popes solicited Sansovino to enter their service; his reply was, "that having the happiness to live under a republic, it would be folly to live under an absolute prince." Titian was equally proof against the seductions of royalty to quit Venice; he knew, above all men, the importance of entire liberty to an artist. The greatest men of his age, including royalty and the aristocracy of letters, paid him the tribute of visits at his own home. Of the eminent artists of Venice, the two Bellini and Tintoretto alone were born within her limits. Other great names, of which so many illustrate her annals, were attracted thither by the superior advantages her form of government offered to artists. Titian came from Cadore; the two Veronese from Verona; Palma the elder and Bassano from Ponte; Schiavoni from Dalmatia; Giorgione and Paris Bardone from Treviso; Sansovino from Florence, and Palladio from Vicenza. Holland, too, as a republic, will be found no less favorable for the development of Art; so that those who lament over the

inability of free governments to foster it, are in reality grieving over a fiction of their own minds, while those who deny this truth are lending their influence to keep Art in bondage.

The artists of Italy have been legion. Lanzi enumerates upwards of three thousand worth mentioning, between the years 1200 and when he wrote, 1790. Singular enough, among them all, there are but two females, Elizabeth Sirani, an imitator of Guido, and Sofonisba Anguisciola of Cremona, who acquired reputation as painters. The latter is known by a few portraits only, which portray strength of color and expression, and by the remark of Vandyke, who, visiting her in her old age, at Genoa, said that he had learned from her conversation more of his art than even from his master Rubens. She was greatly honored in contemporary society of the highest rank.

Whence arises this overwhelming preponderance of the male mind in the Arts, if not from a universal law of Nature, which, in implanting deeply in woman the absorbing principle of love, gave to man as his moiety of humanity, knowledge! Copyists there are in multitudes. A few artists of a secondary rank, like Angelica Kaufman, Rosa Bonheur, and Madame Le Brun, have distinguished themselves; but the world still awaits the development of the female into a "great master" of Art.

CHAPTER XVI.

SCHOOLS OF ART—SPANISH AND NORTHERN SCHOOLS—
ART IN ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND AMERICA.

It is not my object to enter into the respective merits of the several schools of Art, but simply to point out their general differences, and such analogies as may be most conspicuous. The principles of Art, on which I have already dwelt, will enable my readers to classify for themselves the degrees of excellence to which each may claim, either in spirit or in execution. For the latter, however, it is absolutely necessary personally to study the works of Art, for no description can adequately convey ideas of the subtleties of technical skill. The choice and general treatment of subjects will, however, guide the mind in its judgment of the actual standard of the artist in an eclectic point of view.

I have said that modern Art had its origin in the thirteenth century, coincident with the general and gradual awakening of mind throughout Europe.

Previous to this time, especially in the tenth century, there had been individual instances of learning, and considerable effort to arouse thought, but unattended with any permanent or universal impression. Where intellect is universally active in the developing of ideas, it is very difficult to trace the exact origin of any one prominent reform or improvement. Coincident with the modern rise of Art in Italy, there was a similar action north of the Alps, possessing the same general characteristics, and differing only in such features as widely-separated localities or contrasts of climates produce. The north certainly had styles of architecture and sculpture peculiar to itself. Her painting also bore impress of another mental type, though less distinct from the southern than the former two. Italy perhaps owes nothing to Germany in the spirit of Art, but she has profited somewhat from her knowledge or example in the treatment of particulars and, especially, in the discovery by Van Eyck of oil-painting, which at once commenced a new era in that branch.

Spanish Art remained isolated from the rest of Europe, until the marshals of Napoleon dispersed its treasures throughout the civilized world. It was an emanation of Spanish character, deeply imbued with its religious tone and serious mien. Although derived in the main from Italian sources, even after they had become infected with pagan leaven, yet it retained in

a remarkable degree a devotional spirit ; delighting in traditions of holy virgins and saints, the martyr-heroes of Christianity, and rarely condescending to common life or profane subjects.

No nation so long and scrupulously confined Art to purely religious motives. There were several causes thus limiting its domain. The Spanish character is naturally grave and decorous. Its etiquette is graceful and solemn, full of sonorous compliments, stately, yet impressive in speech and action. Their religion has ever been remarkable for its enthusiastic devotion and intense fanaticism. Among Romanists they are considered the most Catholic ; among Protestants, the greatest bigots of their Church. They were the last of Christian nations that embarked in the Crusades against the Moors. Venice for many centuries at one end of the Mediterranean, and Spain at the other, were the bulwarks of Christianity. Each had to maintain a perpetual struggle with the infidel for national existence. In both, therefore, we find an enthusiastic devotion to the dogmas for which they fought. The former government, however, wisely tempered its faith with more correct principles of national policy, maintaining its independence while accepting a creed. Not so Spain. She gave herself up body and soul to Rome, with all the fervor of a race more prone to impulse than reason. Church and State in this country became united in an indissoluble league

for the selfish maintenance of their joint rule. No mind was left free either in thought or action. Nothing that in the most remote degree could loosen the shackles of tyranny or superstition was allowed to exist. Consequently Art in Spain became a mere instrument of royalty or the Church, for the furtherance of their aims whether of pride or of power. The Kings being bigots, the Church held the real sway. The more firmly to maintain their rule, by controlling all that could arouse emotion or excite thought, it placed Art under the direction of the Inquisition.

By nature the Spaniards were less disposed than the Italians, to what may be termed the frivolities of Art. They were too dignified to take pleasure in the nonsense and incongruities with which so many of the Italian masters of the sixteenth century disfigured their paintings. Even without the fear of the Inquisition before their eyes, we cannot conceive of them as enjoying the introduction of wrangling curs, spitting cats, beastly monkeys, fiddles and follies of all sorts into canvases devoted to sacred subjects. The censors of Art in Spain justly forbade this, and also the making or exposing of immodest paintings, under pain of exile, excommunication, and a fine of fifteen hundred ducats. An unfortunate painter was actually imprisoned for varying the religious conventional style of dress of the Holy Virgin, by an embroidered petticoat and fardingale, and putting St. John in trunk hose.

El Mudo, so called from being dumb, the Spanish Titian, as his countrymen somewhat ambitiously style him, made himself notorious, by venturing to introduce in a Holy Family a cat and dog snarling over a bone. He never repeated the offence. It is generally believed that Torrigiano, the sculptor, was condemned to death by the Inquisition, for having in a passion broken to pieces a crucifix he had just completed. The popularity of this anecdote, whether true or not, illustrates the severity of the censorship exercised over Art in Spain by the Church.

The Spaniards being by temperament more devout and enthusiastic than the Italians, were also less intellectual and more sensuous. Consequently, their Art was more imbued with emotion than thought. Indeed, its chief characteristic may be said to have been superstition. They carried this principle farther than any other nation. Even in the present century Queen Christina, by no means an example of virtue, in meeting the host at midnight in the streets of Madrid, has been known to descend from her carriage in a ball-dress, and make her way on foot to her palace, abandoning her equipage to the sacred wafer and attendant priests. This external respect had its origin in the fierce bigotry of Philip II. His successors, however loose in private life, conformed to all the outward discipline of the Church. Spain, under the fostering care of royalty, became the elysium of monks. Their princely revenues enabled them to

patronize as well as direct Art. Hence it became doubly their servant. Nowhere are sacred images more multiplied. With them miracles equally increased. The national feeling delighted in a faith so consonant with its innate desires. At Rome, scepticism, worldly aggrandisement, classical tastes or licentious desires, alternately leavened and perverted the ecclesiastical polity. In Spain, on the contrary, the pomp and luxury of the papal ritual not only excelled those of all other countries, but were joined to a uniform severity of discipline and zeal, which have equally distinguished the Spanish Church in every age.

In all, therefore, that the Spaniards undertook in Art there entered a feeling, deeper, statelier, and more universal than elsewhere. "Let us build a church that shall cause us to be taken for madmen by those who come after us," said the builders of the rich and solemn cathedral of Seville, commenced in 1401. To prove their sincerity, the prebendaries and canons for many years gave up the greater part of their incomes to this undertaking. This was at a time when religious buildings took precedence of those which administered more directly to the pride and luxury of man. The fruits of this spirit are still to be seen all over Spain, and her possessions in the new world, in stately cathedrals and magnificent abbeys, in the erection of which, however much we may question good taste, there can be none as to their spirit and expense.

The intimate connection of the Spaniards with their Moslem neighbors, through so many centuries, greatly influenced their taste and habits. Much of their more graceful architecture is directly derived from the Moors. So also the ecclesiastical carving or painted sculpture peculiar to Spain, colored to imitate life, borrows its design from the Arabs, who doubtless obtained their ideas from the colored architecture of Egypt and Nineveh. In this species of sculpture the tints were studied as on canvas; distant views given, the principal figures being detached from the backgrounds, real drapery used; in short, the effect of the whole was pictures in relief.¹

In no respect did Moslem feeling influence the Spaniards more than in their treatment of the female sex. If the natives of Polynesia were not direct proofs to the contrary, one would be justified in supposing that a southern climate tends to arouse jealousy in men, and consequently to keep women in seclusion. But the tribes of Polynesia and other portions of the globe most favored in temperature refute this, by making their hospitality in part towards strangers to consist in proffering them their wives and daughters. Therefore, we must consider the jealousy of the Spaniards to be partly borrowed from the still more sensual nations and sensuous faith with which they were in so close contact, and partly the result of their

¹ Stirling's 'Annals of the Artists of Spain.' London, 1848.

suspicious natures, with a respect for chastity based upon the superior morality of Christianity in constant conflict with amorous temperaments. Thus we find that while Spanish Art abounds in male portraits, but few of women exist. They were also too closely guarded to be ever used as models, as we find so many instances in Italy among high-born dames. No Venuses or Bella Donnas, like those of Titian, or Fornarinas, like those of Raphael, are to be found in Spanish Art. The painting of the nude figure was absolutely forbidden by the Holy Office. Velazquez, at the request of the Duke of Alba, once attempted a naked Venus; but this is almost a solitary instance. So much was jealousy respected among this race, that the Duke of Albuquerque, feigning ignorance of their persons at the door of his own palace, ventured to waylay and whip Philip IV., and his minion, Olivarez, whom he caught on a nocturnal visit to the Duchess.

The character of Spanish Art is in general repulsive to Protestant minds, from its deep tinge of bigotry and fierceness. Its compositions are dark and grand; colors, sombre; tone, solemn; draperies, stately; and figures, majestic. In design it is deficient, for it had but slight anatomical skill, in consequence of its neglect of the nude figure and studies from the antique. Artists who exposed the feet of the Madonna were censured, although Spanish women in general take particular pains to display theirs, on account of their

beauty. Luca Giordana was employed by the monks of Escorial to lengthen the robe of Titian's St. Margaret, because in slaying the dragon she exposed too much of her leg.

The habits of many of the artists were almost as austere as those of monks. Luis de Vargas frequently scourged himself. He kept a coffin in his room, in which he frequently lay down to meditate on death. With all his asceticism he had a rich vein of humor. A brother painter once asked his opinion of a bad picture of the Saviour on the Cross. "Methinks," said Vargas, "he is saying, Forgive them, Lord, for they know not what they do!"

Vicentes Joanes, like Angelico, fasted and prayed, and took the Holy Eucharist previous to commencing work. He was an artist-missionary of the Church—grave and austere in style, imitating the early symbolical manner of the Florentine school at a time when (1523—1579) its unction had long departed from that portion of Italy. I have not seen his works, but they are said to be vigorous, hard, and positive in color. His heads of Christ are greatly praised, compared even with Leonardo da Vinci's; which may not be unlikely, if his feeling, as was said, was derived from those texts of Scripture which represent the Saviour as with "voice altogether sweet, and countenance comely,"—"whose banner over his people was love."

Berreguette, who lived between 1480 and 1561, was

in some degree the Giotto of Spain. He greatly advanced oil-painting in the Peninsula, freed it from much of its previous stiffness of outline, and proved himself both an able architect and clever sculptor, inclining somewhat to overcharged anatomy, though his statues are considered grand and noble in form.

Morales was emphatically a devotional painter, inclining to the sorrows of the soul, particularly of the Madonna, whom he successfully represented as the sorrowing mother. He worked in panel, and bestowed great labor upon his pictures.

Next to Murillo, Velazquez is the best known of Spanish artists. He rarely attempted lofty subjects, but in the main confined himself to court scenes, portraits, sometimes indulging in common life. His colors are dry and harsh, but he possessed great and varied power, particularly in individualizing character, which Rubens, his contemporary and rival, lacked.

Ribera, or Spagnoletto, by which term he is best known, is characterised by a morbid taste for delineating human anguish, not of the soul but of the body. He luxuriated in convulsed anatomy and writhing flesh. Among his favorite subjects are St. Bartholomew flayed alive, Cato of Utica tearing out his own bowels, St. Sebastian's bleeding bosom bristling with arrows, and other masterpieces of horror, heightened by his own sombre management of shadow, from which the eye recoils with disgust and affright.

His Ixion on the wheel so wrought on the imagination of a pregnant woman, that she gave birth to an infant with hands incurably clenched, as in the picture. By so violently shocking physical sympathies this otherwise great artist loses all his power. I quote him as another most remarkable instance of moral inappropriateness in selection and treatment of subjects.

Battle scenes, as usually rendered, are almost equally repulsive, though physical suffering, being less directly and conspicuously individualized, and partially obscured by smoke and dust, less painfully affect our feelings. Artists, however, who, like Salvator Rosa, indulge in unnecessary horror, or ruffianly display of mangled limbs, give offence to humanity. Of this nature was the Spaniard, Esteban March. He revelled in violence. Battles were his pet topics. Furious, reckless, and eccentric, always delighting in the coarse and repulsive, he was a constant terror to his family. In order to excite his imagination to the due destructive pitch necessary to render the scenes most congenial to his character, he was accustomed to rave about his studio like a madman, beating a drum, blowing a trumpet, assaulting the walls and furniture with sword and buckler, and driving his pupils and attendants in fright from the room. He was a rare connoisseur in all that was morbid and disagreeable in the human physique, gloating over uncleaned heads, shrivelled skins, and

the bloodshot eyes and distorted features of intemperance.

It is with pleasure that we turn from such examples as these, who, in their best condition, are a pest to noble Art, to Murillo, who embodies in himself the chief excellencies of the Spanish school. No artist, particularly in his latest manner, in which his outlines are as delicately lost or blended in light and shade as in Nature itself, has formed a more characteristic style, or is more readily recognised. Of his successful and healthful treatment of the merely human Madonna, I shall speak in another chapter. Although by feeling the painter of common nature, yet in compliance with the exigencies of religious taste, he most often essayed sacred and even mystical subjects, treating them with much power and very considerable elevation of thought. He repeated oftenest the 'Mystery of the Immaculate Conception,' if not fully successful in spirit, yet with much artistic ability. His 'Guardian Angel,' judging from the print in Stirling, is his happiest effort in sacred allegory. The original is in the Cathedral at Seville. An angel, beautiful and spiritual in conception, leads a young child—emblematic of the soul's progress through the world—along a dark and treacherous path, and points with his right hand encouragingly towards heaven. The moral is clear and concisely told. Action is in harmony with the idea,—graceful, yet earnest and vigorous. The draperies are particularly fine, not

obtrusive, but simple, chaste, and in unity with the scene.

But Murillo was more at home in the mere outward world. His numerous studies from Nature, sometimes too coarsely rendered, prove this. But I have seen higher evidence of his innate sympathy for the lovely and joyful in the natural world, than those pictures on which his reputation in the public galleries in this respect usually rests, showing that when he affectionately followed the real bias of his nature, he could raise himself to the highest pinnacle of that branch of Art.

The subject is a beautiful Andalusian girl, size of life, half-figure, face turned from the spectator, so as to just disclose the profile, the left shoulder and arm being bare, back conspicuous, but covered in part with linen and blue and purple drapery, which hangs negligently about the waist from the right shoulder. The figure is one of about sixteen years, in that climate, perfect in its most generous and richest development, graceful in position, modest in feeling, and fascinating by a loveliness that combines all that men most prize in richly-developed, innocent girlhood. The outlines fall off imperceptibly into the atmosphere, rounded and mingling with the air. From her luxuriant, brown, wavy hair, that moves in the summer's breeze, flutters a gossamer iris-colored scarf. Her hands are holding up a veil, which she has just filled with luscious grapes from a

vine clinging to a tree in front. The distant landscape is delicately rendered, vaporous, low-toned, the hills and trees telling solid against the sky, which falls back, leading the eye well into space. To the left, in front, are a cluster of trees, and on the ground, pomegranates of Seville, the most natural specimens of fruit I have ever seen. A rich, warm, sunlight falls upon the tender flesh of the young girl, which is full of quality, cool, elastic, and pearly. The shadows on her back are so transparent as to seem to play about the skin. In richness of color, harmony of tints, depth, and naturalness as a whole, no other picture of Murillo that I have seen compares with this, in those qualities which most exalt him as a painter. It is a glorious conception of the glowing beauty of Nature in his sunny home, treated from the heart with the entire capacity of hand.¹

Landscape was but slightly cultivated in Spain. Velazquez and Murillo gave but sketches. Iriarte labored some time in this department, but not enough to create an extended reputation.

The monarchs of Spain spent large sums amongst foreign artists. Galleries of Art became the fashion. Under Philip IV. Madrid could boast more and finer than any other city of Europe. Even now, in valuable paintings, it is scarcely second to none.

¹ In a private collection. Formerly in the gallery of the Duke de Choiseul, and sold thence in 1772.

Among the foreign artists invited to Spain was Luca Giordana, who deserves to be cited as an instance of the deceptive power of fashion in determining reputation. No artist, perhaps, ever so completely filled his measure with contemporaneous fame, or was more popular with all classes, harvesting honors and riches with astonishing rapidity. Now he is scarcely known; if mentioned, more as a warning and an example of a corrupted style and perverted powers than in commendation. His rapidity of execution was marvellous. When employed in the frescoes of the Escorial, lest he should go astray in his pictorial theology, two doctors of divinity were ordered to wait upon him, and solve any doubts as to the orthodoxy of his designs. Every evening a courier was despatched to the king to report progress. One of these reports reads thus:—"Sire, your Giordana has painted this day about twelve figures thrice as large as life. To them he has added the powers and dominations, with the proper angels, cherubs, seraphs, and clouds to support the same. The two doctors of the Church have not answers ready for all his questions, and their tongues are too slow to keep pace with the speed of his pencils."

Contrast this hasty execution with Leonardo da Vinci, who worked four years on a portrait, and then pronounced it unfinished!

By Germany, I include the Netherlands and all those schools which grew out of the Teutonic element

of human nature. Unlike the Italian, it is conspicuous for its love of interior and *home* life, partiality for details and the minor distinctions of individuality. It sympathizes strongly with Nature in her domesticity, if I may be permitted the term, and takes strange delight in exhibiting its commonest truths, often to the destruction of ideal treatment, and sometimes to the offence of refinement and sacrifice of probabilities. This is particularly true of her early religious Art. In it we find a healthful love of landscape, fuller and freer in its expression than that of Italy—especially by John Van Eyck—a greater tendency to merely common and unspiritualized models for religious subjects, studies, as it were, from every-day people and fashions, without regard to historic propriety. Moreover, there is a strange fondness for the *outré* or deformed in sentiment or person, as if Art became more natural by being less true or beautiful. Holy families were facsimiles of living Flemings, and Jewish architecture was taken from Dutch streets. The Virgin's wardrobe was brilliant in jewels, rich in velvets and brocades, whilst her bed-chamber, in carved furniture and artistic workmanship generally, would have done credit to a wealthy feudal lord. The love or feeling for such accessories seemed to be innate in the German mind, and led their artists later to devote themselves almost exclusively to "genre" painting. There is a large 'Descent from the Cross,'

in the Louvre by Quentin Matsys, which represents the three Maries in the fashionable attire of the day, the mother of Christ dressed for a ball, with jewels upon her bare arms and richly-laced gloves upon her hands, in overstrained agony, assisting at the scene.

Albert Durer was deficient in knowledge of proportion, adaptation, and perspective; that is to say, he overlooked their importance in the higher truths of invention and imagination. He had a deep, intuitive sympathy with the common actual life, joined to a devout spirit, ignorant of or caring not for the pagan lessons of antiquity. Severity and earnestness rather than grace or freedom characterize his style. Sacred and common objects are oddly intermingled in his work, but all that he did commands respect from its sincerity and thought. His influence is strongly marked on German Art, giving it individuality, not beautiful but graphic and forcible, which was perpetuated by the Holbeins and Kranach.

Italian classical taste at this time made itself felt in Germany in the choice and treatment of subjects; but not having any firm natural foundation it speedily gave way to that fondness for homely individuality and domesticity which German Art has ever since retained. The Reformation did not, as in Puritan England, quench Art, but it led it away, in a great degree, from the influence of the imagination into the more prosaic and readily-appreciated truths of the natural

world, in search of the practical and common, to the neglect of the ideal and theoretic. But great masters are more or less universal in their range. Rubens, like Titian, was an artist of all time. He drew at will upon imagination, fancy, or reason ; but even he, with a genius rarely vouchsafed to man, was unable to elevate religious subjects above the highest effort of historic Art. The Bellini mantle of holy *feeling* did not descend to him. His Virgins are coarse Flemings, with complexions that savor of the labors of the wash-tub ; while his infant Christs look like little boys just recovering from the excitement of a whipping or a dose of gin. In classical or mythological subjects, and in allegory, he was, however, perfectly at home. Of his power over the natural world it is unnecessary further to speak. Vandyke and Rembrandt, differing widely in their styles, were equally incapable of spiritualizing their religious subjects. Energy and truth of expression were not wanting in the latter, but there was no approach to a spiritual elevation of feeling. His idealism depends mainly upon his subtle management of light and shade, and the subjection of his coloring to the meaning of his paintings. Violent action, firm muscles, and extraordinary positions, not for human but for celestial beings, savoring somewhat of the Michael-angesque, as seen in his Christ driving the money-changers from the temple and in his Angel Gabriel, test his artistic ability to do what he

pleased with human forms and passions, but equally display his inability to express the purer sentiments of the soul. With others, Vanderwerf for instance, feeling is lost in painful labor. The extreme accuracy of finish given to a straw hat diverts the attention from the feeble expression of the Virgin-mother ; while the skin of animals, on which every hair may be counted, claims equal admiration with the nicely-poised angels floating in the air over the manger. There is feeling in some of his pictures, but the excessive and equal finish given to every portion of his technical Art destroys its moral harmony.

This passion for imitation of externals, particularly in detail, is a marked feature of German Art. It constantly sacrifices soul for substances, and finds pleasure in the most common objects and vulgar subjects. Ocular deception with many of their artists appears to have been their highest aim. Consequently, we have brooms and pumpkins painted with faultless accuracy, and scenes of debauchery and boorish violence, that are unmistakably true to human nature, in its low moods. Even animals suffer at times at their hands by being given in moments in which vulgar necessity temporarily destroys ordinary repose and delicacy. There is also manifested a partiality for that which is contrary to natural beauty, the deformed in person or brutal in mind. In short, naturalism among the Teutonic races took the lowest

forms of vulgarity and petty imitation, often even finding delight in slaughter and animal combats. They neglected nothing which Nature offered, whether or not compatible with the true principles of beauty. It was far easier for their common minds to indulge their Art in those scenes which constituted their daily pleasure, than to soar to an ideal which would require a sacrifice of sensual pursuits.

Amid this perversion of sympathy for Nature, we find, however, much that is genuine and wholesome, especially in out-door life. Paul Brill was among the first to give variety and truth to the landscape. In all, however, that the German school has done we find the same over-scrupulous attention to facts, by which the spirit of the whole is weakened. Adrian Ostade, David Teniers, and Paul Potter frequently rise above this, and take us with them into in-door domestic scenes or the common world without, in which everything is pleasing and natural, from its familiarity with daily experience. With all their study and love of the natural world, even the Dutch, though living upon the sea, have never succeeded in rendering its variety or sublimity. Vandewelde is popular, more from the universal failure of other artists of Germany than through his own success.

In our day the Dusseldorff school has arisen upon the downfall of the preceding, but its aims thus far are much the same, except that it aspires to a higher

standard of historic art. The same *outside* painting and fondness for detail and finish, degenerating frequently into mannerism, characterize it, as they did its predecessors. Idealism is sacrificed to Rationalism. The physical truths of Nature are understood, but its feeling overlooked; secondary are preferred to primary truths; hence, although mechanical excellence, particularly in drawing, is common, the nobler art of interesting the soul and giving language to form is scarcely heeded. We have, however, a better choice of subjects and greater Art-probabilities than formerly; yet those who paint only for the eye can never expect permanent success. The flash of the false gem momentarily dazzles, and is as quickly forgotten, while the hues of the rainbow permeate our hearts because of their double office of beauty and promise.

Americans in particular need to be cautioned against the sins of omission of this school, because its best works have been sent to them, and are of a character to attract the uncultivated taste. Test their spirit, however, by the broad principles of unity and harmony in Art as a whole, and we shall find that there is much in them to condemn, and especially to avoid, as violating its greatest elements. Where we should find repose or moral grandeur we are often shocked with confused action, violent contrasts, or exaggerated sentiments. Take, for instance, two of Leutze's celebrated paintings, the 'Storming of the Teocalli of Mexico,

and 'Washington crossing the Delaware.' In the first we have, singularly enough considering the school, an impossible perspective of rude architecture, crowded with the horrors of wounds and slaughter, mothers and babes, warriors and priests, virgins and ruffians, in one repulsive medley of blood, gushing brains, ghastliness, sword-stroke, and lance-thrust, while impotent, unarmed despair, with bare hands and naked breast, confronts deadly steel and sacrilegious rapine. Does such Art as this inspire patriotism? Does it enlist the sympathies or create disgust? We have all that is horrible in battle without the spirit that redeems the struggle. Convulsed flesh and streaming gore are given with shuddering fidelity, but the sublimity of human strife in the repose of anguish too deep for utterance, the aroused passions concentrated into one desperate *coming* life-effort for all that makes earth dear, or subdued by the exhaustion of freedom's last futile blow, are wanting. Pictorial is unfortunately as common as verbal rant. Exaggeration of physical action is mistaken for the quiet of deep mental emotion. Thus in 'Washington crossing the Delaware,' we find the man most noted of all the world for serenity and majesty of demeanor, standing with scenic effect in the stern of the boat, and pointing onwards with all the declamatory energy of a stage hero. Such action as this shows that the artist neither understood the character of his subject nor the rules of high

Art. Contrast with this picture the moral dignity and appropriate action of Sully's great painting of the same subject in the Boston Museum. It is in such differences as these that we find the true measure of distinction between schools and artists.

The imbecility of mere imitation is nowhere more apparent than in the architecture of Munich, the misnamed German Athens. Every preceding age having created something for itself had some excuse in believing that in it Art was exhausted. At all events, previous ages have contributed to its variety. The moderns act as if they believed there was nothing left for them but to borrow the ideas of their ancestors. Egypt was legitimately proud of her Art; Greece found new and more beautiful expressions; Rome added grandeur; the Lombards, the simplicity and rudeness of untamed nature; the Byzantines luxuriated in Oriental fancies; the Gothic races in northern freedom and quaintness; the Italian in mediæval variety and beauty; even Renaissance organized new wholes out of old parts; but modern architects, as seen in Munich, hopeless of their own genius, beg and steal from the past its shadow and glory in their mistimed labors, as if they too had paid their contribution to Art.

Is architecture exhausted? Architects of this century, or more properly builders, for they create nothing new, nothing but what clever imitation or

combination can effect, would seem so to think. They try also to persuade the people to believe in their heresy. No principle is more fatal to Art-progress. The past is a mine from which we can draw rich stores of experience and adaptation to our own wants. But as each age of civilization has identified itself with some advance or variety in Art, the present should aim at no less. Munich, however, has contented itself with a series of architectural shams, classical and mediæval, and claims to be in consequence the patron of Art. In bronze castings and stained glass her progress has indeed been commendable. A new race of artists has arisen in the latter who excel all that has come down to us of the hitherto lost Art of the middle ages. Not only is their mechanical treatment of color and design superior, but in the spiritual expression of their subjects they recall the grace of Raphael and the purity of Angelico. All honor be to them, and to the royal munificence that has recreated this Art in a purity and originality before unknown. But in copying the Loggia of the Piazza del Gran Duca and the Pitti palace at Florence, Munich has shown as little skill in her plagiarism as she has talent in invention. They are mere parodies on those noble edifices—feebleness and nudity substituted for strength and richness.

From the failure of Munich architecturally to attain the much-coveted external nobility, and for

which so much expense has been vainly lavished, it is apparent that true dignity in Art is better found in developing new modes of expression consonant with the *feeling* and necessities of the people; something which, being original, becomes a portion of their history. Grecian temples have had no real success away from their native skies: so of other architectural creations; if they are not in unity with the circumstances of place and time, they are of no more value than mere models or curiosities of another age. The people look coldly upon them, but soon identify their feelings with that which springs from and is adapted to themselves; therefore, the aim of architects should be not to copy, but to create.

The English school has all the healthful love of the German for Nature without its lowness. Such religious Art as it possessed was extinguished by the Reformation. Indeed, Art of all kinds met with a narrow escape at the hands of the Puritans. Under more liberal views of human nature it again rose; but it has ever maintained a secondary position to science, being considered rather as an accomplishment for the cultivated than a necessity for all classes. As a national passion it does not exist; yet, probably, there is no country in which there is a better understanding of its principles, as we see in Music, by the few who have given it attention. What they do, they do thoroughly and systematically; so that it is from England

that the world of late has received the soundest criticisms on Art. With all this, however, there is much that is false in public taste, and but little that is really good or original in their modern architecture. This arises from the wrong direction given by professional men to Art-studies. Instead of stimulating English thought to trust in itself, it has taught it to put its faith in the creations of other countries ; the result has been much copying and corresponding bad taste. Mind, however, in England, is beginning to throw off this thralldom. Evidences of a new era in Art are apparent. Those sound elements of British character which lie at the bottom of its common life in its deeper meaning, the fruition of which is in English homes, and its pleasure in a sympathy with external Nature in her healthiest action and formations, are now beginning to stimulate Art to their real expression ; hence landscape, domestic life, and national humor, have all found able artists to express their vivifying truths. An attempt to revive symbolical Art has been made, but this can live only under the devotional forms of pure Romanism. English Art as yet has not essayed to rival Italy in its loftiest expressions ; there is a moral, notwithstanding, in its common form, and but few men, if any, have been found willing to violate the wholesome natural instincts of the nation, as manifested in feeling for animals, manly exercises, and ordinary humanity. The morbid perversities and low debaucheries of the Dutch,

or the selfishness and sensualities of the later Italian schools, would find no sympathy in England ; neither would their early religious Art, except intellectually, by the appreciating few, for the taint of Romanism is indelibly associated with it in the Protestant mind. Instead of the grotesque, we find humor and caricature, the play-elements of reason more especially, than of the imagination.

The sensual age of English painting in the reign of Charles II. was an influx from the French school ; libidinous in spirit, it manifested itself chiefly in female portraiture, feeble in color, with a uniform expression of refined voluptuousness, and one common type of physical beauty. Since that time portraiture has been a favorite branch among the English ; but, unlike the Venetian school, it has produced little that is serious and noble. With much that is excellent in technical management, the prevailing features are aristocratic pride and the vanities of fashion ; an exhibition of titles or mere animal beauty, decorations, external glitter, and pompous self-satisfaction. In gazing upon British portraits, we are more reminded of the position than of mind. They reveal the weakest part of the national character, instead of giving the noblest elements—the Englishman in all his cold self-sufficiency, but not his innate manliness and sincerity. It would seem from his portrait, that he prized the false or accidental more than the true and permanent ; or, perhaps,

he prefers to keep the inner man from the knowledge of the world, reserving for its gaze only immobility of features and outward distinctions of rank. Beside Titian's heads, Sir Thomas Lawrence's are but as mere substance to spirit ; the one is the ideality of intellect, the other the exaggeration of garb and skin.

The English school owes much to the appreciation of its greatest masters for the truths of color. Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds labored to introduce into England the Venetian feeling. In their own works their success was eminent. With the former, it was joined to an appreciation of the harmonies of Nature, and a delicate sense of her entire loveliness, which made him England's purest painter, and, if we except the peculiar excellence of Turner in his wonderful rendering of variety, her greatest landscapist. He embodies the highest elements of the English mind, in its sincere love for the broad, visible facts and principles of Nature. Color was to him a gift, heaven-born ; what to others was labor, was in him intuition, as is music to many uncultivated minds. The connection between a natural feeling for music and color is worthy of note as proving their common laws of harmony. Titian, Giorgione, Bassano, Correggio, Leonardo da Vinci, and Tintoretto were remarkable for their love and knowledge of music. It is said of Gainsborough, that he sometimes recompensed mu-

sicians who had given him moments of rapturous pleasure with his finest landscapes.

Art, in a political sense, is freer in England than elsewhere in Europe. All tastes find scope and support; theories and arguments are favorably received; sound principles encouraged, and servile imitation of other schools, though to some extent practised, condemned. Yet, with all this, painting has retrograded in the present century since the death of Gainsborough, and is now, with few exceptions, immersed in one common lifeless style, in which technicalities overpower spirit, and both savor strongly of academic teaching, temporary fashion, or the patronage of mere rank or wealth, to the neglect of the nobler inspirations of Nature. Subjects, also, are confined in variety, and treated with much sameness; as a whole, however, there is more freedom, with a purer love of Nature, than on the Continent. We have much to hope for from the English mind.

Between France and England the contrasts are most striking in Art and Taste. The French school has been influenced, to a certain extent, by the Italian; but to no good purpose. Whatever it has borrowed from abroad, it has so imbued with its own vain treatment as to leave scarcely a trace of the original thought. In the reign of Francis I., all of its best Art was from Italy; later it went to the same source, which was itself corrupted, and therefore, worked only evil on an

ungenial soil like that of France. The effect of the Renaissance on the French artistic mind, from the direction given it by Louis XIV., has already been described. Religious Art after that period, in architecture, sculpture, and painting, was equally false ; a caricature and mockery of all spiritual truth. Holy Virgins of this time are pious grisettes, and penitent Magdalens, grand ladies seized with temporary remorse. It is useless to refer to French religious or symbolical Art, except to point out its utter failure. Artists, in general, looked upon the soul simply as a curious phenomenon from which some additional variety of expression might be drawn to grace their work and display their skill. Dead to all spiritual feeling themselves, their reason should have enlightened them as to the fallacy of undertaking what alone heaven-directed truth could express. The few who possessed right impulses lost them amid misdirected technical methods of treatment.

Evidence of a wholesome sympathy with Nature and common life is almost equally rare. The Poussins and Claude Lorraine, though born Frenchmen, were more of Italy than France ; Nicholo was labored and superficial ; Gaspar felt Nature, gave some of her truths, but would not wholly raise himself above the academic tendency of his age ; Claude alone saw into her heart ; but even he was unable wholly to free himself from the mongrel pastoralism and classicalism

which then perverted public taste. The French are eager to claim these artists as of their schools ; Rome was, however, their home and inspiration. Admitting them as Frenchmen, and allowing them all the merit their most enthusiastic admirers can claim for them, their names alone will not save the French school from condemnation as unnatural and pernicious. Joseph Vernet had a genuine feeling for Nature, drew well and forcibly, but lacked the gift of color. Those artists who, like Greuze and Callot, attempt humanity in its ordinary sentiments or passions, are more skilful in rendering the action than emotion. We read the moral from the outside, with greater probabilities of being pained by overstrained external representation, than edified by inward truths.

To my mind the French school throughout combines more that is false with less that is correct, than all others. In truths of color it is behind them all ; accuracy of design is its chief merit ; the most prominent faults are vanity and exaggeration. There is nothing of that wholesome love of Nature, eschewing low life, but delighting in virtuous common, with humor and meaning in all that it attempts, which belongs to the English school ; on the contrary it revels in vulgar wit, affects painful and startling contrasts, has no nice moral discrimination, is not wise in its subjects, neither displays unity in composition, but is perpetually roving for new and extraordinary modes of design, seeking

more to amuse the vulgar than to please the wise. All its power for any purpose lies in external action and glitter. It has no soul.

Aristocratic selfishness, as embodied by Louis XIV. ; regal sensuality, as in Louis XV. ; and the reaction of democratic passion, as seen in the first Revolution, mingled with priestly hypocrisy and sceptical levity, the persecutions of royal bigotry and the virulence of popular revenge, a jest of Voltaire more powerful than a principle of truth, in short, God dethroned and Sense worshipped,—all this was the worst possible training both for Art and Taste. To look for excellence amid such a moral chaos, where truth was the sport of circumstance, would be as hopeless as to search for the cool repose of a Swiss valley with its murmuring waters, in the hot wastes of Sahara, where the simoom each instant threatens suffocation,

Rejecting Christianity as a puerile fable, the artists of France, during the Revolution, looked to classical history as their fountain of ideality. Their style, therefore, became imitative; a mere revivifying of pagan thought, degenerating in most cases into stage trickeries. In consequence there arose a taste for the nude, and for expression in form or attitude, taking its hints from antique sculpture, to the neglect of the more general truths of painting. David's pictures recall the uplifting of a stage-curtain when the whole company are assembled in one tableau. The sole

admiration demanded is for postures and scenic accessories.

The most famous specimens of French paintings assembled in the Louvre are remarkable alike for their violation of the unities of Nature and Art. Take the 'Wreck of the Medusa,' for instance, a subject of unqualified physical agony, death in its slowest and most appalling forms, frenzy and despair, without one redeeming moral feature to give hope or repose to the spectator. The artist has indeed been successful in showing all the animal horrors of starvation, in a degree which beggars description. But what good end is answered by such a representation? The narrative is one unmitigated recital of improvidence and madness. In the painting, the solitude and sublimity of the ocean is unfelt, because nearly all the horizon is lost in one upright glutinous mass of something which the artist intended for a wave, but which it no more resembles in form or color than it does rock. Viscid, and lacking transparency, if it had been a little darker it might have passed for a lava-stream suddenly arrested and cooled as it was about to overwhelm an impediment in its path.

Girodet's picture of the 'Deluge' is another and still worse specimen, if such be possible, of exaggeration and accumulation of external horrors, to the destruction of correct feeling. The two male figures are simply anatomical curiosities. Physical effort in over-

strained muscles, forcibly-expressed joints and strongly articulated bones, recall more effectively the dissecting-room, than studies from the entire human figure, in its ideal beauty. In the celebrated charger, by Gericault, with its hussar rider, in the same hall, a similar delight in exaggeration is visible, as is equally in 'Napoleon crossing the Alps.' Both riders and horses are placed in impossible positions, out of unity with the landscape, and in violation of all moral probabilities. Napoleon abstracted in thought, bending over the neck of his mule, unconsciously hugging closer his cloak as the chill wind sweeps down from the icy peaks above him, is true to nature, and affects us correspondingly. Turn him into a ranting hero on a prancing horse, fiercely galloping over a road which admits only of the laborious climbing of a donkey, and he becomes ridiculous. Art has power to exalt the meanest or degrade the noblest subject. The French school is conspicuous for the latter, throughout its entire range of treatment no less than in its selection. With it Art has never been placed upon its legitimate footing of teacher and representative of beauty. It has been kept either in the bondage of sense, or viewed as a means of intellectual excitement, much upon the par of amusement, to which the national mind is so strongly directed that it becomes a serious care. Consequently every stimulating novelty and new emotion, without regard to truth or moral consequences,

are hailed with all the avidity of minds palled by commonplace pleasure. This has a most disastrous result on Art, from urging its professors to strive after momentary effects instead of permanent truths. Hence it partakes so largely of ARTIFICE, indulging in show, and straining after scenic representations. Of late, however, there are more healthful symptoms, particularly in its direction towards the natural world. Rosa Bonheur is the Landseer of France, and, woman though she is, goes into the pure open air and looks for studies for her pencil amid the animal kingdom, in healthful repose or action. Calame, also, with a broader love for nature, and an imagination that gives tongue to its solitudes and joy to its springing waters and forest shades, is doing much to renovate the national taste.

But the task is seemingly hopeless in face of popular opinion, systematically led astray by the government for centuries, and now chiefly directed to the painful excitements of fields of slaughter, made vivid by the glowing pencil of a Horace Vernet, under the specious pretence of consecrating Art to patriotism. No good to humanity can come from such lessons. Truth, too, is violated. The French are taught to believe that war is the noblest occupation of man, and that their arms are ever victorious. The moral of a Waterloo or a Blenheim never reaches their eyes. The Nile and Trafalgar would lapse into historical myths if

their remembrance depended upon French historical Art. Its vice lies principally in its misdirection ; the fostering of national vanity and a warlike spirit instead of the ennobling of individual sacrifice, the blessings of peace, and the progress of truth.

The United States of America have not yet established their claim to a school of Art. For nearly two centuries the combined influence of Puritanism and the doctrines of William Penn have caused the public mind to look with doubt upon whatever savored of sensuous beauty. The energies of a new country must, also, be given for a long period to the absolute necessities of existence. In America, however, a lustrum equals in progress a quarter of a century in Europe. A feeling for Art is rapidly developing. Architecture, though in the main borrowed from European types, is freeing itself from old forms and adapting itself to the spirit of a new race. In rural buildings this is particularly evident. The noble spirit of emulation and appreciation of Art which led to the erection of the mediæval edifices of Europe, delighting in ornament for its own truths of beauty and suggestion, looking to utility in a secondary sense, is still unknown. Rivalry there is, but unfortunately its direction is towards personal show, the indulgence of vanity, and a display of the superfluities of luxury, instead of being diverted into the wholesome channels of great public works, which would stamp a character of thought and

enterprise upon our age. Yet we struggle onward towards a correct feeling for Art. The desire for something beyond abstract utility and mere sensuous excitement is being felt. We are emerging from the fog of sense and opening our eyes upon the world of Art-beauty, astonished at its capacity to elevate and refine. The variety, purity, and spirituality which it unfolds, are no less wonderful to Americans, who, for the first time, are enabled to indulge in Europe those undefined longings of the imagination, which made their spirits chafe beneath the pressure of calculating utilitarianism and selfish enterprise at home. I do not intend to disparage the motives which have led America so rapidly into civilization and power. They are the first great principles of social progress. But they are not enough of themselves. Something more is necessary to complete the circle of human existence. This we find only in spirit; the loftiest human faculty by which man *feels* Beauty and takes its truths to his soul. I ask every cultivated American what are his sensations as those treasures of Art, in which Europe abounds, for the first time open upon his intellectual vision? Does he not feel the same sense of expansive joy,—a new truth springing up within him, something which exalts him inwardly and perfects his humanity by gratifying innate but heretofore inexpressible longings,—which the dweller amid crowded streets feels, when he also for the first time rambles forth into the

country, breathes the fresh air, and gazes upon the wondrous variety of nature?

Americans wrong their own capacities for happiness by not robbing action of sufficient time to think and feel. Enjoyment to be complete must be universal in its exercise of the mind. There should be no cramping of one soul-feature to the expansion of another, but all should have equal scope for healthful exercise. Sense, by which I mean the substratum of humanity, must be under the guidance of reason, and both in equipoise with spirit, to establish the harmony of man. We elevate our standard of action and thought in the degree that we seek after the ideal, which, aspiring constantly to perfection, equally attracts man onward to his origin and ultimate destination in Divinity. In no way therefore can artists more benefit their fellow-men than by devoting genius to the giving of those truths of nature, which, by promoting progress towards the Ideal, connect man more closely with his Maker.

American Art happily thus far is sincere and earnest in its aspirations. In no other nation have there been manifested sounder principles of range and selection; consequently its start is auspicious. We notice particularly the same love for the natural world and domestic life which characterizes the English school, but fuller and freer in its expression with us, from our more intimate intercourse with a virgin Nature and new scenes of beauty. In the higher branches of Art,

history, portraiture, in fact through the entire wholesome scope of naturalism, including also its spiritual expression, devoid of the pagan leaven, American artists are cautiously but surely advancing in painting. Great masters we have not yet produced, but respectable talents are paving the way to a lofty destiny. The genius of an Allston would have distinguished even the old world. The hope of an American school of painting lies thus far in the freedom and purity of its thought. To preserve these elements intact, great caution is necessary in intercourse with the degenerated schools of Europe. From all perhaps some advances in technical skill, and the development of the mere science of the Art, may be obtained. But so far as my own observation extends, only the best minds can go through their ordeal of show, fashion, and mannerism, unscathed. Weaker intellects lose the freshness, energy, and pure tastes which were their attributes in America, and adopting the degeneracy of European Art, become crude imitators of academic styles or plagiarists of olden thought. There is no fear of failure in American Art on the side of scientific knowledge. It will invent, improve, and cheapen material, to an extent as yet unknown. Fettered by no technical systems, free from the bondage of schools, it has no restraint upon its mechanical development, and everything to hope for in its thought-progress, from the untiring activity and daring vigor

of mind wholly free to act and think, and incessantly stimulated by the pecuniary as well as the intellectual success that attends all legitimate enterprise in America

[But when the public are deluded, as in the case of the Washington monument at the national capital, into the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars to perpetuate a violation of the first principles of Art, it is time that the indignant protest of good taste should be heard all over the land, to spare it a disgrace as lasting as the firm material of which the monument is being constructed. A simple obelisk, as an expression of aspiring thought, is well enough ; but to surround its base with Grecian architecture, detracts from the dignity of the one and ruins the beauty of the other. Neither is in keeping with the character of Washington. Independent of the object of the monument, the nation, if it be completed according to its present design, will be in possession of the tallest shaft in existence, rising from out of a forest of Lilliputian columns—I speak in a comparative sense—much the same as a handle is stuck within the broom at its base. The sole idea in its erection appears to be to build something *higher* than any one else has ever built. Much good may this thought do us ! Our children will be glad, it is to be hoped, to pay a million of money to pitch the monstrosity into the ocean. On a par with the idea of this monument, is the jugglery of balancing a bronze horse on his hind legs without the

aid of his tail. By such nonsense as this the people are taught to look upon Art as a means of testing mechanical skill, without higher aim than mere management of material. Such failures are, however, useful in one sense. They are so conspicuous, when tried by the principles of high Art, that the nation will never be duped into their repetition. In the age that tolerated them will remain the exclusive right of property.

Sculpture, as confined to the human figure, is on a respectable footing in America. No great artists have as yet been developed, but clever men are leading the way to a revival in this branch of Art, by the infusion of new beauty and greater truth of finish that promises much for the future. The first step,³ and one for which Europe may be said to be wholly indebted to America, is the important advance made in busts. Powers was the first American to unite in marble portraiture perfection of finish with a happy expression of character. Others, following in his path, have since equalled and perhaps occasionally excelled him. So distinguished have the American sculptors become in bust-making, that it is universally conceded that they have created a new era in this respect. In statuary, however, the success has been less complete. No great ideas have yet been born. Some single truths of expression or pretty fancies have been put into marble, but, thus far, its success has been confined to clever imitation of the

antique or living models, in parts or whole, in new combinations not always the happiest in ideas or loftiest in expression, but indicating a budding national genius in sculpture, verhaps somewhat too self-confident for its own good.

The failures of America, and indeed, of Art generally, arise chiefly from commencing at the wrong end. Instead of first studying the great principles of Nature, upon which all Art is founded, and working from them *outwardly*, artists too commonly are led by their blind impulses; and looking first to external expression, begin on the *outside* of Art, applying to it primarily the technical rules of material excellence; as it were, building their house before they knew what kind of spirit is to occupy it. This is working in the dark. The meaning of the work must first be considered and the general laws of its expression. Attention should be paid to detail and finish, only as secondary to the great idea. Criticism also should be governed by the same rules, first seeking for correct feeling, evidences of spirit and thought, then looking at details to see if they are sufficiently in harmony to create a complete whole. Generally we find that the eye seizes upon some inferior part, or mere trick or dexterity of Art, and either condemns or praises that. There is no surer evidence of want of sound taste in both the spectators and artist. Great thought and pure feeling intuitively seek their like; common ideas

and false sympathies as invariably seek companionship in their affinities. The artist, therefore, can always test himself in the spectator, supposing intellectual cultivation or native feeling to be equal on both sides. His universality lies in having something to say to all men.

CHAPTER XVII.

ART IN RELATION TO PATRONAGE.

I USE the name Patronage, in this connection, to express whatever directly or indirectly fosters Art. To suppose that money alone is the medium by which genius can be encouraged to labor is an injurious supposition. The true artist requires no such stimulus. He asks simply for the means of support and progress, looking to the nobler sentiment of living in the hearts of men through all time by his works, instead of amassing the riches of Mammon in his own generation. Avarice has injured some otherwise great names; but to the honor of artists, be it said, this vice is not common among them. Some would prefer, with their Greek brother of old, to give rather than to barter away their works; not, however, from the vain spirit that actuated Zeuxis, but from an honorable repugnance to exchange their soul-thoughts for coin, as if mind and work into which they have garnered their affections were mere merchandize. We can no more *pay* for

high Art than we can buy a glorious sunset. Both are gifts from Divinity, to which our homage only is due. To weigh the thought of Shakspeare in gold, if we could, would be sacrilege. Do we estimate the emotions which thrill our hearts from music, poetry, and any of the lofty forms of Art, by the amount of money which the opportunity of communion with them costs us? The moment that monetary calculations solely influence Art, its spirit is lowered and a portion of its freedom lost. Art, like the soul, is priceless. The artist or individual, therefore, who estimates it only from its marketable value, viewing it simply as a source of gain, or in the degree of its cost, has no true feeling. Yet, as money is the medium of exchange, the prices given for a noble work are an indication of the estimate in which it is held. Consequently, we find that for masterpieces nations enter into rivalry, limited only in their determination to possess them, not by any estimate of their pecuniary value, but by their own resources. Let no one, therefore, deem it folly for a people to buy at the ransom of princes, or the cost of war-ships, the works of mighty minds. In doing this they are but laying up treasures of knowledge and feeling for themselves, besides paying a tribute to heaven-lent genius. We pay roundly to protect our bodies; why not equally to instruct our souls?

Utilitarianism falls into another egregious error both

for the artist and spectator in considering Art as mere pastime. If this were true, it would be right to calculate its cost, as for any other amusement. I have said enough in preceding chapters to show that its highest office is to teach. As we advance in great truths on earth we are in an equal degree prepared for our heavenly career. Lucre is a profitless exchange for a soul. Therefore, if we stint our spirit to fill our purse, we have been no wiser than the drowning man who grasps still closer the treasure which carries him but the more rapidly to the bottom.

Art is no pretty pastime for the artist; no trifling occupation to grace idle hours. Far from this. It is his serious *duty*, the life-work to which his soul-energies should be bent for his own good and that of his fellow-men, if he would escape the reproach of buried talents. God requires account of the least of His *gifts*. How much more, then, of His greatest! Is it a *pastime* to serve the Almighty? Yet silly minds prate about the pleasure of being an artist as they would of being a bird. To them he has but to expand his wings and soar over creation with as little sense of labor as the feathered tribes manifest in instinctive obedience to their natures. I shall never forget the indignation which burst from the lips of the truest-hearted artist I ever met, as a lady-trifler, in praising a work which had cost him years of the deepest study and incessant application, remarked, "what an agreeable pastime it

must be for him." She could see only in his picture the facility of execution, and not the intensity of thought.

As money is necessary for the creation of Art, men should give it freely, but judiciously. Genius thrives best when no pecuniary cares disturb its aspirations. Indifferent to outward existence, we often see it as it were without worldly prudence, dependent upon other minds for those attentions to the common necessities of life, to which it is itself oblivious. I would say, therefore, that you cannot bestow *too* much upon real genius. Gold to it, like the refreshing shower to the earth, is sure to be returned through a thousand fructifying channels.

On the other hand, nothing is more mischievous to Art than, from erroneous kindness or taste, buying the works of those who take to it from other motives than sincere love. Every other occupation has its basis in utility. Inferiority in the quality of manufacture does not diminish materially the value of an article in point of use, provided that object is kept strictly in view. Consequently we get what we pay for, so far as use is concerned, but not, perhaps, in regard to excellence of workmanship. Disappointment in this respect does not mislead the mind or corrupt the heart; it simply offends our taste in its most superficial sense. Far otherwise is it, however, with Art when we derive it from impure or insincere sources.

Its mission is too sacred to be the sport of triflers or tampered with by ignorance. Many self-styled artists are confirmed in their mistaken profession, to the detriment of Art and corruption of good taste, simply because their friends, from equally mistaken motives, encourage them in a career for which Nature has not qualified them, to the loss, also, of some industry to which they are especially adapted. Hence too much caution cannot be used in purchases. Temporary kindness to the individual may prove a permanent injury to the public. Art, properly, knows neither nation nor person. Like Beauty, it is universal, with principles derived not from the institutions of men, but the works of God. Criticism, therefore, be it expressed verbally or by purchase, should look exclusively to Art and ignore the artist. By this means only can we keep taste unsullied by motives foreign to its abstract rules. Yet I would not have the eye accustom itself too freely to seek for defects in preference to merits. Better for the soul's good to perceive only beauties than to detect solely the bad. The Thebans carried the impersonality of Art so far as to *fine* the artist who made a bad portrait, on the ground, I presume, of its being doubly libellous. A law good in theory, but in modern times efficacious only through the absolute rejection by the public of every object of Art not manifesting sincerity of purpose and progressive excellence.

We now come to consider in whose hands and by what methods of study Art best thrives. There is no way more sure to elevate it to its just position than by enlightening public opinion. Freedom is the primary condition of all progress. When princes and priests have had the control of Art, we have seen that it has been either perverted, as by the Medici and Bourbons, to selfish and sensual ends, profaned, as by contemporaneous popes, or destroyed, as by the Puritan iconoclasts of England. Hence we may infer that Art is not safe in the hands of, exclusively, either princely or priestly influence. Its only true foundation is in the hearts of the people. With the few, bad taste or corruption, leaven all they touch; they have the effect of concentrated poisons. Among the many, they are lost or neutralised by liberty of choice, freedom of criticism, and the influence of pure, unvitiated love of the natural and wholesome. Such is the case in England and the United States, where, it is true, ignorance and prejudice obtain to a lamentable extent in the popular mind; but at the same time there is a continually reacting, regenerating spirit, proceeding from cultivated intellect and native refinement of feeling, which, having an unlimited scope of action, is ever on the alert to elevate and purify public taste.

It is a mistake, also, to believe that aristocratic rule is more favourable to expenditure for the promotion of Art than democratic government. In its first effect

it perhaps is, from the fact that the dominant few centre in themselves the power, taste, and wealth of the abject many. The more democratic the government the more does it reflect the opinions of the people. In France we see Art—partaking, it is true, too much of the character of amusement—liberally provided for the nation, because a government which did not recognise the wants of the populace, could not exist an hour. An emperor controls their license, but he bends to their lawful claims. In Russia, and all absolute countries, we find that the masses have no *voice* in Art. Even in its early home, Italy, the people, since civil freedom expired, have no influence whatever upon its expression. They are required to be content with whatever their rulers see fit to give them. Any freedom of choice is repressed as a political heresy. Hence Art under all such sways is but an instrument for confirming power or exhibiting its vanity and pride. The appreciation of the people is confined to the will of their rulers, and rare indeed is the exception in which Art is permitted its full, unbiassed expression.

Among popular governments such a condition cannot exist. The Mind being free impresses Art to essay its universal range. There is nothing that is human or natural, but in some degree or other finds affinity in the popular taste. Consequently Art is taken to their homes, and seeks shelter by their fire-sides. From the palace it descends to the humble

hearth, and thus becomes an ingredient of common life, influencing taste and advancing national refinement. The same causes which welcome it into individual hearts give also the means of its pecuniary promotion, so that it will be found that far greater sums in the aggregate are expended for Art in England and the United States by free citizens than elsewhere by despotic governments, though from the fact of the concentration of its objects by the latter, they may make a greater display than the former. From position, also, absolute rulers are more liable to fraud and imposition. Being but individuals, with but limited opportunities for forming a correct task in comparison with free citizens of equal cultivation in other respects, but without the trammels of state and its corrupting influences, they are quite as often conspicuous for their failures as for their success, when they aspire to direct Art. This is emphatically true of the gallery of modern pictures at Munich, under the direction of the king, who has expended vast sums on German artists under the narrowing influences of patriotism in Art, by which he has collected numerous pictures of the most indifferent character. They are, with but few exceptions, of no merit whatever, and calculated to repel a cultivated or to mislead an untutored mind.

The old Roman patricians bought artists as they would cattle, and compelled them to labor in accordance with their tastes or whims. Modern patricians

buy artists through their necessities, and put upon their necks the galling yoke of Fashion. The noble few, whom circumstance or want cannot bend, trusting to what is true in the people to eventually respond to what is true in themselves, abide by the only sure anchor of success. Sooner or later, an appreciating public hail them as their Art-prophets, martyred though they may have been by neglect and censure during their early lives. Be comforted, silent ones! Labor in hope! Sell not your birthright as did the hungry Esau! The time will arrive when you will assume your true position on a foundation all the firmer for being slowly built. Indeed, the number of genuine artists who have not attained both fame and fortune during their natural lives is very small. Titian was recompensed to his utmost wishes; Raphael had the retinue of a prince: other examples might be quoted from past history, but in our own times it is difficult to point out an artist who deserves the slightest encouragement, who has not met with as much success as men of other liberal professions. Even the unsocial and eccentric Turner died leaving more than half a million of dollars, solely the fruit of his pencil. A picture by Murillo has been within three years sold for one hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars; Claude's paintings also, for ten, twenty, and even fifty thousand dollars, and those of other artists for sums corresponding to their reputations, while there are some

pictures, of which the idea of computing their pecuniary value never arises. They may be considered the property of the world. All this shows that genuine Art is speedily consecrated in public opinion, and put above all scale of calculation as to price.

The rule therefore to govern the pecuniary patronage of Art is briefly this: allow of *no* motive foreign to its intrinsic excellence to affect choice.

Academies are of some service in affording means for the prosecution of certain branches of study, and for the collection and exhibition of models. They should be used, however, sparingly and only secondary to Nature. She is the great teacher, the true source of knowledge, expanding the soul in proportion as she elevates the intellect. Great artists have never been the product of academies. They have grown up, as it were, in defiance of them, setting aside their methods and attending to the truth that was in themselves. The true artist is independent of locality or circumstances. His mission is too deeply implanted in him by his Maker for him to escape its fulfilment. It is an absurdity to talk about undeveloped genius. Where genius exists, it lifts its possessor at once above the level of his fellow-beings. When it does not exist, no academic teachings can create it. On the contrary, they foster sterility and weakness, by teaching reliance on technical rules, and encouraging many to proceed in a career of impotence.

Money may stimulate talent in some cases, but as a general rule, it is its death. The direct patronage of public bodies seldom produces useful results in the formation of artists. This is particularly apparent in the productions of the pupils of the Academy of Fine Arts at Paris. Its walls are hung around with paintings of one general character, artificial and spiritless, as if forced into existence from uncongenial soils. Those of 1820, however, in color and feeling, are superior to those previous or later. The copies of old masters would not pass muster in even a Florentine picture-shop. Better than the best of them can be manufactured in Italy, at the rate of fifty cents per day's work. We are not, therefore, to look to the influence of academies or paid salaries for the spread of Art. Better by far were they all abolished, and pupils left to the corrective influences of an independent, unorganised public taste, and the teachings of artists formed in the schools of Nature. In one respect aristocracies have been of service to Art. They have collected and preserved its objects in public museums, when otherwise they might have perished. To them we owe the best galleries of Europe. There has never been, before the United States of America, a republic commensurate in dignity and power with the old monarchies of Europe. What the people may do in this matter remains to be seen. Among themselves they possess more objects of Art than the masses under

despotic rule. This results from their superior means and cultivation. I believe also that great public collections will be formed by individual exertions, and that in time America will rival the old world in its Art-treasures.

Europe does not maintain sufficiently the distinction between a gallery and a museum of Art. The latter, as in the Louvre, should embrace everything good or bad which illustrates its history. The former should be confined to choice specimens of the best masters in their different styles and of all ages, so that the spectator should see nothing but what is excellent in subject and treatment. A few good pictures are far more effective than a myriad collected solely in reference to number. There are upwards of one thousand in the Dresden gallery. Two hundred culled from out this mass would constitute a far more interesting and instructive gallery. The mind then would not be distracted and lose half its time in simply rejecting, or perhaps, misled by trash, overlook those of importance. I believe that Art would actually be benefited, if one-half the gallery pictures were burnt; but as that would savor of Vandalism, it would be better to put aside the inferior into museums open to those who wish to study the progress and spirit of Art, in different generations or masters, reserving for public eye only those that instruct or exalt popular taste. A few, also, have a better opportunity for being rightly

placed, and therefore appreciated according to the intent of the artist, than when there are a great number. No gallery in Europe attracts more attention and gives more satisfaction than the Pitti at Florence, yet in numbers it is one of the smallest. So of the Lichtenstein gallery at Vienna, which never exhausts; but the body and mind weary over the interminable ranges of the Louvre.

Another reform is equally needed. Most of the public galleries of Europe—the National Gallery in London being a wholesome exception—are turned into picture-shops, where not only the vilest trash is openly displayed for sale, but the best pictures so blocked up by scaffoldings and easels as to be almost lost to the spectator. This is particularly the case at Milan and Paris. If the world be content to accept the shadow for the substance, give it, at all events, certain days of the week when it may gaze upon the originals without encountering the above-named nuisances. Perhaps in that way taste may be led to protest against the imposition of charlatan copyists; and finally, by disdaining their stuff, put an end to a race, out of which nothing but eventual disappointment can come, and who are at all times a disgrace to the Art they so wantonly libel. Some respect should be paid to the old masters themselves. Why should they be daily and hourly caricatured and turned into ridicule for those who may never see them face to face?

Would that Rembrandt could come down from his frame and drive these modern money-changers from the temple of Art, with the same vigor of stroke with which he represented Christ as punishing the sacrilegious wretches who profaned his temple!

Modern Art owes, at the least, respect to its predecessors;—something more than mere houseroom and bright frames. The spirit of the past should be spared profanation, and allowed to beam upon us in all its primitive purity and majesty. The same sacred care that the French government shows in restoring and protecting its architectural monuments should be extended to painting. It should not be permitted to be the sport of imbecility. Before any one is allowed to *copy*, let him first exhibit proof of being an artist. This may seem a harsh rule, but its benefits would be threefold. Not only would the old masters be protected in their reputations, by confining copies to *able* hands, but the race of self-sufficient artists and picture-jobbers be expelled from galleries, and driven to the more wholesome fields of Nature, where alone can they hope, if aught there be of truth within them, to expand themselves into anything better than plagiarists, or imitators of greatness which their souls cannot comprehend, and their pencils much less reach. A few genuine struggles with Nature and reading of her lessons would be worth far more to ordinary minds than the range of whole galleries. When they have learned the rudiments of

their Art, then may they hope in time, and with due humility and patience, finally to arrive at the understanding and appreciation of those principles which the Art-masters of all ages have spent their lives in acquiring. This done, they will be the last to pour contempt upon the soul-language of others, and fritter away their own thought and labor by a feeble mimicry, which but confirms the evil and weakness of their own natures. They will approach great minds reverently, as men who have travelled before them the same long road on which they walk. Thus will they finally arrive at the goal which is their aim. Then will they have a legitimate claim to test their own progress by an attempt to rival the excellence which fires their own ambition.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ART VIEWED IN RELATION TO ARTISTS, CHIEFLY IN
RELIGIOUS EXPRESSION.

No one artist has ever united in himself the entire capacity of the particular branch of Art to which his genius has led him. Some, like Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Titian, have been successful over so wide a range of subjects, or have attained so high a degree of excellence in style, as to merit, in comparison with other minds, being considered as complete artists, less, perhaps, from what they have actually produced in any one whole, than from the variety and degrees of their powers. Leonardo was the first to suggest anything like complete satisfaction in Art. This arose not so much from any one work,—though his ‘Last Supper,’ and cartoon of the ‘Struggle for the Standard,’ made in rivalry with Michael Angelo’s ‘Soldiers Bathing,’ might be considered perfect in their kind,—as from his great and versatile talents. These works satisfy science and feeling, at least so far as can now be judged. No

artist more cleverly united knowledge with genius. He was alike remarkable for gifts of mind and body. Well formed, handsome in features, strong in limb, accomplished in all manly exercises, skilled in the sciences, of indefatigable industry, he was at once sculptor, painter, author, engineer, architect, musician, and poet. He was also a good anatomist and mechanic, and wrote learnedly on physics and art.¹ His works are still esteemed; and there can be but little doubt that Raphael was indebted to him for much of his technical knowledge. Machines for swimming and flying were invented by him. He made compasses, hygrometers, cut canals, planned fortifications, and proposed works, which, if he had been allowed to execute, would have still further distinguished him. With all these varied powers he was studious, always at labor, though, perhaps, devoting himself too much to minor objects, instead of developing the higher powers of his genius. He visited market-places to study character, sketching heads, witnessing executions, and telling humorous stories to peasants to catch from them comic expres-

¹ Alexander Von Humboldt, 'Kosmos,' vol. ii., p. 322, says of him:—"He was the greatest physical philosopher of the fifteenth century." "If the views of Leonardo da Vinci upon physical subjects had not remained buried in his manuscripts, the field of observation afforded by the new world would have been explored in many of its branches of science before the grand epoch of Galileo, Pascal, and Huygens. Like Francis Bacon, he considered *Induction* the only secure method of arriving at conclusions in the natural sciences."

sions, and probe the ideas of common life. In fathoming the divine he was no less intent, and with equal success. The grotesque and horrible were treated by him with a power and originality still unequalled, as may be seen in his 'Medusa' and his crayon design of 'Dragons at play' in the Uffizi. For such studies he kept a menagerie of snakes, bats, lizards, and other reptiles. The terrific fury of his horses in the 'Struggle for the Standard' is something beyond description. Thus we find this great artist, though gifted beyond all men in variety of powers, an example to all in application and industry. Like him, every artist of repute has an individuality about his labors that identifies him as distinctly as a man by his features, so that an experienced eye is seldom compelled to inquire into the authorship of any work, which time has pronounced remarkable for any particular excellence.

In a volume like this, intended simply to embody a few practical hints and principles to assist the general reader in his estimate of Art, I can only glance at topics and works, each of which have enough in them for a book itself. With the artists themselves, as with the schools, I must confine myself to the chief characteristics of a few great minds, referring those who would pursue the subject further to objects of Art, which to the amateur are what Nature is to the artist, and to those authors who have treated Art more speci-

fically than I am able to do in a work of so elementary a character.

It will, however, be easy for any one who has thus far patiently followed me to the threshold of the temple of Art to make his own way therein, with no other guide than a general chart, which, in pointing out the main features, may save time and preliminary investigation. Indeed, I believe it far better for the individual, after establishing within himself the broad principles on which Art is founded, that he should walk alone, developing his own judgment, rather than to merge his identity in the opinions or decisions of any critic, however weighty the name. For my own part I have preferred to trust more to my own feeling than to reading, investigating Art itself in place of studying erudite treatises; in fact, I have read but little on the subject. My time for several years has been mainly occupied in seeking to comprehend Art-language, and to test the correctness of intuitive feeling by the sculptured and pictorial truths of its masters. By this course I have undoubtedly laid myself open to professional criticism; but it has helped to preserve my own individuality. This was to me the more important from my desire to develop the genuine impressions of an American mind, unbiassed by extraneous influences, upon its naturalization into the Art of the old world. My prior experiences were derived solely from years of travel in virgin-soils, where

Art was either as unknown as the mountains of the moon, or but a feeble exotic. These "HINTS," therefore, may, to the cultivated European mind, seem like "twice-told tales;" but to the American I trust they will not be without some value.

I shall now briefly illustrate some of the principles of Art, as mapped out in former chapters, from the artists and their works most generally known or easily accessible.

The symbolical or mystic treatment of religious Art is one that appeals so slightly to the common mind,—unless trained to interpret its expression, as in the elder days of Romanism,—that it is unnecessary to recall those artists who, devoting themselves exclusively to the idea, gave hieroglyphics rather than painting. We perceive also a constant struggle to escape from this uninviting style to the more natural, in which thought is clothed in its usual life-forms, to the end that the mind should penetrate the story at once. This led to the more dramatical or historical styles of Art, by which not only the idea but the scene was forcibly brought home to the spectator, under the combined force of attending circumstances and the illustrative power of imagination. By this method Art reached its highest elevation, as we shall see in the works of various masters, each differing in mode of thought and expression, but all aiming at one common result. That which we may term Historical Art, in distinction

from the purely symbolical, had also its mystic form in allegory, of which Rubens was the greatest master. It has, however, never been popular, except with a few individuals, who were content with affectation, or better pleased to be able to interpret, by the subtleties of learning, that which was an enigma to the general intellect. Art is noblest when its simplicity and sincerity, united with technical excellence, make it intelligible to the universal mind. All its truth may not be perceptible to every one; but its light will so shine that the humblest shall be thereby illumined.

I have said that Art owes much of its later degradation to the Roman Church. But this did not take place until temporal power was centralised in the hands of the popes, and they became more princes than ecclesiastics. Upon the revival of thought in the thirteenth century, the people took Art into their own hands, and used it to illustrate the sacred legends and stories of their martyr-heroes, which had so long been current among them. These were repeated in such extravagant forms, and with so many inconsistencies, that the Church at first endeavored, for her own credit, to repress them within more rational limits; but the popular will was too powerful, and she finished her opposition by receiving into her own prolific and orthodox traditions the creations of fancy or enthusiasm which once she was disposed to condemn, preferring to make them an instrument of power, than

to risk her own influence by boldly vindicating the truth.

The monastic orders, that rose simultaneously with the revival of Art, did much to aid its development, by commanding works to illustrate their traditions and myths, as well as the facts of Christianity. Christian Art owes its greatest works, and also several of its most distinguished artists, to the various religious bodies of the Roman Church. Indeed, among them, we find the extremes of good and evil of the ecclesiastical system, to which they owe their origin; the greatest learning and the deepest ignorance; the utmost purity and the most thorough corruption; sincerity and hypocrisy; liberality and fanaticism. From them have sprung the most eminent men of the Church; too partially educated to look upon humanity as a whole, nevertheless of large minds and great designs. Therefore, even the Protestant, in arguing against their existence from their manifold abuses, should likewise testify to the good that also emanated from them, admitting at the same time the urgency of circumstances that led to their foundation at a time when, as it were, the knowledge and charity of the world, such as existed, were intrusted to their keeping. Many of the finest works of Art, now gathered into galleries, were executed at the suggestion and expense of the monastic orders. Their wealth and taste enabled them to command works beyond the ability of individuals,

while their piety protected them equally from the inroads of classicalism and sensualism, though not always from a tinge of bigotry or self-glorification. This lasted until the heads of the Church, under the sweeping changes of the Renaissance, prostrated every barrier before its blighting influence.

The first effect of pure-minded and secluded souls, unlike the Greeks who brought their gods down to the earth, was to elevate man into spiritual abodes, and clothe him in the garb of divinity. From mysticism they rapidly passed, with the times, into naturalism; thence degenerated into sensualism; and now are as far behind the world in knowledge and liberality as they were once in advance of it.

I have before alluded to the mosaics on the ceiling of the Baptistery of the Duomo of Florence, as evidences of the stiff and uninviting features of Byzantine Art, of which they may be considered as an average example. They form a complete pictorial Bible, from the creation of man to the death and resurrection of Christ, comprehending also those ideas, which then obtained, of the thrones and dominations of heaven, its superhuman inhabitants, and the terrific realities of a local hell-fire with its ministering demons. The several histories are all told with the simplicity and vigorous truthfulness that characterize the first impressions of childhood. A huge figure of Christ, clad in robes of deep blue and red, and displaying his pierced hands and

feet, is the prominent object; above him is a representation of the Almighty, as an old man in a red frock, with a carefully-trimmed beard, holding the book of life; on each side are attendant cherubs and seraphs. Beneath the Saviour is the scene of the resurrection; angels are helping the good to rise from out of their tombs on his right hand, while, on his left, great green devils with bat-like wings are eagerly pulling sinners from their graves. Satan, as a huge monster of like color, is seen sitting in the centre of hell, munching human beings; on either side of him are serpents and hideous imps pursuing the damned, who escape their fury only by plunging into lakes of fire. Above the infernal regions, the apostles and saints sit in stiff rows, with books in their hands, while archangels lead the saved in crowds to join them. It is singular that the Virgin is nowhere elevated into heaven; her life is confined to her earthly career. These mosaics were executed about the year 1230, and are a fair illustration of the Art and theology of the day.

In the Uffizzi gallery, there is a characteristic example of the better style of Greek painting, in a *Madonna* and infant, by Andrea Rica of Candia. It dates from A.D. 1200. The drawing has but a vague resemblance to the human figure, either in outline or proportion; while the baby Saviour looks older than his mother, and, turning from her with an unhappy and defiant air, seems to say to some imaginary foe,

"Touch me if you dare!" Yet this class of pictures, notwithstanding their concentrated ugliness and forbidding color, exercises the most powerful influence over the Roman Catholic mind, their sanctity being in ratio of their age and repulsiveness. Even Guido Reni, who was famed for the beauty of his Madonnas, always prayed before one of the oldest and blackest of these Art-abortions, instead of seeking inspiration from the reflected beauty of later and more spiritual minds. To the credit of noble Art be it said, it is never mistaken for an idol; men approach it as the representative of mind and spirit, and by it are led to worship HIM only who creates genius. The impotent attempts of ignorance or fanaticism alone usurp the place of Divinity and induce fools to put their faith in stone or canvas. Ugliness acquires the power of the savage fétich to charm away evil,—a delusion put upon man by the father of lies; but Beauty, founded on truth, points eternally towards its Author.

In the Academy of the Fine Arts at Florence, there is a beautiful specimen of the exuberant style of the pure-minded Gentile da Fabriano. It is an Epiphany, bearing the date of 1423. The historical and symbolical associations connected with that event are admirably united, clothed in the allowable Oriental luxuriance of locality, and displaying a variety in natural scenery uncommon at that time in Art. The far atmospherical distance is gilt; beneath is the ocean,

with a wide range of coast, and many vessels. The land is grand in features, broken up into hills and valleys, sprinkled with cities, and covered with other evidences of advanced civilization. Its broad features are, it is true, treated in the Giottesque style, their qualities being merely suggested; but the foreground details of flowers, fruits, and minor vegetation are wrought out with affectionate fidelity. The long procession of the three kings winds among the hills. It is full of motion—indeed, the whole picture is instinctive with life; birds fly through the air; camels, horses, horned cattle, dogs, and monkeys—which last were the pets of fashion in the time of Gentile—grouped with courtiers, and the paraphernalia of Oriental magnificence and royal retinue, press forward to the humble abode, outside of which sits the Virgin-mother with the divine infant in her lap. Behind her are two female attendants, who receive and examine the gifts; in front kneels one of the Magi, with the hand of Christ upon his head, as though bestowing an infantile blessing. The most remarkable features of the painting are the beauty of expression of the chief characters, and the exceeding richness of the draperies, arms, and trappings of animals, which glitter with embroidery and jewels in actual relief, while the coloring is, for that date, particularly gorgeous. A singular instance of the employment of gilt in relief is to be seen in one of the panel pictures below, where the sun, as a bright gold

ball, stands out an eighth of an inch from the painting.

Botticelli, a Florentine artist of a somewhat later date, presents a striking contrast in his mode of treatment of the same subject. There is equal sincerity, but no display of imagination, or attempt to recall the local features of the scene. His faces are severe and homely, and the costumes chiefly the ordinary fashions of his day. Gilding he uses sparingly. Although a religious painter, Botticelli essayed profane subjects. There is in the Uffizi, a Venus rising from the sea, done by him, the face of which is one of great sweetness and modesty, resembling his Holy Virgin in his 'Adoration of the Magi.' In his time the artists often bestowed upon heathen subjects the grace of Christian expression. It was reserved for more cultivated Art, not only to deprive sacred personages of the chaste and solemn draperies of simpler times, but to transform angels into flying Mercuries, and give them the attitudes of ballet-dancers; at the same time the forms and countenances of beatified Christians, and the dwellers in celestial spheres, lost their conventional purity and serious mien, and became robed in sensuous beauty and volatile sentiment.

In the early German religious Art, Nicolaus Fromenti, in his 'Raising of Lazarus,' dated 1461, also in the Uffizi, presents a notable example of that school in the incongruous mingling of feeling with detail,

which, at first view, is apt to give a ridiculous turn to the whole subject. None can help smiling at the naïveté with which the fact that "by this time he stinketh" is forced upon the spectator, by the upturned noses and looks of unutterable disgust, as the ghastly apparition rises from the grave; even Christ appears to consider the odour as somewhat strong. Aside from this, there are a variety and sincerity of expression among the group of the most striking character. The women, overcome by grief, are weeping and praying too earnestly to notice at once the miracle; the men farthest off, and therefore most remote from the smell, most strongly manifest their surprise; some sneer, others are enraged; a few only recognise Divinity in the deed. It is evident that the Saviour, who is sublimely unconscious of the emotions he has awakened, is among a crowd of unbelieving Jews.

Emmelinck of Bruges (1479), in the same gallery, gives one of the most noted instances of the finish and minuteness of detail of the German school. His color is rich, and the entire picture as brilliant and perfect as if finished but yesterday; the subject, a holy family, expressive, not elevated, and hard. A fanciful border of fruits, flowers, lizards, snails, and insects, executed with the utmost delicacy, and sufficiently well to bear examination with a magnifying-glass, surrounds the picture. It would seem that the German artists honored their sacred subjects more by the richness and

laborious finish of accessories, devoting to them their cunning handicraft, than by the homage of their souls in feeling.

In no respect is the healthful feeling of the early religious painters more apparent than in their fondness for the landscape; their holy families are almost invariably placed in the open air, which always partakes of the serenity of the holy personages. Lorenzo di Credi is particularly happy in his simple and affectionate treatment of the landscape in his 'Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen' as a gardener, especially in the foreground, where the fresh upturned earth and flowers seem to exhale a fragrance appropriate to Him who has been giving them his care. The distance in 'The Annunciation,' of the same artist, is admirably executed. Tried by the technical rules of modern Art, this class of pictures would be greatly wanting in those qualities which are the exact transcript of Nature; yet they so charm by their loving sincerity, especially in the landscape of Leonardo da Vinci, that criticism is at once disarmed. A century and a half later, we have Christ and his Apostles also in the open air, by Carlo Dolce. The difference between the sickly sentimentality of the one, and the honest feeling of the other, cannot be calculated in words.

Fra Bartolomeo is almost the only eminent religious painter who uniformly delighted in placing his sacred persons indoors, amid solemn and noble architecture, to

the loss, as it appears to me, of much of the genuine sympathy which the loveliness of Nature invariably extorts from pure tastes. His grandeur saves him, as Raphael's grace elevates his subjects, whatever may be their position : but with both, and Andrea del Sarto, we feel that whenever they take their Madonnas and saints from out of the natural landscape which they so loved, and place them upon thrones with saintly retinues around them, by recurring to the associations of earthly pride to add to their religious dignity, they weaken correspondingly the common bond of affection which unites our hearts with theirs. We sympathise with that which we can all alike enjoy ; but when those who are dear to us surround themselves with the trappings and etiquette of rank, our love becomes simply homage ; and in Art is apt to stop short at admiration. This refers more particularly to those stately religious subjects which those artists sometimes give. There is, however, an indoor domesticity or naturalness that goes equally to the heart with associations of cheerful sunshine, because it savors of *home* feeling. Fra Angelico delighted in unclouded heavens when he stopped short at earth ; but occasionally, as in his 'Annunciation,' he gives a simple bit of indoor life, such as he felt, that is touching from its sincerity. The scene is a naked cloister of his convent of St. Mark ; the Virgin meekly kneels, with crossed arms, upon a plain stool, as the archangel, radiant with the effulgence

of heaven, tells his message. A brother monk, in the attitude of prayer, introduced into the background, mars the unity of the scene.

J. Van Eyck, in the same subject, takes us into a richly-decorated Gothic bed-chamber, furnished with divans, pictures, flowers, and all the luxuries of a German household of the fourteenth century, while the angel Gabriel appears in the richly-embroidered robes of a Roman clerical dignity, out of which his wings stiffly stand poised in the air. Better than either is Andrea del Sarto's 'Annunciation,' in which the angels, unseen by other eyes, greet Mary as she stands in the open air, receiving the message in faith yet "troubled" as to "how this should be." The whole scene is natural and impressive.

Rubens invests this subject with all his magnificent glow of imagination, introducing allegory in the shape of female figures of Peace and Reconciliation on the right hand of the Almighty in the clouds above. The ark of the covenant, borne by angels, appears on the left. Below them are seen Isaiah, Jeremiah, and the Sybils of classical antiquity, who are claimed to have foretold the Saviour to the Gentile world. Moses, Aaron, David, and others of the royal line of Judea, kneel behind the announcing angels. Mary, meekly bending upon a flight of steps, is overshadowed by the Holy Ghost, in the shape of a dove surrounded by cherubim. Such a picture shows the wonderful

power of this artist in giving truthful vitality to even the most solemn and mystic subject. Wherein he fails is in the coarseness of his figures, and the lack of religious expression ; and although as a whole his pictures glow with rich coloring, and are warm, sunny and natural, yet in parts, particularly in his youth and females, the flesh-tints are carelessly laid on, the red being too positive. Purple spots often show like bruises, offensive to the eye, and detracting from the general harmony.

Rubens appears to most advantage at Vienna and Antwerp. No artist is so universally known, both from the multitude of his works and the individuality of his style. Incapable of the highest efforts of the imagination, and without feeling for pure religious Art, yet he ranged successfully over Nature, having a genius capable of grappling with all subjects, and a knowledge that gave them life and vigor. What energy there is in his action ; how his men *lift* in the 'Rape of the Sabines ;' what *weight* and solidity of charms in the ravished women ; his Bacchante, how they carouse ; a few touches of his magic brush give to us the real animal in all its vitality ; what intellectual power there is throughout his painting ! He *wills* form and color into existence. Walls teem with life at his bidding. The glorious earth-painter was he ! We may have the equals of many who excelled him in parts before another such a whole as Rubens greets the world !

I cannot take leave of pure religious Art without again referring to the works of Fra Angelico. In the cells of the convent of St. Mark at Florence, seldom seen by strangers, there are several of his frescoes deserving of careful study, as exhibiting in their highest degree those qualities which obtained for him the title of "Beato" (blessed) among artists and monks. Of his incapability to treat the horrible or evil in an ideal sense, his 'Christ descending into Limbo' is a striking example. Satan, an ugly black demon, lies crushed beneath the heavy gates of hell, which at the Saviour's appearance have flown from their hinges, overturning the devil, who doubtless was adding the resistance of his weight to their strength. 'This part of the picture, though purely symbolical, borders somewhat on the ridiculous, but it is redeemed by the majestic figure of Christ, who passes in with supernatural force, quiet but quick, his presence illuminating the depths of a vast cave, from which pour up crowds of hungry and thirsty souls to hail their deliverer.

Another cell is adorned with the 'Crowning of the Virgin in Heaven by her Son.' The grace of movement and purity of expression of Mary as she bends towards Jesus, who does not lift but *wills* the crown—which he touches only with the ends of his fingers—to her brow, are wonderful. Beneath on the earth, in a semicircle, are several of the holy fathers of the Church gazing in rapt astonishment upon the celestial vision.

Angelico has been most successful in his contrasts between the solidity and substance of flesh and clothing, and the ethereal nature of the celestial beings above, who appear palpably to sight yet transparent, reposing as easily and naturally in their heavenly atmosphere as do mortals on earth, without the sensation of effort, or an unnatural support, given by almost every other painter who has attempted to portray spiritual life. Christ and his mother are to our eyes as they must have appeared to his ecstatic vision.

The fresco in which Angelico appears to the greatest advantage, as embodying the sweetness and poetry of his spiritualized imagination, is the 'Visit of the Women to the Sepulchre,' after the Resurrection. It is a composition of the simplest character, and yet far more affecting than the grandest display of Tintoretto's power or Rubens's dramatic intellect. An angel sits upon the empty grave, with one hand pointing to the void and the other to heaven, as his parted lips imply, "He is not here but is risen." Three of the women are clustered together at the farther end in a graceful group, with a most touching expression of sorrow and disappointment. I cannot recall in Art a more elevated expression of grief joined to personal dignity and grace than in these three female figures. They exhibit the unutterable repose of deep mourning. Mary Magdalen, with a more convulsed sorrow, bends over and gazes eagerly into the vacant tomb, as

though her heart refused to credit her eyes. Above them and unseen, floating in the heavens, self-sustained and amid celestial glory, which emanates equally from all parts of his person, creating around it an atmosphere of supernatural light, is the Jesus they seek, looking calmly down upon the mournful group, conscious of the healing balm of faith with which he is about to touch their hearts and open their eyes. He bears in one hand a banner, and in the other a palm-leaf, the emblem of peace and victory.

The management of the tints by which the contrasting lights and transparencies are effected, varying from the full materiality of earth to angel-nature, and rising into the intangibility of spirit-life, form without substance, is perfect. Such we may conjecture was the exceeding glory of the transfiguration, divested of all of earth, in an atmosphere vital with divinity. To this excellence is joined a spirituality of expression, and chaste yet natural arrangement of draperies, that make this painting, in my opinion, the climax of religious Art. Those who would realize what it is to *see* a spirit must gaze upon Angelico's risen Saviour.

There is yet another remarkable picture of his in the cell, known as that of 'Pope Eugenius IV.' It is an Epiphany, and in his latest style. The group is full of life and grace. Some of the figures would not discredit Raphael. To the left, Joseph, the babe, and

the mother, are rendered in the usual conventional forms and attitude. But the Magi and procession, in color and outline, are done with all the vigor and truth of the natural school, especially a figure on horseback, shading his eyes as he gazes intently upon the divine infant. I must confess my astonishment to find Angelico equal to so much dramatic force. Gentile appears to have borrowed his general idea from this picture, which, as a whole, is I think the most successful treatment of the subject in sacred Art.

To express divinity distinctly, and apart from earth, was for a long time the aim of religious Art. Raphael and Correggio were the first great masters who strove to humanize the Virgin and her Son, so as to give the tenderness of the mother and the innocence of childhood in one group, in which the Divine element should be secondary to the sanctity of those affections which cling closest to the heart of humanity. They sought to unite the loveliest human forms with its tenderest expressions. Raphael alone triumphed, and gave to the world those holy families, which in motive and grace of feeling are unrivalled in Art. Correggio's genius was not equal to so lofty a flight. He was undoubtedly great in his manner and clever in the subtleties of painting, but he has left nothing that touches the heart, if indeed he may be said to have escaped affectation. There is no painter, considering his reputation, who disappoints the spirit so much.

In repeated instances he sinks into downright insipidity or sensuality. There is nothing divine about his holy women. Their beauty is solely of the skin. No one need fear to make love to them. His children have nothing attractive in feeling. Considered with the French school, Correggio is indeed pure ; but compared with his contemporaries, he made a sad inroad upon sacred Art.

In painting, Correggio is artificial, and in spirit superficial. Those cloud-forms in the dome of the Parma Cathedral are, however, wonderfully transparent, and let the eye into the abyss of heaven. He is most at home in the nude and classical, as may be seen in that sunny picture in the Louvre. The flesh is bad. It has not the quality of healthful skin, but looks tainted. On no subject in Art is there more diversity of opinion than in color. Some individuals cannot distinguish one color from another ; others call the same hue by different names. A blind man, through *feeling*, is perhaps a better judge than many with full eyesight. By some Correggio is considered a good colorist. To me, his rainbow-tints have a tricky, flashy look, unworthy of high Art, and savoring more of its legerdemain. There is no reality in them. They seem altogether evanescent. Like the toilette of a charming woman, they are used more for their own sake than for the subject.

Vandyke's Madonnas and Magdalens are scarcely

better. They savor more of the aristocratic drawing-rooms and fashionable weaknesses of modern civilization than of the virgins and penitents of Judea. Correggio influenced not only him, but Baroccio and Parmagianino, neither of whom equalled his good qualities, while they carried his weak ones into a still greater degree of affectation. The tall, lank, blonde Madonnas of the last-named artist, with their infants equally long, are as absurd at one extreme of Art as were the Byzantine horrors at the other. Murillo gives healthy Spanish women ; affectionate mothers, well proportioned and beautiful without being sensual ; women full of generous instincts and glowing with humanity. Unable to soar to heaven, he wisely took the best types he could find on earth, and endowed them with a grace peculiarly his own. He preserved the proprieties of time and scene, and gave to his religious subjects the highest expression his models were capable of reaching. Murillo's love for common life and healthful landscape has no parallel in the contemporaneous Italian school.

No great artist fails more in religious expression than Domenichino. His 'St. Jerome' of the Vatican, indeed, embodies the technical perfection of the Art of his day, but there is no elevation in it. Its beauties are of the brush. Compared, however, with his examples of religious subjects at Bologna, it is of high order. These are coarse, vulgar, and incongruous,

painful to the sympathies, and bewildering to the eye.

Owing to the genius of minds like Guido, Rembrandt, and the eminent artists before mentioned, the natural or domestic treatment of sacred subjects made rapid progress. Mary and Christ were again brought back to earth as examples of maternal and filial love, and made to partake in the wants and sympathies of human nature. This, no doubt, helped to bring them into more familiar relations with the common mind, but it did not contribute to the mysterious sanctity of the holy families, with which those old symbolical pictures had inspired the people. The tenderness and wonderful power of Raphael, and the deep coloring and artistic treatment of Titian, consecrated all that they touched ; but when, as with Lucio Massari of Bologna, Mary was represented as washing clothes, Joseph hanging them up to dry, and the boy Jesus taking them from the tub to give to his father, it borders closely upon the comical, and we are disposed to smile at a scene, which, although it may have taken place in Galilee many times during the childhood of Christ, yet is one that detracts from the idea of Messiahship. So, of those works of Art—like a bas-relief in the Louvre, representing Joseph at work at his trade, Jesus, assisted by a troop of juvenile angels, picking up chips, while the Almighty, as an old man with a papal tiara on his head, sitting uncomfortably upon clouds, looks

approvingly on. Correggio—in a pretty fancy, which Goëthe calls the ‘weaning,’—pictures the infant Saviour as hesitating between the bosom of his mother and some tempting fruit offered by an angel.

The human mind cannot bear too much familiarity with sacred mysteries. To preserve their power we must respect their divinity.

CHAPTER XIX.

GREAT COMPOSITIONS OF THE MASTERS.

THE worship of the Virgin Mary commenced as early as the fourth century. It found favor in the popular mind the more readily from the position which woman, either as chaste and beautiful, or as a type of Divine maternity, had always held in the mythology of pagan nations. The Egyptian Isis nursing Horus, and later, in Ephesus, the great Diana, chaste and prolific, were examples of this widely-spread belief of antiquity. To eradicate so deep a sentiment from the human heart would have been difficult. The theologians preferred to give it another direction. Hence they did not destroy the old idolatry, but transfused into it a new and purer element, retaining the dogmatic idea of an Astarte, Eve, or Venus, a goddess-mother, but creating a fresh type of perfect womanhood exalted into divinity. As Christianity had then become to be understood, there was need of the infusion of a more humane doctrine, something, which being tender itself,

should pity the sorrows and plead for the weaknesses of men. This was found in the dominant belief of the character of the mother of Christ. "Blessed among women," she united in herself the favor of the Most High and the loving sympathies and perfect chastity of virgin and mother. She had known the highest joys and the deepest sorrows. All that the human mind could conceive of pure and holy feeling was embodied in this new feminine type, which claimed devotion from attributes that found response in the dearest relations of man. It is not surprising, therefore, that Marianism, as the worship of the Virgin has been called, aided both by Church and state, and appealing so strongly to earthly ties, should have become firmly rooted in the Roman and Greek theology.

Mary became the universal inspiration. Warriors and fair ladies equally claimed her protection. The ignorant peasant found consolation in her meek, pitying countenance, while the noblest intellect also confessed her influence and sought her divine intercession.

The earliest description that we have of the person of the Holy Virgin is from Callixtus, a writer of the fourth century, who professed to have derived it from a still older source. It is as follows. I quote it and the succeeding truthful remarks upon the character of Mary, and the feeling inspired by Raphael's '*Madonna di San Sisto*,' of the Dresden Gallery, from the introduction to Mrs. Jameson's '*Legends of the Madonna*,'

a work which does credit alike to her heart and head :—
“The Virgin was of middle stature, her face oval, her eyes brilliant, and of an olive tint, her eyebrows arched and black, her hair was of a pale brown, her complexion fair as wheat. She spoke little, but she spoke freely and affably; she was not troubled in her speech, but grave, courteous, and tranquil. Her dress was without ornament, and in her deportment there was nothing low or feeble. To the ancient description of her person and manners we are to add the scriptural and popular portrait of her mind; the gentleness, the purity, the intellect, power, and fortitude; the gifts of the poetess and prophetess; the humility in which she exceeded all womankind. Lastly, we are to engraft on these personal and moral qualities the theological attributes which the Church from early times had assigned to her, the supernatural endowments which lifted her above angels and men; all these were to be combined in one glorious type of perfection. Where shall we seek this highest, holiest inspiration? Where has it been attained, or even approached? Not, certainly, in the mere woman, nor yet in the mere idol; not in those lovely creations which awaken a sympathetic throb of tenderness; nor in those classic features of marble goddesses, borrowed as models; nor in the painted images which stare upon us from tawdry altars, and flaxen wigs and embroidered petticoats. But where?

“Of course we each form to ourselves some notion of what we require; and these requirements will be as diverse as our natures and our habits of thought. For myself, I have seen my own ideal once and only once attained; *there*, where Raphael—inspired, if ever painter was inspired—projected on the open space before him that wonderful creature which we style the ‘*Madonna di San Sisto* ;’ for there she stands—the transfigured woman, at once completely human and completely divine, an abstraction of power, purity, and love, poised in the empurpled air, and requiring no other support; looking out, with her melancholy, lovely mouth, her slightly dilated, sibylline eyes, quite through the universe, to the end-and consummation of all things;—sad, as if she beheld afar off the visionary sword that was to reach her heart through HIM, now resting enthroned in that heart, yet already exalted through the homage of the redeemed generations who were to salute her Blessed.”

None ever excelled Raphael in the tender variety of expression he has given to his Holy Virgins. All are of an exalted character, excepting that pardonable touch of conscious loveliness that lights up the ‘*Madonna della Seggiola*,’ which savors more of the human than the divine mother. Amid so much excellence, it is difficult to decide upon the highest type, but my own impressions coincide with Mrs. Jameson in regard to the Dresden ‘*Madonna*.’ As in his

'Transfiguration,' the effect is somewhat injured by the introduction of an ecclesiastic in full costume. The eye, however, involuntarily passes from this incongruity to repose upon the lovely image above. Titian, in his 'Assumption,' startles by the brilliancy and depth of his coloring and the dramatic postures of his figures. There is great feeling in the expression of his Virgin, but as a whole it does not elevate the soul into heaven as does the wonderful painting of Raphael. The artist overpowers his subject.

Murillo and Guido have frequently essayed the same lofty treatment of the Madonna, but with inferior success. The former is incapable of rising above the lovely, material woman, and the latter is too much cramped, by his classical type of the Niobe, whose face he constantly repeats in his sacred and profane subjects; at times, however, in the former, with a spiritual expression that does much to redeem his lack of invention.

In all the oil-paintings of the above character, which aim at creating a celestial atmosphere, there is the same uniform failure, more perceptible in Murillo and Guido, but observable even in Titian. This is the *hotness* of the colors, reminding one rather of the dry consuming heat of hell, than the joyous hues of heaven. These should embrace every conceivable beauty of color united in one harmonious tint, suggestive of *life* and not of *fire*. Time may perhaps reduce trans-

parency by consuming the oils of many of these pictures, but I believe the deficiency arises from the same technical want of skill which pervades the skies of most landscapes. The colors are too warm and positive, and not sufficiently scumbled, tint over tint, repeated hundreds of times with the most delicate handling, until they so blend as to form a translucent whole, with sufficient body to resist time and atmosphere. It is a laborious process, requiring much time and skill, but the results are marvellous. Some of the old masters paid but indifferent attention to the qualities of natural scenery, too often content to dazzle instead of convincing the senses. Much, perhaps, of the spiritualized effect of the atmosphere and form of Christ, in Angelico's fresco, may be owing partly to the vehicle employed, and partly to the consuming touches of time on the plaster, in eating delicately and uniformly into the light colors, softening and blending them into an ethereal whole. Unless great care has been bestowed upon the preparation of oils, time, particularly with certain atmospheres, works irreparable injury in paintings. This is particularly observable in the gallery at Dresden, where so many of the pictures, especially the Claudes, have had all their life eaten out of them. Fortunately high Art keeps us spell-bound to feeling. This may be increased, but cannot be destroyed by lack of success in material, while to common Art external truth is indispensable.

The purest expression of sorrow I have seen in painting is a 'Mater Dolorosa,' in a private collection at Florence. It is apparently of the Bolognese school, though its author is unknown. There is a slight exaggeration of parts, partaking, in a very remote degree, of the Byzantine type. Notwithstanding these defects of detail, which are however scarcely perceptible, the picture is one of intense interest. To the feeling mind no thought of technical criticism clouds the tender sadness of the bereaved mother, exhaled in a look which penetrates the heart. From out of those large, melancholy eyes, turned towards the spectator, with the head slightly bent, and the lips gently parted by the relaxing weight of grief, there issues a soul-sympathy with all pure sorrow, that draws forth responsive throbs of love and pity. In them there is none of the Rachel refusing to be comforted because her children are not. Instead of the visible tokens of anguish appealing to the ruder sympathies, are the quiet and repose of grief, too deep for utterance, combined with the consciousness of the necessity of the sacrifice and acquiescence in Divine will. A halo of glory, scarcely perceptible, so delicately is it managed, irradiates from the head and illumines the picture. Mary is represented as chastely beautiful, young in looks, from the preserving power of her soul's serenity and the exalted character of her destiny, though her years, in the ordinary course of nature, must have

been wellnigh fifty. The colors are subdued and appropriate, sad in every tone and harmonizing with the expression.

Ordinary minds, and even many great masters, find no better way to tell the sad cause of the maternal grief than by some coarse symbol, such as a sword plunged into the heart of the Virgin, or by the direct introduction of the corpse of the Saviour, either lying in the lap or at the feet of his mother. Not so this unknown poet. Mary simply holds in her hands the *crown of thorns*. This explains the whole passion, carries us back to Calvary, prostrates our soul in anguish before the cross, and leads us with the weeping Maries to the Sepulchre. Christ had risen, but the mother knows it not. She touchingly exhibits the sacred relic she had taken from the bleeding brows of her dead son. Thus far the natural sentiment. To the devout mind the crown of thorns symbolizes the redemption of man. There is in this painting, not only the sublime pathos of sorrow, but the whole story or Christianity.

How refined is the treatment of this picture compared with the 'Martyrdom of St. Agnese,' by Paul Veronese, in which he represents the executioner's knife as entering her fair bosom, out of which gush streams of blood! So, too, in statuary, in Crawford's 'Dying Indian.' Before us lies a lovely female figure, symbolical of her expiring race. This, if properly

managed, was sufficient to tell the mournful tale ; but the artist, under the mistaken idea of heightening the effect, has placed in her wounded side, from which drops the fresh gore, a broken arrow-shaft ! By this unnecessary violence our physical sympathies are shocked, the unity of the work destroyed, and the moral lost in the involuntary wish to extract the weapon and cure the wound.

For the highest efforts of imagination or dramatic pictorial Art we go to Raphael, Tintoretto, or Titian. Other artists, as, for instance, Guido in his 'Crucifixion,' at Bologna, and Rembrandt in the solemn gloom and mystery of the same scene, made magic by his treatment of light and shade, occasionally attain great elevation of style. But whatever subject either of the above three artists touch, he stamps it with a genius which, in its kind, admits of no rivalry. For the most wonderful exhibition of superhuman power, as seen in natural objects, we must go to Raphael's fresco, in the Vatican, of the 'Chastisement of Heliodorus, in his attempt to plunder the sacred treasures of the Temple at Jerusalem.' St. Michael, stripped of wings and celestial insignia, mounted on a naked steed, unearthly, not in form, but in fire and action, attended by two spirits, with their hair streaming back from their heads, comes sweeping over the marble floor, the three gliding through the air, which seems to part before them from the rapidity with which they dart

upon the sacrilegious wretches, who cower before the unexpected apparition. You feel them *rush* through the atmosphere. The eye is fascinated at the uplifted arm of the archangel, and watches, tremblingly, for the annihilating blow. Rubens was capable of giving human motion, but Raphael alone could impart supernatural power to Art in forms of earth.

Rembrandt, in his fine picture in the Louvre, in which the archangel Michael cleaves the heavens by the rapidity of his motion, gives him wings, and by muscular effort and outstretched limbs, suggests his power. But with him we feel that it is physical, notwithstanding his heavenly plumage. Whereas in Raphael, without a single accessory borrowed from the spirit-world, his figures are unearthly. They strike terror and enlist expectation at once. There is no mistaking their origin. He who could endow form with such force must have derived inspiration from divinity itself.

Raphael was less complete than Leonardo da Vinci in artistic power. His highest expressions were purity of soul and tenderness of emotion. Unlike da Vinci, he was incapable of rendering the foul passions of the human heart in their full degree. His Judas is, in comparison with Leonardo's, mild and dignified; treachery and avarice do not glare through the features born of his pencil. There is in him always a *life* sense of pleasure, the real, overflowing of

joyous nature, in distinction from spirit, indicative of a sunny temperament, gratefully appreciating the bounties of material existence, in their forms of life and beauty. This is particularly noticeable in his pure and graceful treatment of classical subjects, whether as emblematic of abstract ideas, or as developments of sensuous joys into human forms. Correggio, who never met him, was even more precocious in his genius, though far his inferior in elevated Art. His feeling lay still more in the physical consciousness of loveliness; an attempt to idealize earthly impulses, irrespective of spirit. He seldom, if ever, depresses by sadness; sometimes he imparts a touch of loving sympathy or pardonable vanity, but never instructs or exalts. ●

There is in the Pitti gallery another sublime instance of Raphael's genius, borrowed from Holy Writ. It is the vision of Ezekiel, a picture of the smallest size. The Almighty floats in the atmosphere, reposing upon those four mysterious unearthly creatures, part animals and part angels, described by the prophet. Heavy and immaterial though they be, contradicting all known natural laws, yet they seem appropriate to the scene, and fill the mind with awe. Beneath, the eye ranges over a wide expanse of earth, dim, and suggestive of the vast aerial space above, which God fills with the shadow of His presence. There are truth and sublimity in the conception. How grand does this small picture appear, beside even the colossal St. Mark of Fra Bar-

tolomeo, which embodies that sentiment in so extraordinary a degree !

Among the original designs of the old masters in the Uffizzi collection, there is a drawing of two strange creations by Leonardo da Vinci, species of dragons in play, which, in fire, action, and terribleness of form, have never been equalled. They have no similitude to any earthly organization, yet are so natural, so endowed with vitality, horribly grotesque as they are, that one is tempted to believe in their actual existence. Every other artistic monster is spiritless and artificial beside them.

For versatility and force of imagination no artist, as a whole, exceeds Tintoretto. He can be studied to advantage only in Venice, and there with difficulty, owing to the bad condition of his pictures, arising somewhat from neglect, but more from the imperfection of his materials. As a colorist, as now seen, he cannot be classed with Titian. He is dry, harsh, and wanting in harmony. Like Michael Angelo, also, he sinned from impetuosity, seeking rather to strike out his conceptions at one effort, than to patiently labor for perfection. Hence he exhibits the fire, but seldom the completeness, of genius. He had sufficient power to compose subjects for an army of artists ; but not the perseverance, like that of Titian, necessary to improve material and style. In speaking, therefore, of him, his *conceptions* are more referred to than his execution,

though even that would have been sufficient to immortalize another artist. He was often unequal, but never little. At times overwhelming by the grandeur of his thought, and at others, as in his 'Paradise' in the Ducal Palace, confounding by extent and mere labor.

His greatest composition is his 'Last Judgment,' in the church of Santa Maria dell' Orto, an immense picture, filled with figures innumerable, and displaying a power over human form unexcelled even by Michael Angelo, whom he surpasses in grace. Unlike him, his imagination soars above the common idea. Ruskin¹ has described the spirit of this painting for all time. His words will, I am fearful, soon be all that is left to perpetuate the vivid thought of this great artist. I cannot do better than quote them :—

"By Tintoretto only has this unimaginable event been grappled with in all its verity, not typically, nor symbolically, but as they may see it who 'shall not sleep but be changed.' Only one traditional circumstance he has received with Dante and Michael Angelo, the boat of the condemned; but the impetuosity of his mind bursts out even in the adoption of this image: he has not stopped at the scowling foreground of the one, nor at the sweeping blow and demon bragging of the other, but seized, Hylas-like, by the limbs, and tearing up the earth in his agony, the victim is dashed

¹ Modern Painters, vol. ii., p. 179. New York Edition.

into his destruction ; nor is it the sluggish Lethe nor the fiery lake that bears the cursed vessel, but the oceans of the earth and the waters of the firmament gathered in one white ghastly cataract, the river of the wrath of God, roaring down into the gulf, where the world has melted with its fervent heat, choked with the ruins of nations, and the limbs of its corpses tossed out of its whirling, like water-wheels. Bat-like, out of the holes and caverns and shadows of the earth, the bones gather and the clay-heaps heave, rattling and adhering into half-kneaded anatomies, that crawl and startle and struggle up amid the putrid weeds, with the clay clinging to their clotted hair, and their heavy eyes sealed by the earth darkness, yet like his of old, who went his way unseeing to Siloam pool, shaking off one by one the dreams of his prison-house, hardly hearing the clangor of the trumpets of the armies of God, blinded yet more as they awoke by the white light of the new heaven, until the great vortex of the four winds bears up their bodies to the judgment-seat ; the firmament is full of them, a very dust of human souls, that drifts and floats and falls into the interminable, inevitable light ; the bright clouds are darkened with them as with thick snow, currents of atom-life in the arteries of heaven, now soaring up slowly, farther and higher and higher still, till the eye and the thought can follow no farther, borne up wingless by their inward faith and by the angel powers invisible, now hurled in

countless drifts of horror before the breath of their condemnation."

The canvas glows with this awful scene, a confused and intensified thought, which Mr. Ruskin so graphically transfers to his pages; but to the careless eye it exhibits only dirt, dim forms, and faded colors. It is to be noticed that Tintoretto, Michael Angelo, and every artist but one, so far as I know, who has painted the Last Judgment, places the spectator in *hell*; Angelico alone lifts him into *heaven*. This distinction forcibly illustrates the loving character of his mind, which recoiled even from giving expression to a harsh dogma. In all pictures but his, and those imitated from him, damnation is much more conspicuous than salvation.

In striking contrast with this painting, as a whole, is Tintoretto's historical conception of the Crucifixion, which embodies all the known facts and probabilities of that event in one vivid composition. As a painting it is excelled by others; the sky is flat and hard, and comes forward of the objects; the introduction of modern portraits and costume destroys the unity; workmen are elevating one of the crosses by ropes from an impossible position in reference to the picture itself. Other minor faults are noticeable; but as a grand, comprehensive thought, illustrated by all that can give solemnity, pathos, local interest, and circumstance to the scene, it is unequalled. Perhaps no artist has ever more successfully, from a simple inci-

dent introduced so naturally amid the main features as almost to escape observation, heightened feeling and interest by recalling a contrasting event of brief triumph and popular enthusiasm, with the fatal reaction of disappointed national pride and fanaticism. But five days previous, Christ entered Jerusalem upon an ass, amid the hosannahs of the Jews, who strewed palm-leaves in his way. Now, behind the cross, pointing to Jesus in scorn, is one of the late multitude, seated upon an ass, which is quietly eating the *withered palm-leaves*. We may well call this, with Ruskin, a "masterstroke" of feeling.

There is an 'Adoration of the Magi' by Tintoretto, consisting of a few dignified Venetians, portraits, reverently approaching the Divine Babe and his mother, which is remarkable for his peculiar grace of composition. His 'Presentation at the Temple' is more original in its treatment than Titian's, though lacking the interest of the other in accessories.

Tintoretto, with a spirit of buffoonery inexplicable in him, in his 'Last Supper' in the church of Santa Trovasa at Venice, has made St. John fast asleep, while other apostles, with undignified action, are asking, "Lord, is it I?" One of their number uncovers a dish on the floor, out of which a cat is stealing meat. Another coarsely grasps a flask. Overthrown furniture, a beggar eating, and other incongruous accessories, bespeak rather a low revel than the love-feast

of our Saviour. Such moral perversities seem peculiar to many great minds. Michael Angelo, although not so vulgar, is frequently coarse, overstrained, and exaggerated, particularly in position and form. His 'Fortune astride the Wheel' is an instance of the one; and of the other, the ostentatious anatomy and bulky, ungraceful forms of so many of his figures, particularly his females, which are suggestive of anything rather than the delicate limbs of the sex. There is, however, in the Sistine Chapel a group of his of a mother and child, full of tenderness. This is an exception. His *love*, as is seen in his Leda and other females, is chilling and repulsive, lacking *sex*. But an artist who could, like himself, devote ten years of his life without pay to the completion of St. Peter's, must have had an elevated soul.

Titian is the most complete *painter* the world has as yet produced. Without the grace of expression and elevation of thought of Raphael, the intensity of imagination and force of Tintoretto, or the vividness and universality of Rubens, Titian surpasses them all in the general qualifications of his Art. He was little or weak in nothing. Expression, design, color, knowledge and care of material, love of Nature at large, ability to comprehend and feel his subject intellectually, perseverance, independence, dignity, and devotion to his Art, were all united in him, and conspicuous to the verge of a life that terminated only at one year short

of a century. Therefore I claim Titian to be in whole the greatest of painters.

Wherever his works appear, though not always equally, he is well represented. There is not a gallery of repute in Europe that does not possess characteristic specimens of his style. Venice, however, retains his greatest works. Titian is as much associated with that city, as Raphael with Rome, and Michael Angelo with Florence. Time but confirms more strongly the judgment of his contemporaries as to his greatness, and still refuses to present the world with his equal. The gift by which he is distinguished from all other artists, even of his own school, is color. For this he had the same intuitive sense of its attractive power, that Raphael possessed for grace of form. His name has become synonymous with its highest expression. Artists of great repute have passed their entire career in endeavouring to penetrate the secrets of his method, that they might rival his success. Sir Joshua Reynolds has been, perhaps, the most successful from study, and Gainsborough from feeling; but both fail when in contrast with his strength.

In no respect does he show his greatness as a painter more prominently than in his portraits. There are in the Pitti Gallery, heads of Popes Leo X. and Julius II., by Raphael; of Grotius, Lipsius, and Rubens, in one picture, by Rubens; and of Rembrandt, by himself. Each of them is in the highest style of their Art, and

sufficient in themselves to immortalize their authors, particularly Rembrandt, who has thrown around his own likeness the full magic of his golden light, which falls upon his face with all the joyous and rich effect of the beams of a setting sun. Before him we so lose ourselves in admiration at his subtle management of light and shade, that the man is forgotten; vigor and color attract in Rubens; and, with Raphael, expression and finish. In each of these artists, wonderful as are their attainments in portraiture, individual style and manner are conspicuous to a degree that eclipses in the main their subjects.

Not so with Titian. Near the above-named portraits there are two by him; one, an old man, supposed to be Cornaro, the author of a treatise on the 'Art of Living,' and the other unknown. The eye that rests on either thinks only of the real living man, not as on canvas, but standing bodily before one in all his vitality. Look at them through the half-closed hand, so as to conceal the frame, and the illusion is complete. The other portraits betray the brush and flat surfaces. These are surrounded with atmosphere. The heads project from the canvas. Lines are so softened and blended, that no trace is left of Art; color rivals Nature in the cool softness of its hue; the skin is flexible and elastic; blood and bones lie beneath it; perfect harmony is felt in its tints; indeed, no one thinks of color at all, but of the living face, which glows with

individuality. The expression of the unknown portrait, that man of stern resolution and intellectual power, is unrivalled. His eyes flash thought. There is that about his look that fascinates, and yet the spirit shrinks before it. We feel that such an individual had a will and intellect to dare all that man can do. What he may have done is unknown; his very name is lost. This adds the charm of mystery, for we know that Titian did not waste his time on common men.

The 'Venus' of the Tribune at Florence is his most wonderful exhibition of artistic skill in color. Those who are not technically acquainted with the difficulties to be overcome in the management of this subject will fail to appreciate its success. Titian did not paint this picture to show a nude figure, but to exhibit his power over light and color, in their most difficult combinations, without the aid of the usual effects of shadow and other art-subtleties by which an inferior artist would have sought to cover his weak points. As a work of Art it is far superior to the renowned 'Venus de Medici,' which stands beneath. He has given the delicate, roseatic tints of flesh in their most lovely expression, in contrast with the white of linen, and in the full glare of daylight, treating the whole simply, yet embodying truths of Art in a manner so faithful to Nature, that no artist has yet been found to rival him. Examine the outlines of his flesh! There is no sharpness in them. They dis-

appear gradually in atmosphere, in soft and distinct form, half displaying and half suggesting the natural curvatures. As in looking upon the best Greek statues, we feel that the anatomy is perfect, but do not think of it. His flesh is warm and springy. So subtly are its tints managed that the entire unity of glowing life reposes in the figure. Generous blood lies underneath that soft skin. Look also at the transparencies of the shadows: they darken, but conceal nothing; you know they are trembling shadows, not opaque paint, as with common artists. With what consummate art has Titian husbanded his power of light in this picture! It illuminates itself, and yet there is nothing in it higher than half-light. Every tint is subdued and cool, but the whole picture is transparent and harmonious. What a study for those artists who shock one's eyes with spotty colors and pictures, pitched upon so high a key as to present broad masses of opaque whites and corresponding lights! Titian never exhausts himself, simply by not attempting impossibilities. Where he cannot rival Nature he suggests her in so skilful a manner that we forget her scale in his Art. There is labor incalculable in this picture, but no evidences of it are obtruded upon the sight. Indeed, so natural is the whole that its merit is often forgotten in the apparent freedom of execution.

Although, strictly speaking, Titian had no *feeling*

for religious Art, yet his sacred subjects have been so artistically treated, as to entirely eclipse, in the popular mind, the numerous profane or classical pictures which have issued from his pencil. The Borghese Gallery at Rome owns the 'Entombment of Christ,' by Raphael, full of his touching sympathy and grace of expression. The interest of this painting lies not so much in it as a whole as in the wonderful feeling of parts. We individualize the sentiments and associate ourselves with the persons. Not so with Titian's 'Entombment' in the Louvre. Nature harmonizes with the mourners. The unity of the entire scene is kept up, and we feel that we are gazing upon a solemn reality. Its oneness admits of no divided attention.

Titian's 'Presentation of the Virgin,' now in the Academy of Fine Arts at Venice, displays his superiority to Paul Veronese in architecture, which besides being natural in position and design, has what the other rarely gives, the *quality* of stone. The accessories of landscape and domestic touches in this picture are upon a par in excellence with the treatment of the main subject. It includes, perhaps more than any other work, the chief merits of Titian as a painter. Each part is in its proper relation of quality and design to the whole. In it, however, although he displays dramatic effect and sumptuous treatment, he fails in imaginative power. The idea is in the main

borrowed from the older picture of the same subject by Carpaccio.

Of all Titian's grand compositions, the 'Peter Martyr,' on which he worked eight years, is the most effective in technical power and intensity of expression. His imagination, weaker than Tintoretto's, and less inventive than Raphael's, makes no effort to reach the sublime or superhuman, but it is wonderfully successful in investing a natural scene with all the probabilities of circumstance and spirit, calculated to impress the spectator with its reality. In itself, the assassination of the monk was a no more effective subject than any vulgar murder. Titian has, however, worked it up into a scene of startling truth, despite the drawbacks of the bald heads and unpicturesque costume of the sufferers. The locality is the edge of a dark forest, made tenfold more gloomy under the effect of departing day. The sky is filled with dense masses of clouds, through which struggles a mysterious opalescent light. His trees have a spectral look, yet are so true to nature that their branches seem to move in the night-wind, as it moans through their leaves. In the far distance, just perceptible among them, an affrighted horse and rider fly from the crime. But the eye scarcely notices them, so intently does it rest upon the fallen Peter, who vainly endeavors, with uplifted hands, to avert the murderous blows of the assassin, while even then his eyes brighten at the vision of

Paradise. To the left, a brother monk, wounded, and with eyeballs starting in horror from his head, rushes forward, confounded and not knowing where to go. His heavy garments trail behind him by the velocity of his motion. The involuntary exclamation at this figure is, "How he rushes!" More of sympathetic horror, from merely a few natural causes, no artist ever embodied into a painting. We have the crime in its awful truth without the ghastliness and display of gore which, as in Paul Veronese's picture of the same subject at Parma, weaken the effect by doing too much violence to our physical nature. We indeed see the wounds and trickling blood. These are, however, but secondary objects. Above the dying monk, poised in the air, amid a halo of celestial light, are beautiful angels, waiting to welcome the spirit of the martyr with crowns of everlasting joy.

No description can do justice to this picture. When I last saw it it had been cleaned, not as is usual in Italy to the detriment of Art, but so as to preserve its original harmony and brilliancy. Tintoretto, Bonifacio, Bellini, Palma, Paul Veronese, and other distinguished artists, are well represented in the church of "San Giovanni e Paolo," but all of them pale and look heavy before the radiance of this glorious painting, which from whatever point it is viewed illumines the building.

No artist is more worthy of study than Titian,

from the fact that he kept constantly in view that the chief object of a painter was to *paint*. Color was in him as expressive of the idea as form, perhaps more so. Painters generally are apt to lose sight of the importance of color as language. By this neglect they appear to less advantage in painting than in engraving or outline; whereas with Titian no engraving does him justice.¹

Rembrandt was also a great colorist. He is not

¹ Some excellent judges claim for Titian also a distinct religious feeling in Art. Inasmuch as he approached the complete artist, he had the capacity, in a high degree, of giving an appropriate expression to even his religious pictures; but this was rather the result of intellectual appreciation than of soul-sentiment. So great and well-balanced a mind as his must have been in some degree devotional, and imbued with a sense of the importance of religion. But it was not with him the governing feeling, as with Giovanni Bellini. This distinction between these two great artists is admirably shown in the celebrated picture in the Camuccini Gallery at Rome, of which the figures are by Bellini and the landscape by Titian; and the Venus and Adonis, hanging beside it, which is wholly Titian's. In mythological subjects, nature and all that constitutes free, yet dignified life, sensuous action and high capacities of physical enjoyment, or intellectual excitement, we find Titian conspicuous. On the other hand, Bellini, who has brought Jupiter and his celestial court to feast on earth, has wholly failed in spirit. Their carnal feasting is a sad, labored affair; no one is enjoying himself; all look as if guilty consciences or forced revelry disquieted them. The artist had no feeling for such a scene, and therefore failed in its treatment. The landscape of this picture is particularly solemn and grand. There are no harmony of colors or unity of conception in it, because neither artist painted on a common key, nor entered into the motive of the composition; yet it is, as a whole, one of the most remarkable paintings in Europe, from its artistical associations and peculiar treatment.

often viewed in this light, owing to the enchantment which he throws over his pictures by his management of *chiaro-oscuro*. To appreciate his entire power his great picture in the museum of Amsterdam must be seen. This alone is an epoch in Art-life, because it embraces all the excellencies in their highest degree which make him unique among artists. Nowhere is Rembrandt more himself. The composition is vast, varied, full of motive, diversified in sentiment, yet in color, design, and action in perfect unity. It is called 'The Night Guard,' though it would be as difficult to assign it a name as to define the time of the scene. The intention of Rembrandt was undoubtedly to display his magic power. It must be judged, therefore, not so much in relation to probabilities of nature as to the artistic skill of its author. The relief of the figures is most wonderful. Each keeps its relative position, one behind another, until the eye is lost in the gloom of the obscure doorway. The colors are tender, harmonious, and brilliant, reminding one of the changeable hues of the opal, as each turn of the eye develops some new combination of beauty. There is nothing to explain the action of the piece, yet the interest is fascinated. In no part is the skill of the artist more displayed than in the transparency of his shadows. But the most wonderful feature is the manner of illuminating the picture. No one can say whence comes the light. It is not of day, nor of

night, it cannot be called that of the moon nor of torches; yet there is a bewitching illumination over the whole, as far removed from the spectral as from the natural. Rembrandt's genius alone can solve the mystery.

CHAPTER XX.

ART IN RELATION TO ARTISTS—THE LANDSCAPE
MASTERS.

THUS far in my brief notice of painting I have confined myself to the higher branches of religious or historical Art. Of the painters of indoor and common life I do not intend to treat, because there is something in every refined mind which instinctly leads it to accept the true and reject the false, in objects familiar to heart associations. This refers to the motive rather than to the execution; but I have already said enough, it is to be hoped, to lessen the admiration for external finish by which so many test their appreciation of Art. If not, let them examine carefully the portraits of Denner. No man ever half so carefully finished the human exterior. Every wrinkle, pore, each hair, and the minutest fraction of skin-surface, are all elaborately worked out and colored after life. Yet I never saw a portrait of his that did not thrill me with disgust. I would as soon have a flayed animal in my

room as one of his heads. They are suggestive of nothing but nerves and blood-vessels. In striking contrast with his works are the portraits of Holbein and Kranach; hard, unnatural in outline, valueless in color, and as unlike the mere physical as possible, yet pleasing from their sincerity and character. In them we find evidences of something better than mere finger-work.

The natural world, chiefly in landscape, has become the favorite Art of this century. This argues a wholesome taste. Of the old, conventional, religious landscape, we have but few recent examples. Each artist affects to go to Nature, because the public mind insists upon nothing less. Many, however, deceive themselves and their friends by shamming what they have not the resolution to pursue.

Correggio, considering his time, took perhaps the greatest step in divesting landscape Art of its previous stiffness and formalism. He attempts the freedom and grace of Nature, particularly in his foregrounds. To Titian, however, landscape is most indebted. Although he never wholly freed himself from the old system, yet his landscapes, as a whole, are simple and broad in character, giving the general features of Nature, though not its variety. That which, however, he rendered in foreground detail, is given with perfect fidelity of form and color. Grandeur and majesty were his chief aims. We are impressed, however, both by the general spirit of his views, and by the excellence

of detached parts. His 'St. Jerome,' in the Brera Gallery at Milan, is a happy example of how far he could steep Nature in his imagination, adhering to her truths but investing them with occult meaning. Landscape with him, however, is always an accessory. One of the most attractive views, from the extent and variety he introduces, is to be seen in his Dresden 'Venus.' Nature, in his hands, always maintains its dignity. In his skies there is perhaps a somewhat artificial rendering of light, as if he sought to exaggerate effects by a species of twilight mystery. He never painted actual sunlight, but tried to give a luminous, serious effect, in harmony with his subjects. Sometimes, as in his 'St. Catherine,' in the Pitti Palace, the clouds are hard and monstrous, rendering his distant hills of blue, in comparison, quite transparent. These effects were, however, before his style in this branch was fully formed. Later, particularly in his trees, he was unrivalled, both in truth of quality and outline. In general, his water is liquid and his earth dry, telling with solidity against his sky, while his light is subtly and equally diffused throughout his pictures.

Tintoretto felt landscape, and had a greater grasp of imagination, but with less ability in technical expression than Titian. The world can judge of an artist's power only by its results. It has neither time nor inclination to spend over the illegible. The

artist, therefore, who slurs his work from impatience, or aims only at coarse effect, like stage scenery, paying no attention to the purity and permanency of his materials, must, like Tintoretto, reconcile himself either to be forgotten or overlooked by the public. There is no injustice in this, because genius has no authority to outlaw the vehicles of its thought. To be successful it must be considerate in all things.

Salvator Rosa gives confused dreams of the natural world. Much that is false in quality, or strained in sentiment, he mixes with occasional bits of truth, fresh and vigorous from Nature. He had power and will, but lacked judgment and patience. He did much, however, to recall love for open healthful scenery, and the motive and execution of his landscapes have yet power to charm.

In Claude we see more truthful results from inferior natural abilities. He had no invention or taste in composition. Consequently his landscapes, in general, are unpleasantly artificial, indeed, I may say, little in thought. But in his direct studies from Nature—at all events in one, the ‘Roman Campagna before Sunrise,’ in a private collection, comparatively untouched—there are more breadth, space, and atmosphere than I have ever seen in any other painting of his. Architecture, such as then was the fashion, was in him a passion. He built it upon his canvases after a cold and stately ideal of his own, which reminds

one more of castles in the air than actual habitable mansions. In drawing and variety he was feeble, but in the great qualities of sky, earth, and water, he created an epoch in Art. An uninjured Claude is a rare object. Almost every one of his pictures have been more or less skinned, to use an expressive term, by the carelessness of cleaners. Instead of their original luminosity, we have cold, dry surfaces, yet, even in their loss, so infinitely surpassing in quality the attempts of other artists, as to still claim for Claude the first position as a painter of the grand elements of nature.

A sea-view of Claude's in the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome, and in the Dulwich Gallery, near London, a small picture, called, I believe, the 'Enchanted Castle,' and two others, in the collections of Mr Rogers and Mr. Baring, most favorably present his rare merits. In depth and unity of color, subtle gradation of light and shade, sparkling liquidity of water, solidity of stone, and opacity of earth and transparency of atmosphere, they are unrivalled. The water of these pictures is natural in quality; it brings with it the refreshing breeze and musical ripple, and suggests those moments in which Nature is most charming. His sun is not a glaring white spot, but *shines*, diffusing light equally through the picture; it borrows no external rays, but covers all things within its influence with a trembling, luminous atmosphere of its own. The vegetation of some of his trees is massed with great naturalness.

When Art is so much indebted to one man, it seems like sacrilege to notice his deficiencies; but they are necessary to be exhibited as warnings to other artists to strive after a complete whole, while, with people at large, Claude will be remembered only by his diligence and success in making us feel the power of Art to transfer to canvas those general features which most constitute our delight in the natural world.

We have thus far considered landscape Art, in connection with its masters, rather in parts than in wholes. None of the artists mentioned, not even Gainsborough, with all his power and love of Nature, can be compared to Turner in *knowledge* of landscape. To England is the honor due of producing the most complete landscapist; one who has shown us the capability of Art to make us feel the *variety* as well as grandeur of Nature. Turner was to the landscape what Raphael was to the human figure; each embodied in his branch of Art, a certain grace of expression, whether in repose or movement, hitherto unequalled. Everything that either touched, *lived*; its vital functions were at once fully developed. As complete, however, as was the external expression of each, we feel that the former has but suggested what remains to be done in comparison with the latter, who, in his water-colors, has created a new era in Art. Turner gave the physical truths of Nature, on every scale, with a fidelity and variety which placed him far above

preceding landscapists. Through his works Nature talks to us ; she smiles or frowns, incites to action or invites to repose, as may be her mind. To no artist is the lover of Nature more indebted than to Turner ; for he has established a standard of truth in Art from which the world will not readily forgive departure. The universality of his genius in this respect is remarkable. Other landscapists have contented themselves with being distinguished in parts ; but he aimed at the great whole. Nothing that God had created and endowed with beauty, from an Alp to a limpet, escaped his notice. His true field was Nature ; but in the works of man he could equally distinguish himself. Few artists had ever drawn architecture like Turner ; witness his cathedral at Rouen, in his ‘ Rivers of France.’ Ships, too, were his delight ; he revelled in ocean sublimity and mountain grandeur. His heart was no less open to the joy of the plains and the quiet of valleys. Whatever he undertook he touched lovingly ; at times carelessly, it is true, and even wantonly, but always with power and meaning. In no respect is his genius more apparent than in his management of Nature, by which, in general, he instinctively seized upon her happiest moments and most beautiful aspects. The trivial and commonplace seldom found sympathy in him, because he felt that in interpreting Nature, his mission was to be faithful to her highest instincts.

The true field of Turner was the natural world,

Whenever he aspired to the supernatural, as in the illustrations of Milton, and even the fanciful, as in some of those of Campbell, he failed. His failure is the more prominent from its position in the poems, which shows that in imaginative grasp and beautiful imagery, he was not only unequal to those minds, but incompetent, even with their aid, to soar equally high ; but when called upon to illustrate natural scenery or domestic life, he then showed himself also a poet.

His drawings have an exquisite sense of harmony. In gradations and variety he carefully studied Nature. One of his chief merits is that he suggests more than he represents. Feeling is conspicuous in his work ; consequently we fail to exhaust his work, but go to it again and again, ever discovering some new beauty or thought. We feel the inability of material to portray his complete idea. There is a sublimity of expression in Nature beyond Art to render, but of which Turner, more than any other artist, makes us sensible ; indeed, in the making up of his landscape world, he condenses so much of the noblest and loveliest elements of the natural, that we feel his ideal, while recognising the truthfulness of the actual scenery. He catches the best expression of Nature. While Turner has labored as the prophet of Nature to make us perceive her beauty and sublimity, Ruskin, in no less degree, has wrought as the apostle, to make us comprehend her truths. To these two Art-souls the world is more

indebted than the present generation may confess. To name the drawings and engravings which stamp Turner as the greatest master of landscape, would be to fill a volume; he was as prolific and various as he was cultivated. We see that he embodied both power and diligence. There are in him no traces of academic teachings; every line breathes of the pure school of Nature.

As a *painter*, however, I cannot consider Turner great. He had not that same delicate feeling for color that he had for form; or rather he sought to carry out in oil the same principle which gave him success in water-colors, and failed in consequence of pitching his key too high. Those who seek to establish his reputation on this basis do him an injury, and mislead the public in their appreciation of the harmony of color. We can only judge of his oil-pictures as we now find them. They are all fresh in years, and by the ordinary effects of time should be richer in tone than when finished. If Turner was careless or experimentive in his materials, so that his colors have not only become opaque, but are changed and even falling from his canvas, he lacked an essential feature of a great painter. On his engravings and drawings must rest for the future his reputation as an artist. There are great paintings of his still in perfect condition, but they are of his early days, when he prided himself upon triumphing over Claude, Salvator, Vanderveelde,

and Cuyp, each in their particular excellence. I have seen even a favorable attempt of his to copy Titian in color.

These pictures are sufficient to give him much reputation as a painter, but not to establish him as a great colorist. His power over water is more apparent in form than hue, which is slightly dry; but he so far excels all other artists, even in luminous liquidity, who have painted the ocean in mass—the quiet bits of water by Claude are not to be considered as ocean—that we think of failure in him only in comparison with nature itself. In his ‘Landing of the Prince of Orange,’ how gloriously the barge *lifts* on the swell, which is all *motion*, and passes away in the salt-mist that half-veils the distant vessels. There are brine and tar and bilge-water, the creaking of blocks and the running of ropes, the dull fog-muffled sound of cannon and the quick stroke of oars, the lazy pitch of the hull and the flapping of canvas, in all this. We can cast hook and line in this water and they will go to the bottom; whereas with almost all other artists—even Stanfield’s is viscid—St. Peter would have needed no miracle to have saved him from sinking.

I have by me a little sea-view by Professor Gamba, of Turin, which, next to Turner, has more of ocean quality in drawing and color than any other that I have seen. It is blowing freshly, the sea is tossed and broken into a thousand fantastic shapes near shore, and

riled by the disturbed sand from the bottom, while the horizon is yesty with foam and roughened by huge waves that sullenly move before the wind. Unfortunately the sky is hard, though the water is liquid motion.

Turner's fame as an oil *painter* by some is made to rest upon his later style. I was attracted to London, solely by their encomiums, to see the Art-wonders so enthusiastically indorsed. At the risk of being all wrong myself I shall frankly give my own views, which, so far as in me lie, are founded upon the broad principles of Art. The remarks will apply exclusively to those works which Turner himself esteemed his best, and willed to the British nation.

I have already sufficiently conceded his great merits as a general artist. Further than this I would say, that in some of his recent pictures there are portions of color that sparkle with light, and are true to Nature; but they are so rare, as we now see his pictures, as to seem exceptions to his general tone.

Turner, being deficient in color, lacked the first essential of a painter. In his paintings in his own gallery he failed in more than this. My first impression upon viewing these pictures was that they were the freaks of a madman. They reminded me of the effect of frost upon a window, attractive from its unmeaning variety of forms, though sometimes resolving itself into the likeness of natural objects.

In these pictures Turner appears to have departed

from all those qualities which make his water-colors so valuable. There is nothing of Nature in them. Occasionally some familiar object is suggested, but there is no certainty, even after close study, of the motive, and scarcely of the form. With many, the time chosen, especially in the Venetian pictures, is when the sunlight is strongest, and we naturally fly from its glare. If his ambition were to rival Nature's intensest light, he has, as all painters must, signally failed. The pictures present glaring white surfaces, spotted with positive colors, laid on with a dash of the brush or the fingers, with little or no attention to form; an intense blue for the upper sky, but all color opaque, and the canvas so heavily-loaded that in many places the paint has dried, cracked, and *dropped* off. Where, as in the Napoleon, he has aimed at strength of color, he has given only an unintelligible glare of blood-red and spotty-black over a white surface, on which form is almost wholly untraceable, so that the picture is more like an artistic nightmare than a coherent thought.

His 'Hail, Rain, and Steam,' is no less untrue to Nature. The bridges are mere ghosts of substance. Both earth and water are equally destitute of quality. The sky is far more solid than the stone-work. It has no luminosity whatever, but is actually falling to pieces from its own weight of paint. Even the locomotive, which should have the appearance of metal at least, is a mere phantom. The iron-work, which

naturally suggests strength and capacity, is made up of a thin glazing of black. In short, he has reversed the first principles of painting, leaving solids transparent and making liquids solid, and pitching all upon so high a key as to offend the eye. Now this is not the work of a sane man. It may be a freakish display of power, an endeavor to accomplish impossible ends through frail materials, or an attempt to dazzle by eccentricity ; but it is not the labor of an artist, rich in the experience of time, diligent and patient, and loyal to Nature's truths.

Too much strength to color cannot be given. Its power lies in this. The tints must be harmonized and scumbled into luminosity, not left positive and opaque. Nature overpowers vision by her brightness ; but in her most gorgeous sunsets the sky is full of cool, whitish greys, which amalgamate with and permeate the richer tints, giving them that quivering transparency which is so dazzlingly attractive. We want luminous and liquid air, and not plain white or blue paint, which Turner has given. His skies are spotty and hard. They do not illuminate. The bright atmospheric colors should appear of prismatic tenderness of outline and texture as in the rainbow, arching space. Solid pigments will not express the qualities of either sky, flesh, or water.

Yet Turner lavishly employs them for these effects ; and when he seeks to render solidity and dryness gives

an almost ethereal lightness of color. So much faith had he in his method that he often relied on color more than his drawing to suggest objects. The consequence is, that in all this class of pictures, he bewilders the mind by his palpable violations of the first truths of Art. Titian, on the contrary, although relying on the enchantments of color for his greatest effects, never disturbed its harmony by gross departures from the general unity of form and spirit. Turner occasionally indulged in mere tricks. Titian always worked on broad principles. The latter will live through all time by the permanency of his works. The former must depend upon the engraver for his general fame, while his highest merit can be known only to the few who possess or have the opportunity to study his best water-color drawings.¹

¹ America has the promise of a distinguished artist in Mr. Tilden, now in Rome. He is yet young, twenty-four years of age; but with an innate feeling for color, practical knowledge of material, and devotion for high Art, that I have rarely seen equalled. Among the few landscapes that he has painted, there are some that are natural poems, vital with thought. He has yet fully to express himself. But in the qualities of the landscape, the making *felt* the differences between earth, atmosphere, and water, his works in these particulars are unrivalled. The eye brings not up upon opaque paint, but passes into space; quivering moist air, peopled with cloud-forms varied and delicate in shape and color, like the harmonies of Nature itself. So surprising are his atmospherical effects, that upon inverting his pictures, the spectators have complained of being made dizzy by the apparent aerial motion. It is premature, however, to speak of an artist who yet is only giving signs of his future. Mr. Page, another American at Rome, in color, expression, and feeling, has the attributes of a great artist. No

Unfortunately, for him, engraving cannot do his varied powers, as exhibited in the minute gradations and subtle forms of Nature, full justice. Neither does it thus far adequately represent Gainsborough, Titian, Raphael, Leonardo, or any great mind. Turner has challenged comparison with Claude, by hanging two of his works, in the National Gallery at London, between two of that artist's, one of which is an indifferent copy, and the other, if original, inferior to other Claudes in the same room. Turner is by far the greater artist. We find in him an imaginative power and feeling, in short a genius, to which Claude was a stranger. He is great, however, in these pictures in parts, and not as a whole. His color is hot and harsh, as in his 'Building of Carthage,' and the attempt to eclipse Claude in his particular method of composition is too apparent. The latter, not in these two pictures, which by no means fairly represent him, but in those that are undoubtedly genuine, please more from their harmony of color and general unity of Nature's chief elements.

The grace of Raphael, color of Titian, and variety of Turner, harmonized into one soul, would make the complete artist.

painter of modern times, in color and scientific knowledge, particularly in his portraits, so nearly approaches Titian. But no artist can be classed as truly great until he has manifested himself in great thoughts as well as perfect execution. •

APPENDIX.

IN looking over the biographies of many distinguished artists, I have been struck by their longevity. Believing that a table of their ages would be not without interest, I have prepared one of those mentioned in this volume. In some instances the *dates* are approximative, but the results, as far as can be, are correctly given.

Born.	Died.		Age.
1471	1528	Albert Durer . . .	57
1578	1660	Albano.	82
1387	1455	Angelico, Fra . . .	68
1530 after	1621	Anguisciola, Sofonisba . .	90
1488	1530	Andrea del Sarto . . .	42
1469	1517	Bartolomeo	48
1487	1559	Bandinelli	72
1510	1592	Bassano	82
1528	1612	Baroccio	84
1421	1501	Bellini, Gentile . . .	80
1426	1516	Bellini, Giovanni . . .	90
1500	1572	Benvenuto Cellini . . .	72
1598	1680	Bernini	82
1480	1561	Berrequete	81
1444	1514	Bramante	70
—	1567?	Bronzino	69
1377	1446	Brunalleschi	69
1556	1619	Carracci, Lodovico. . .	63

Born.	Died.		Age.
1560	1609	Carracci, Annibale . . .	49
1569	1609	Caravaggio . . .	40
1616	1686	Carlo, Dolce . . .	70
1625	1713	Carlo, Maratta . . .	88
1240	1300	Cimabue . . .	60
1600	1682	Claude Lorraine . . .	82
1494	1534	Correggio . . .	40
1748	1825	David, Louis . . .	77
1581	1641	Domenichino . . .	60
1383	1466	Donatello . . .	83
1526	1579	El Mudo . . .	53
1239	1312	Gaddo, Gaddi . . .	73
1387	1455	Gentile da Fabriano . . .	68
1377	1455	Ghiberti, Lorenzo . . .	78
1477	1511	Giorgione . . .	34
1632	1705	Giordano, Luca . . .	73
1276	1337	Giotto . . .	61
—	1470?	Gozzolo, Benozzo . . .	78
1575	1642	Guido, Reni . . .	67
1498	1554	Hans Holbein . . .	56
1697	1764	Hogarth . . .	67
1590	1678	Jordaens . . .	84
1452	1519	Leonardo da Vinci . . .	61
1400	1469	Lippi, Filippo . . .	69
— after	1531	Lorenzo da Credi . . .	78
1401	1443	Massacio . . .	42
1474	1563	Michael Angelo . . .	89
1509	1586	Morales . . .	77
1618	1682	Murillo . . .	64
1329	1389	Orcagna . . .	60
1610	1685	Ostade, A. . . .	75

Born.	Died.		Age.
—	—	Palma the elder . . .	48
1544	1628	Palma the younger . . .	84
1503	1540	Parmigiano . . .	37
1625	1654	Paul Potter . . .	29
1528	1588	Paul Veronese . . .	60
1446	1524	Perugino . . .	78
—	1498?	Pollaiuolo . . .	72
1594	1665	Poussin, Nicolo . . .	71
1613	1675	Poussin, Gaspar . . .	62
1485	1520	Raphael . . .	37
1606	1674	Rembrandt . . .	68
1577	1640	Rubens . . .	60
1605	1685	Sassoferrato . . .	80
1615	1673	Salvator Rosa . . .	58
1479	1570	Sansovino . . .	91
1597	1684	Subtermans . . .	84
1610	1690	Teniers, D. . .	80
1548	1625	Theoticopuli (El Greco) .	77
1477	1576	Titian . . .	99
1512	1594	Tintoretto . . .	82
—	1852	Turner . . .	80?
1389	1472	Ucello, Paolo . . .	83
1599	1640	Vandyke . . .	42
1633	1707	Vandevelde . . .	71
1712	1786	Vernet, Joseph . . .	72
1370	1440	Van Eyck, Gio. . .	71
1512	1574	Vasari . . .	62
1702	1788	Zucherelli . . .	86

The average of life of the above seventy-seven artists is upwards of sixty-eight years and six months. Forty-two lived to be 70 and upwards, and twenty-two from

80 to 99 years of age, while but four died short of 40. Paul Potter and Titian were the extremes.

The prices of pictures are worthy of note. I will quote a few, as illustrative of their value in different ages, and the pecuniary difference between the *living* and the *dead* artist.

It is somewhat remarkable that objects of art commanded greater prices in antiquity than in modern times. Apelles sold his painting of 'Alexander grasping the Thunderbolt,' which was deposited in the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, for 211,000 dollars, or about 43,000*l*.

The highest price paid in our day—mark the difference, it being two centuries *after* it was painted—was for Murillo's 'Assumption,' which brought, in France, 125,000 dollars, or 25,000*l*.

The 'Saint Jerome' of Correggio was executed by him for a price equivalent to about 200 dollars. In 1749, the King of Portugal offered 90,000 dollars for it. When the French had possession of Parma, the Duke vainly offered 200,000 dollars, or a million of francs, to redeem it from being sent to Paris.

Correggio's 'Magdalen,' at Dresden, was valued at 27,000 dollars, at its purchase with other paintings.

A 'Holy Family' of Murillo's, in the National Gallery at London, was bought for 31,000 dollars.

Prince Demidoff, in 1837, at the sale of the Berri gallery, paid 45,000 dollars for fourteen pictures, one of which, the 'Breakfast of Ham,' by Teniers, sold for 4,900 dollars.

At the same sale, Demidoff paid 7,500 dollars for the

'Pasturage,' by Paul Potter. In 1806, one of his pictures was bought in London for 9,600 dollars.

The best Ruysdaels are now esteemed at from 5,000 to 6,000 dollars each. A century ago they could have been bought for the tenth of that sum.

Ostade's pictures are still more valuable. In 1837, his 'Village Dance' brought 4,400 dollars.

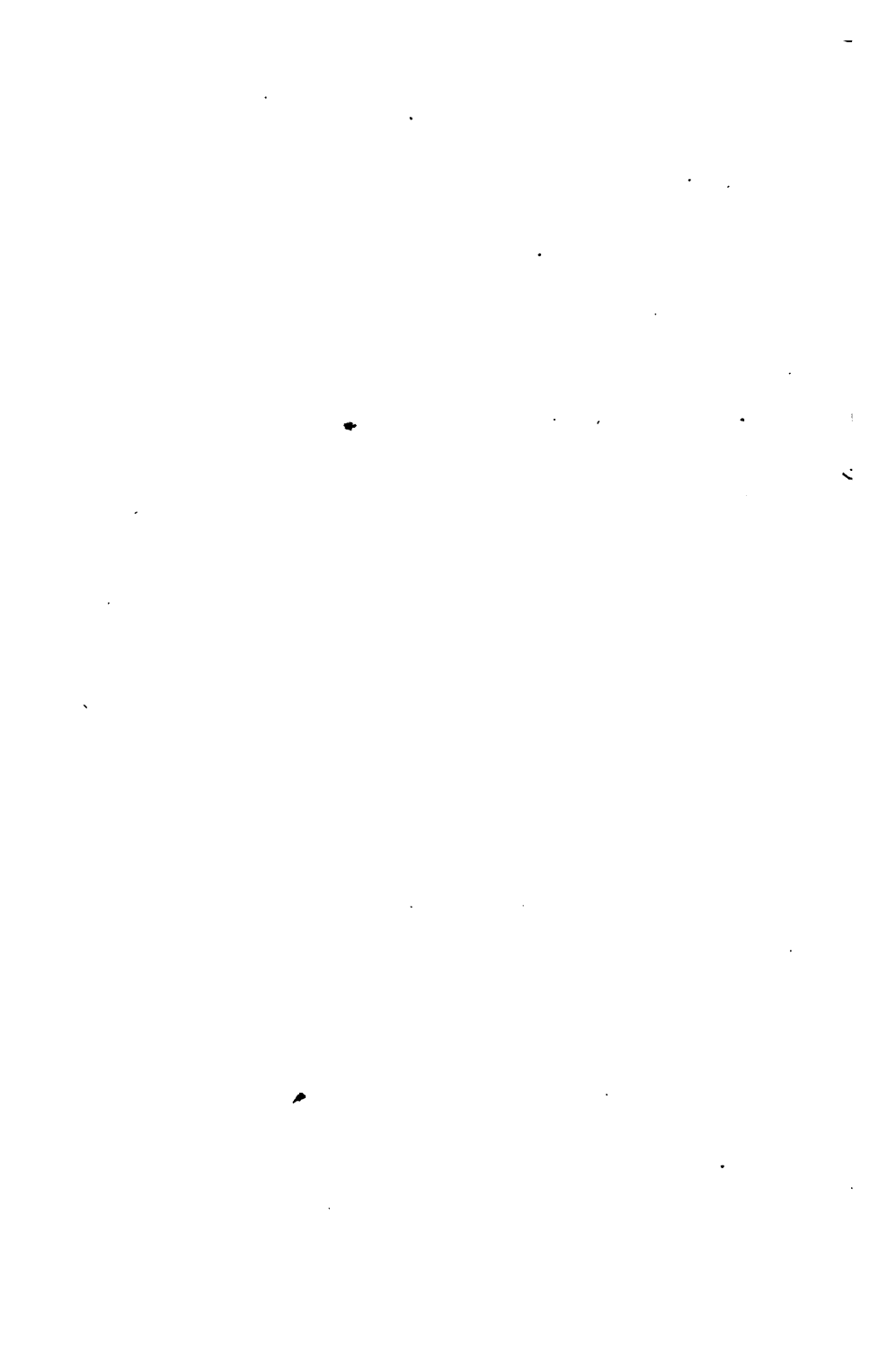
The two famous Claudes of the British Gallery were sold in 1804 for 20,000 dollars each. A good Claude readily brings from 5,000 to 20,000 dollars, according to its merit.

Rembrandt's pictures are equally in esteem, being worth from 1,000 to 15,000 dollars each. In 1844, two of his portraits brought 3,500 and 4,900 dollars respectively.

In 1817, West received 4,000 dollars, or 800*l.*, for his 'Annunciation.' In 1840 it was sold by auction for 10*l.*, or 50 dollars.

It would be a curious inquiry to trace the price of celebrated works of Art, from the time they left their authors' studios to the present day. But the above examples are sufficient to give an idea of the varying pecuniary estimation put upon Art by dealers and amateurs. Turner's pictures have risen fourfold since his death. As a general rule, I should say, that works of Art have increased in value threefold within the present century—a favorable symptom for artists and the public.

THE END.

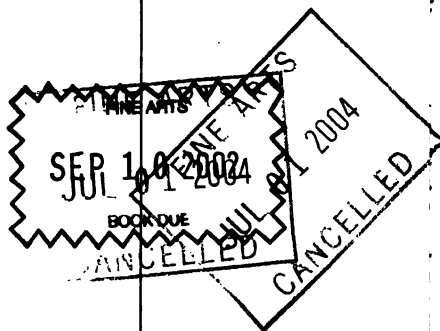




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